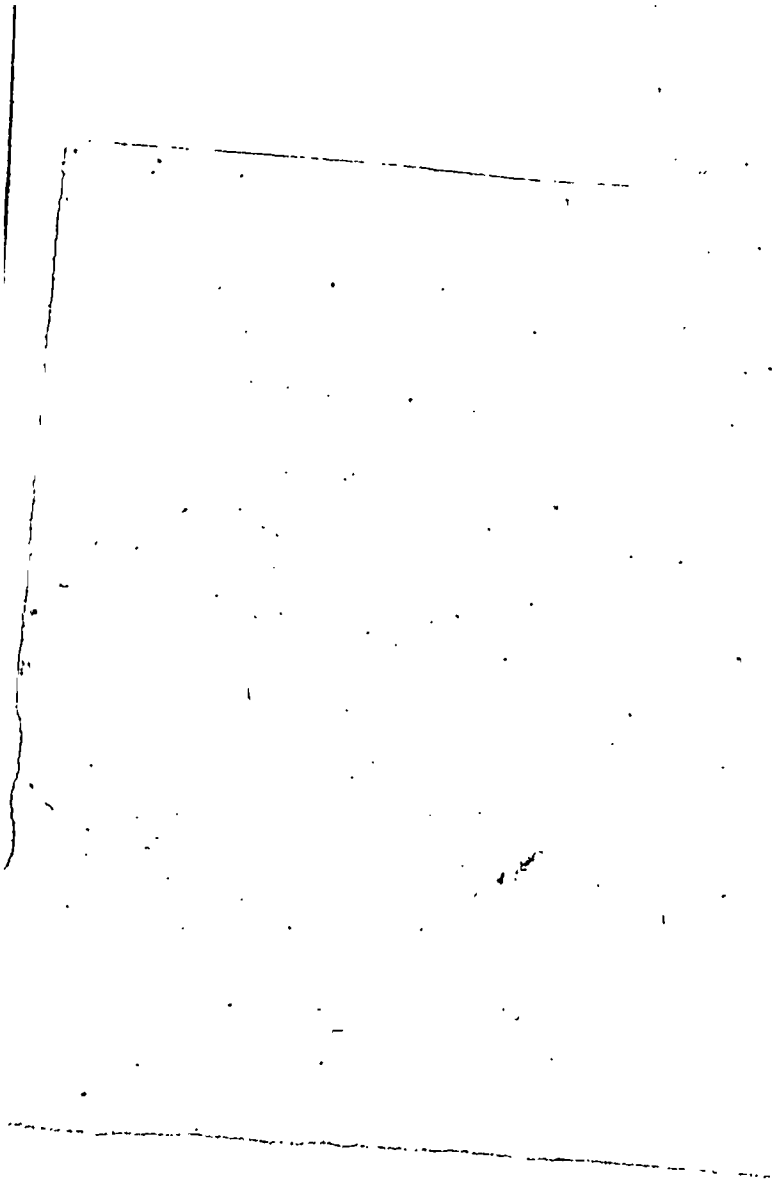

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Presented by Stanley. Esq.
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Lord Bishop of Calcutta
30th December 1835.



LETTERS

FROM AN

ABSENT BROTHER;

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF A TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND, NORTHERN ITALY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1823.

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BY

DANIEL WILSON, M.A.

VICAR OF ISLINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

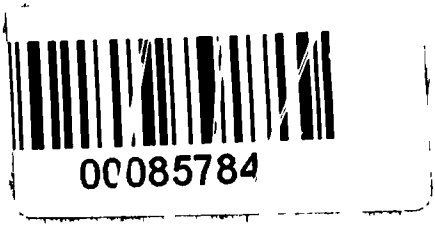
FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

GEORGE WILSON, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

1827.

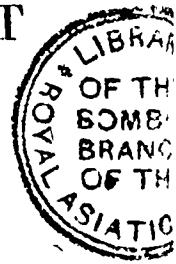
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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION.



FEW words are necessary in introducing the present edition of this small work. The Prefaces to the preceding ones are sufficient, as the Author hopes, to apologize for his motives. No alterations of the least moment have been now made. Other and higher engagements entirely occupy the Author's attention. At the same time, the lapse of nearly four years since the commencement of the tour, and the various observations which have been made on his work from different quarters, have not failed to produce a considerable effect on his mind. The result is, that all the suspicions which he expressed in his first Preface, as to the inaccuracies and defects necessarily attaching to letters written in the haste and confidence of a

familiar epistolary correspondence, have been but too fully verified. The Author admits that the accounts are defective—the remarks trite—the descriptions feeble. He has also discovered that in some instances he was imposed upon by the persons who professed to afford him information. The distances he has given in the different parts of the journey, are certainly not always correct. To regret, however, the publication generally is now in vain—to attempt any considerable improvement is impracticable, from the Author's actual duties, as well as his want of means of minute inquiry. In fact it is too late. The last and the present editions were worked off together, in consequence of a destructive fire which broke out at the printer's, just as the third edition was nearly completed. A very considerable number of cancels has, however, been now introduced, amounting to fourteen or sixteen new pages in the whole; a postcript has been added to the

last letter; and a copious list of errata to each volume has been prepared. This is all that the case seemed to admit of, or perhaps, taking all things into consideration, to require. The candid reader will bear in mind that perpetual changes take place in the state of the roads, the greater or less convenience of inns and hotels, and the relative importance of many other matters of detail. Some alterations are also continually arising in many circumstances of a moral and religious nature in the different countries to which the Tour refers. A recollection of the date of each Letter will therefore become essential to a fair and impartial judgment, even of these slight and imperfect sketches.

Perhaps the Author might be charged with ingratitude if he wholly omitted this last opportunity of acknowledging the very numerous testimonies which he has received

from the most unlooked-for quarters, as to the general truth of his descriptions. Indeed, the hopes which the Author entertained that a simple narrative, conveying the immediate impression which every thing made upon his own mind on first visiting the continent, would not be uninteresting to young travellers, have been more than fulfilled. So far he the less regrets the unexpected circumstances which led to this publication. But he has been far more delighted—and he trusts grateful to Almighty God—for the approbation which his moral and religious reflections on the state of religion abroad have met with, and for the benefit which pious and well-disposed travellers have professed to derive from the advice he has offered on the conduct of Englishmen and Protestants when prosecuting a foreign tour

Islington, March, 1827.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE following pages comprise some particulars of a Tour from Calais through the Netherlands to Cologne; thence up the Rhine to Schaffhausen; through Switzerland to Geneva; thence by Chamouny, to Milan and Turin; returning by Lyon and Paris to England.

The reader must not expect in these Letters any thing of the studied and minute details of a regular tourist. The author makes no such pretensions. He travelled as an invalid and as a clergyman, after a life spent in theological pursuits, and his attention was most strongly

directed to the beauties of nature, and to inquiries into subjects connected with morals and religion. His Letters are also the unpremeditated effusions of the moment, giving the first impressions made upon his mind by the scenes through which he passed, and by the information afforded him by the pious and learned persons to whom he was introduced. The facts which he records illustrative of the superstitions of Popery or the indifference of Protestantism, of the moral and social condition of the inhabitants of different countries, and of the estimate formed of spiritual and vital Christianity, he simply describes as they fell under his own observation. Perhaps he expresses himself with more surprise than the reader would expect on some occasions, from his previous recluse habits. Every thing was new to a stranger emerging from his study to travel for the first time in foreign lands.

Some reasons may naturally be required for the publication of Letters so devoid of the ordinary claims to attention. The simple truth is, that having been ordered to travel abroad for his health last summer, he was accompanied by his family and an old college friend. On their arrival at Calais, his companion and his sons began to keep journals of their tour. From this attempt, his state of health exempted him. When the time, however, arrived for sending despatches to England, most of the party being engaged with their journals, he was unanimously requested to write the first Letter. A similar reason offered itself at each succeeding post; and thus the author became, without the slightest previous intention, the English correspondent. He was encouraged to proceed by the accounts which he received from home, of the pleasure which his hasty sketches afforded to the absent members

of his family. He had soon a letter always in hand; and some of the journals gradually falling into arrear, his series of communications was almost the only record of the journey. By degrees, also, his health and spirits improved, and he took a livelier interest in his task, and executed it more in detail. He was, in consequence, not at all aware of the length of his correspondence, till he saw it collected together on his return.

In this totally unprepared and confidential manner were these Letters written. The author communicated his first ideas of all he saw, and his opinions on various subjects, without the slightest suspicion that his Letters would be communicated beyond his own family.

When he returned to England, he found, to his utter surprise, that they had

been read by a considerable circle of friends, who were pleased to express themselves gratified with the facts he had collected, and with the account of the state of religion abroad. They soon became importunate with him to allow a few copies to be printed for private circulation. They admitted, indeed, that such free communications might not be fit for the public eye; but maintained, that no inconvenience could arise from a private edition of them. After much delay, and with extreme reluctance, the author yielded to this importunity. And the consequence, which perhaps he ought to have anticipated, has followed; he finds himself compelled to consent to the present publication. The copies of the Letters have been, in fact, so widely circulated, as to make further concealment fruitless, if not impossible.

In the meantime, the author has received from various friends on whose judgment he has been accustomed to rely, encouraging opinions as to the work itself. They have stated to him, that such a publication could scarcely fail of being acceptable to a large class of readers, who prefer a simple and unadorned narrative of such a journey, to the elaborate and studied productions of a more professed tourist.

If the public should judge that this opinion is founded in truth, the author will have less reason to regret the strong necessity to which only he was disposed to yield.

The alterations and additions which he has made in carrying the work through the press, are not inconsiderable. The Letters

are substantially the same; but many of the domestic occurrences and personal allusions are omitted, a few inaccuracies are corrected, and some additional facts and illustrations are introduced; so that the general effect is, as the author hopes, strengthened and improved. He has also inserted a few explanatory Notices, and has closed the series with a new Letter, comprising some general reflections on the whole tour.

There may, after all, be considerable difference of opinion as to the expediency of the present publication. The author confesses that it does not appear to him to be inconsistent with the character of a minister of religion to publish a familiar, and even imperfect, account of a tour, rendered indispensable by indisposition, if the tendency of it is to assist the English Protestant to associate religious and moral

ends with the pursuit of health or improvement in foreign travels.

The motive, however, which determined him to yield without further delay to the necessity above adverted to, was, that a long state of painful infirmity had laid him aside from all public duties, and that, in giving a corrected edition of the following Letters, he thought he should be filling up, not altogether unprofitably, the hours of languor and suffering, and be perhaps "occupying with his single talent" as an invalid, at a time when he could not be more actively employed as a minister of the Gospel. He considered, besides, that if the serious cast of his work should prove beneficial to any of his countrymen travelling abroad, he should not be really chargeable with deserting, in the publication of it, his appropriate sphere of duty.

He therefore commends this little work, with all its imperfections, to the blessing of God, the giver of all good; without whom the most elaborate production must fail of any salutary effect; but whose approbation can prosper even the humblest effort to honour him, and to promote the welfare of mankind.

April 20, 1824.

PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION.

THE author has to acknowledge, with much gratitude, the unexpected and rapid sale of his small work. In preparing a new edition of it for the press, he has employed all the leisure he could command, in correcting such inaccuracies as have been pointed out to him by others, or have occurred to his own mind. He has also aimed at rendering his Letters somewhat less unworthy of public attention, by inserting some additional incidents and conversations which he thought might have a beneficial tendency. With the same view he has offered several further reflections

on subjects connected with religion and morals.

The work, however, though very considerably enlarged, and, as he trusts, improved, still remains for substance the same; and he has the greatest need to cast himself on the candour of the reader for that indulgence, which the circumstances detailed in the preface to the second edition—and which his more intimate friends know to be minutely true—may seem to warrant. Had the author entertained the slightest suspicion that his correspondence would ever have been published, he should have disposed of much of his time abroad in a manner very different from what he did. He now regrets a variety of opportunities for information of which he failed to avail himself—but he does not know whether he ought to say he *regrets* this—for the truth is, that if any apprehension had crossed his mind that

his familiar Letters would have been forced before the tribunal of the public, he never should, he never could, have written them at all. He is aware that they can furnish but little instruction to the intelligent traveller. If they are in any measure interesting to that far larger class of persons—especially young persons—who have either not visited the Continent at all, or have not read much on the countries through which they have passed, it is more than he can reasonably desire. Other readers must be referred to the professed tourist, or the writers on Geography and History.

If the peculiar circumstances, then, under which these slight Letters were written, and the class of readers for whom they are designed, be borne in mind, the author is not aware that any further observations, in the way of preface, are now necessary. But as he can scarcely look for

such an exercise of candour generally, he will just remark, that the abruptness of his style in passing on from subject to subject, and the familiarity with which the solemn topics of religion may seem, in consequence of this, to be sometimes treated, is almost the unavoidable result of such an unpremeditated work. He has, indeed, taken considerable pains in the present edition to omit expressions of too colloquial a cast, and to soften the rapidity of the transitions where the subject of religion was even incidentally introduced. But he is far from being sure that he has succeeded. The Letters were penned with the utmost precipitation, and in entire confidence; and as they were often ten or twelve days in hand, and embrace a multitude of diversified subjects, it is scarcely possible to remove what some readers may consider an undue conjunction and admixture of topics. In this respect he is far

from standing on his defence. He may also have frequently erred in other respects against the laws of good taste in writing—and he has no doubt he has so erred. All this, and much more, is only saying that his series of hurried Letters does not partake of the qualities of a finished composition.

The author, however, ventures to hope that no objections will be raised, in consequence of such defects, against the importance which he attaches to the principles of religion in themselves, or against the frequency and warmth with which he commends them on various occasions to others. To make such objections is quite another thing from condemning the harshness of a transition, or arraigning a fault in matters of taste. We need only refer to the constant tenor of the Holy Scriptures, and the deliberate judgment of the best Chris-

tians in all ages, in order to show that religion should fill and possess the whole heart. Surely if any thing distinguishes a merely cold accuracy of sentiment from spiritual and vital Christianity, it is this very point. It is easy to admit the truth of every doctrine of Scripture, and yet follow the world, give our affections to the things of time, be supremely desirous of the applause of our fellow-creatures, and shun reproach for the name and doctrine of Christ. A religion which seldom appears but on public and fixed occasions, and which mixes but little with the habitual actions of the life, is far from resembling that holy, animating principle which the Scriptures are designed to implant, and of which they furnish such splendid examples.

A mind penetrated with the astonishing truths of revelation, and grateful for

the inestimable blessings of pardon and grace, cannot be indifferent. Lukewarmness in such a case is treachery. The world asks nothing more of us than to be tame and heartless in our religion. Gratitude and love to God, if genuine, must and will appear in their natural fruits. Nor can even a sincere regard to our fellow-creatures consist with the silence on the things of eternity and the soul, which is now so much extolled as a dictate of prudence. The heart which is at all moulded to devotion, cannot but be recalled to its great object by the diversified scenes which arise around it. And the new situations and circumstances of a foreign tour will necessarily excite, in an unusual degree, some of these better feelings of piety and thankfulness.

The author is deeply convinced, that our danger in the present day, is not that

of regarding God too much, in our travels and our various other concerns, but too little. If we are to "love God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," the first and spontaneous associations of our ideas will connect us with Him; and our most familiar trains of thought will involuntarily lead us to something relating to his providence, his commands, his mercy, his wrath, his holiness, his glory. That is, the governing affection will in this, as in every other case, draw after it all the rest. The conversation with individuals, whether at home or abroad, will accordingly assume the same tone; and the free and unpremeditated Letters written under the influence of such a principle, will, and must, and ought, to partake of a like character. All this is so indisputable in the view of every thoughtful Christian, that the author is almost ashamed to dwell on such a point. He is persuaded, that no

one admitting the truth of revelation, would have ever objected to religion's occupying all our best time and thoughts, if there were not in the minds of men that secret alienation from the love of God, which the Scriptures lay down as a primary fact in the history of our fallen nature, and which is the source of so many other fatal inconsistencies.

It is very possible, indeed, to err by submitting to the public eye hasty effusions in which religious topics are introduced injudiciously and feebly; and the author is far from saying that he may not have been guilty of this fault in the present publication. But, without including his own small work in the vindication, he would beg leave to say, that mistakes in judgment of this nature ought not to be too severely visited. Men make similar mistakes on all other subjects, without incur-

ring contempt. Each one speaks and writes according to his measure of natural talents, and acquired faculties and powers. Piety does not confer these adventitious endowments, nor exempt from the ordinary consequences of defects in them. The paramount duty of connecting the great Author of our being with the perpetual blesssings of his bounty, is not to be lightly sacrificed to inferior and doubtful questions. The heart which overflows with love to God and man, though it may incur some reproach for minor errors, is infinitely more pleasing to God, than a judgment however refined, if employed to disguise irreligious principles.

But the author has insensibly advanced towards a grave and important question, and he almost shrinks from the consideration which it seems to demand. The truth is, that his small work has

excited anew those objections against what is termed in reproach, Evangelical Religion, which have in all ages followed the sincere profession of the Gospel. Such objections rest on the fundamental distinction between vital Christianity and the mere external forms of it. They have been answered a thousand times—they answer themselves, when the mind is once duly in earnest in the humble study of the Bible. As, however, the author has proceeded so far, he will go on to offer some suggestions on the great topic which he is quite aware is virtually involved in what he has been stating.

It is objected, then, that by this warmth in religion, and the habitual language which we hold concerning it, we claim an immediate and peculiar protection of the Deity, and place the proof of the correctness of our doc-

trines and practice, not on their conformity to the Holy Scriptures, but on abstractions, imaginations, and feelings; that we presume to invest ourselves with a sort of infallibility, and neglect the common means of moral culture and improvement; and are thus steeled against the force of those reasonings which might reduce us to a more sober habit of thought—that, in short, we are actuated by a spirit of party which has its own terms, insignia, and objects, distinct from those which necessarily accompany genuine Christianity.*

* The above charges have been boldly advanced in a celebrated literary work, whose general attachment to our civil and ecclesiastical establishments cannot be doubted, and the wide circulation of whose quarterly publication lends it an influence, which its articles on the subject of religion are very often far from meriting. The gross mis-statements it has lately made on the affecting malady of Cowper, are not more pernicious, than its ignorance of facts and deplorable defect of just reasoning, in two or three other papers on the weighty question of what is called the evangelical doctrines.

To these vague accusations it might be sufficient to reply generally, that every one of them rests on misapprehension or prejudice. No such things are done. No such undue heat is excited. No such claims are asserted. No such party is formed.

The views of those ministers and private Christians, whom the author supposes to be attacked in these accusations, are precisely the same, as to all substantial truths, with those taken by the Universal Church of Christ,—with those which Augustine vindicated in the fifth century, and the noble army of Reformers in the sixteenth. Call them by what name you please, they are the old verities of the Bible, and the foundation of the Reformed churches. The utter fall and corruption of man by sin—his reasonable and accountable nature—his impotency of himself to

what is spiritually good—the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity—the meritorious sacrifice of Jesus Christ — the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost in regenerating and sanctifying the heart—the duty and necessity of real repentance—justification by faith only—the indispensable obligation of good works and of a life of prayer, watchfulness, and separation from the evils of the world—the ascription of our salvation entirely to the merciful will of God—the authority and sufficiency of Holy Scripture—the resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment—these are the commanding features of Christianity, of which there is no better summary in the author's opinion, than the Articles, Homilies, and Liturgy of the Church of England.

But the objection is not commonly urged against these doctrines thus largely

stated, but to the application of them, to the urgent manner in which they are enforced, and the commanding influence they are required to have over the heart and conduct. This is only in other words to maintain, that for men to act fully on the great principles of religion as those who solemnly believe them to be true, and know they must be judged according to them at the last day, is an extravagant course of conduct; a position which common sense and the very first dictates of conscience may refute. The doctrines of Christianity are not a speculation, but deep practical principles—they are to be felt as well as understood—and when they are felt, they produce a corresponding effect on the character—they place eternity full before the conscience—they lay man prostrate in penitent contrition—they raise him with the hope of pardon and salvation through a Redeemer—they require,

they encourage, they produce new and holy views and pursuits, pains and pleasures, fears and joys. Till they do this, they do nothing; and that they may do this, the Holy Spirit sheds his grace like dew upon the church, to soften, and fertilize, and bless it. And the sincerity and ardour with which the ministers of religion press these truths on the attention of mankind, is one of the chief means which the Holy Spirit employs in his sacred operations.

But the doctrine of the particular providence of God is accused as enthusiastic, and we are said to claim an immediate and peculiar protection of the Deity. Undoubtedly we hold the scriptural doctrine of an over-ruling Providence. We believe that "God is about our path, and about our bed, and spieth out all our ways"—that "the way of man is not in himself, that it is not in man that walketh to direct

his steps"—that "the Lord ordereth a good man's goings, and maketh his way acceptable to himself"—that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father"—that "the hairs of our head are all numbered"—and that "his angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation." Undoubtedly we not only admit these encouraging truths, but believe, embrace, rely on them under all the sorrows of life. Undoubtedly we endeavour to give full life and efficacy to them, and bring them into the habitual tenour of the spirit and conduct. But then the whole Bible proceeds on this doctrine of a particular providence. One essential difference between Scripture history and every other, is, that the history of Scripture represents the world as GOD'S WORLD, to use Bishop Butler's expression—where God is the author of

every thing, and all the hearts of men are controlled by Him according to his supreme pleasure. The Bible lifts up the vail which shrouds human affairs, and shows us God's hand at work where we are accustomed to see only the conflict and confusion of human passions. The histories of Abraham, of Jacob, of David, assign all events, even the smallest, to the divine will; and the devotional and prophetical parts of the Old Testament are comments on the historical in the same view; whilst the New Testament joins on upon the Old, and exhibits the same providence as directing all the various and most minute occurrences in the lives of our Lord and the Apostles.

The same providence over-rules all things in every age—or the promises of God to the church have failed. We have

not indeed now the inspired comment on the designs of this providence, we have no miraculous directions of the Spirit in concurrence with it, we have no assurance of the results of each particular undertaking. And herein lies much of the distinction between Patriarchs and Apostles, and the ordinary Christian. The scrutiny of the Divine Providence is as minute and penetrating now as in former times; but in the INTERPRETATION of its purposes, we have no longer an extraordinary guidance—nor do we claim any. We follow the rule of the moral law of God, and the apparent duty resulting from the combination and comparison of all our circumstances. We act under the direction of ordinary Christian prudence in the choice of our measures. We wait for the long event of things in order to infer the will of God. We diligently notice all the numerous inci-

dental points which concur to a lawful end, in order to warrant even any probable conclusion as to the divine purposes therein.

But this is no more than to say, that the Christian now lives in an ordinary period of the Church. Still the doctrine of a particular providence is not less his comfort and stay. He is not less sure that nothing escapes the vigilance, nothing eludes the power, nothing defeats the designs of his Almighty Father and Friend. He is not less persuaded that the great God sits, as a moral Governor, on "the circle of the heavens," and ruleth by an ever wakeful providence all the affairs of men — that he stoops to the smallest and most inconsiderable matters, as well as regulates and comprehends the greatest—that he provides for the growth of the lily, whilst he orders and marshals the stars—that he guards the

humblest individual Christian as "the apple of an eye;" and at the same time stills, in his general and universal government, "the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people" —that to Him nothing is great, nothing is little—that all space is one undivided POINT, and all time, one eternal NOW.

In contemplating this stupendous agency of the Divine hand, we have only to avoid the dangers before alluded to. The infirmity of man may mistake or abuse the purest truths. We must check every appearance of presumption. We must not allow any concurrence of circumstances to induce us to depart from duties of primary obligation, arising from the revealed will of God. Nothing in itself morally wrong, can become right, because Providence may seem to us to favour it. We must also guard against

hastily interpreting the designs of God as favouring our own projects in the course of our affairs, however just and good in themselves.

We must likewise be particularly cautious, in applying the doctrine of God's providence in a marked and express manner, to those slight, and comparatively trifling, occasions which are of perpetual occurrence in human life. The reason is, that if we act so, we give them a disproportionate importance, and distort our view, by an attention to small things, from a due regard to much greater ones. A general feeling of dependance and gratitude, in this respect, is all that, with our contracted minds, we seem capable of exercising aright. We should also abstain from those terms and expressions in speaking of the providence of God, which may reasonably endanger the solemnity of re-

ligion, and expose it to contempt and ridicule. But these are merely suggestions as to the proportion and manner of bestowing our thoughts on the proceedings of the divine providence, and are designed to strengthen, not diminish, the faith with which we hold the truth itself, and apply it wisely and habitually to all the course of human events. Such cautions are constantly given by the ministers of religion, not only as to this, but also as to every other great doctrine of the Bible; they clearly prove that we do not abuse these doctrines in the manner objected; and therefore they confirm what we assert as to the purity of our general principles.

But I pass on to another class of objections. It is said that we place the proof of the correctness of what we believe and practice on feelings, and imaginations,

and abstractions, and not on their conformity to the Holy Scriptures. A charge utterly groundless. The contrary is so entirely the case, that there is nothing on which we more insist, than on the danger of relying on affections and feelings, to the exclusion of the written word of God. The proof of the correctness of what we believe and practice is the Holy Scriptures, and the Holy Scriptures only. We have no other criterion, no other standard —"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this rule, it is because they have no light in them." Nor is it easy to divine from what mistake this singular charge has arisen, unless it be from confounding the due use of the affections in subserviency to holy, enlightened reason and faith, with the wild dominion of those affections when left without guidance or restraint—two things about as distinct as any that can be

named in the compass of practical theology. Certainly we maintain that the affections, that all the affections of the soul, must be engaged in religion, as well as the understanding and will. We maintain, that we are to love God as well as obey him, and in order that we may obey him; we maintain that the infinite benefits of Christ warrant, demand, excite, enkindle correspondent acts of acknowledgment, gratitude, love. We maintain that religion is a spiritual thing, the offspring of grace, implanted by the Holy Ghost, and rising far above morals, and nature, and philosophy, and the unassisted powers of man.

But then we constantly appeal to the Holy Scriptures as the authority, and standard, and rule, to which all these affections are to be referred, and by which they are to be judged. And the proof of

the correctness of this judgment we ultimately place, as the Bible does, in the proper fruits of holy tempers, obedient conduct, watchful self-denial, every good word and work. We esteem the affections and require the exercise of them, in proportion as they produce, and because they were designed by our Creator to produce, the vigorous efforts of a righteous and benevolent life. We only transfer them from the service of sin to the obedience of God—that is, we do not spike the cannon and dismantle the walls of the subdued fortress; but make them available to new uses, and direct them against the common enemy.

The charge of assuming a species of infallibility may be refuted in a sentence. For who ever claimed any thing like an infallible accuracy of judgment in the things of religion? Where and when were these

presumptuous rights asserted?—What! is all the humility of the true Christian, all his self-abasement, all his distrust and meekness, all his fear of God and man, come to this, that he vindicates to himself unerring prudence, and stands on an equality with Prophets and Apostles! No; we are not so vain nor so wicked. We presume not on any extraordinary, miraculous, plenary inspiration of the Spirit. We presume not to found a new religion, or abrogate an old; to plant a novel church, or prescribe fresh rules of truth and duty. We claim only that ordinary and sanctifying influence of the Blessed Spirit, which our Lord promised as the abiding consolation of his followers, and which accompanies and distinguishes his church in every age. We claim only those secret, imperceptible, gentle influences of grace, which, in a manner agreeable to our reasonable nature, enable

us to understand the Scriptures, perceive and know our danger, flee from impending wrath, lay hold on Jesus Christ for salvation, and honour and obey him from a principle of gratitude and love. The mistake has possibly arisen from confounding that assurance of these great truths, which faith communicates, with a claim of personal infallibility. For certainly we have an assurance of the main doctrines of the Gospel, which rises far above the confidence of speculative deduction, and which gives a persuasion that cold reasoning cannot produce. Certainly we apprehend the vast discoveries of Christ, not by rational conclusions merely, but by a lively faith, which gives a demonstration and substance to things unseen, and renders near and palpable the distant objects of hope. Certainly we have a full satisfaction of mind in the verities of the Gospel, which is above and beyond, though never con-

trary to, reason, and which sheds forth a light and glory which reason cannot bestow, and knows not how to appreciate.

These observations prepare an answer to the fourth objection, that we neglect the means of moral culture and improvement, and are steeled against the force of the soundest reasoning and argument. For the truth is, we honour reason, and cherish it by the most careful education and discipline. We cultivate all the means of moral improvement. We train, we instruct, we warn, we exhort, we persuade. We strengthen the opening faculties, and form them to investigation and argument. We check all the luxuriance of a young, and all wildness of a hasty and vagrant imagination. We consider that God makes use of means, both in moving the affections, and in informing the understanding. We endeavour, there-

fore, to invest religion with all that is venerable, and attractive, and generous, and engaging. We seat her in the noblest powers of the soul. We surround her with the rational evidences and credentials which become a divine religion, and by which it claims the obedience of man. We deduce with solicitude all her tenets from the holy records. We weigh, we compare, we receive, we embrace, all the various parts of the inspired volume. We give to every new suggestion as to the import of its instructions, all the attention which it can demand. We listen to the remonstrances even of an adversary, and deduce from them, if it be possible, some practical directions for our future conduct. We allot to reason and moral culture all that wide province which they are capable of occupying. But, after all, we rely for the efficacy which is to sanctify and save, on what they cannot give, an influence

from above, the grace of the Blessed Spirit. We do not forget the doctrine of original corruption on the one hand, nor of the divine grace on the other. And we so attend to the means of moral improvement and the force of reasoning, as to recollect their inefficiency, under the actual circumstances of man, except as subordinate to the illumination of the PRIMARY TEACHER. In human literature and matters of outward decorum and discipline, we assign them a transcendent office; in divine learning and the renewal of the heart, a ministerial only. This, this is the dictate of the best reason; this, this is Christian Philosophy; to honour, but not to deify the powers of the understanding; to use, but not to rely on moral suasion to raise and strengthen, in short, the efforts of man by a simple recurrence to the grace of God; to add illumination to reasoning, and sanctifying influence to

morals; and never to rest till the one is transformed into faith, and the other elevated and purified into holiness.

But we have not yet removed the whole of the objections against spiritual religion. We are accused of cherishing a spirit of party—we are said to have our petty marks, and terms, and objects, distinct from the accompaniments of genuine Christianity—an accusation plausible, perhaps, to a hasty or inaccurate reasoner, because it may be readily alleged against any body of persons who think alike, and who therefore will commonly act together;—plausible, because, when every fair objection is silenced and all solid grounds of reason taken away, it is the cheap resource of an exhausted mind, and serves to cover the disgrace of discomfiture—plausible, because when a revival of pure religion commences, and the number of

truly holy and active Christians in any church has been for time small, a broad, fundamental distinction of character is unavoidable and praiseworthy, is the result and proof of a divine operation, and the test of a sincere return to God — plausible, because when the minds of men are prejudiced by the secret love of the world, and do not discern the infinite moment of evangelical truth and evangelical practice, they naturally ascribe that to the effect of party-spirit which flows from contrition of heart, love to Christ, and charity towards those who obey his Gospel: not to say that the objector thus eludes the force of conviction, and turns aside the shafts of exhortation and rebuke. But to resolve all that is peculiar to vital Christianity into a spirit of party, is precisely to beg the question in dispute — to shut out the

entrance of repentance, and to bar up the mind against the light of truth.

But plausible as this objection may be, to some, how weak is it when attentively considered! What is there of the culpable spirit of party in the clergy or the private Christians who are the objects of the imputation? Do they insist on any certain terms and expressions as supplying the place of conversion? Do they excuse or palliate moral evils when committed by those who side with them? Do they push any truths and doctrines to such an extent as to exclude others? Do they prefer their petty interests to the public good of the church or the community? Do they connive at popular mistakes or excesses in order to subserve their cause? Do they place the proofs of piety and love, in inferior, doubtful, isolated matters?

Do they condemn indiscriminately and harshly those who differ from them? Do they aim at the persons, not the errors, of their opponents? Do they exclude from their love and esteem those who are not within a certain pale, however excellent? Do they cherish a narrow, selfish, personal feeling, in opposition to the expanded, disinterested charity of true religion? Have they any peculiar and unworthy pursuits, any dishonourable and hidden schemes which they endeavour to compass—any thing distinct from the discharge of their high duties to God and their neighbours?

But why do I pursue these inquiries? For how contrary is the spirit of every pious Christian to the conduct which is implied in such questions? We appeal to all who know us. We appeal to our lives and conversation, to our parishes and neighbour-

hoods, to our sermons and writings. No: it is not a spirit of party which animates us. We delight in charity and peace. We rejoice in opening wide our arms to all who love and serve our Saviour. We labour continually to break down all separating walls, to remove obstacles, to lessen differences of opinion, and promote good-will and amity. It is our aim to place religion on the broad, catholic, intelligible ground, where Apostles and Prophets left it, and from which controversialists have too often dislodged it. If any thing of a party-spirit appears, we discourage and repress the evil with more diligence than almost any other. And on this and every other subject we keep our minds open to conviction, and correct continually whatever is found to be doubtful or inexpedient. We abstain from many things on the principle of not giving offence—we

endeavour to become, in matters indifferent, "all things to all men, that by all means we may gain some."

What gives occasion, perhaps, to the charge is a matter high and spiritual, and touching on the deepest mysteries of redemption. For there is undoubtedly in every age a mystical "body of Christ," "an assembly and church of the first-born," "a people of God," a "chosen heritage," who are distinct from the merely visible and external communities professing the Christian name. These form the spiritual and invisible church of Christ, extending over all the earth, animated by grace, glorying in the cross of their Lord, and known by their spirit of penitence, love, separation from the world, benevolence, zeal, holiness, joy. These constitute, not a party, contracted and jealous, sunk

in some inferior interests, and bound together by prejudice or passion—but the faithful servants of God, who love and serve him in truth, who share his favour, and are heirs of his kingdom. They have the closest communion with each other—they are united by the holiest ties—they pursue the greatest and noblest ends—they confer on all around them the most substantial benefits—they give every proof of sincerity by their constant labours, and, if called to it, by their patient sufferings. To belong to their fellowship, is to be a Christian. The entrance to it is by penitence and faith. The clue to all its secrets is holy love. The insignia which it bears, is the mysterious doctrine of the cross. The language it speaks, is the soft learning of benevolence and meekness. The fruit it produces, is " righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

And this, in fact, brings us to the true spring of all the objections against the zeal and warmth with which we propagate truth, as well as against the particular doctrines of the Gospel with which they are connected, and on which they rest. There is an opposition in the human heart to the humiliating yoke of Christ. The pride of man resists the doctrines, and the sensuality of man the precepts and restraints of revelation. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." And this resistance, disguised under the mask of objections, more or less plausible, is the hidden source of the opposition raised against what is now termed in scorn, Evangelical religion.

In every age this has been the case. Truth has made its way but slowly, and amidst reluctant disciples. In a Protestant

country, indeed, and in a church whose principles are purely scriptural, much is conceded. A national creed is defended. The great outlines of redemption are espoused. But still men deny these very truths in the real extent and application of them as laid down in Holy Scripture. They deny the full plain statement of the fall and corruption and impotency of man. They refine and dispute against the real truth of our justification by faith only in the merits of Christ. They plainly resist the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as the author of spiritual life, and the source of all light and grace. They exclaim against those imperative calls to separation from the follies of the world, and to a holy, devout, watchful, self-denying life, which the Gospel addresses to us. They spurn at the idea of loving God and holding communion with him by meditation and prayer. They know nothing of the entire dedication of

all and every faculty, and power, and talent, to the glory of God and the good of mankind, as the element and happiness of the renewed soul. The consequence is, that these various truths are curtailed, weakened, omitted, denied, as occasions serve, and the current of public sentiment allows. A standard of orthodoxy is raised which suits well with a tame religion, and passes as reputable amongst men; but which leaves out or despises spiritual and fervent piety. Names of reproach are invented to designate what is termed excessive devotion; and men in general learn to join in the cry, and satisfy themselves with a cold external Christianity, correct perhaps in its tenets, but lifeless and uninfluential in its spirit; whilst they mask the real hatred they bear to truth, by representing it to be a mass of extravagant or weak opinions.

Just in proportion as religion is made practical, and is exhibited in the conduct and life, is it distasteful to mankind. The doctrine of a particular Providence—the exercise of the affections on the Divine Saviour—the humble assurance of faith—the expressions and fruits of holy love—active zeal for propagating the Gospel around us—the consistency of a Christian behaviour in all the details of life—are beyond measure offensive, for the plain reason that they disturb men in their indifference, place God and eternity full before them, and remind them of the judgment which we all must so soon undergo.

Such being the case, let me entreat any reader who has been listening to the misrepresentations which spring from these sources—and of which the objections current in the present day, and already con-

sidered, are only one unavoidable effect—to pause before he ventures to dismiss so momentous a subject. Let me entreat him to enter himself seriously on the business of religion. I do not want now to combat his particular objections, but to gain his attention generally to the first simple commands of Christianity. Let him place himself as before that throne where we must quickly appear. Let him begin the great work of repentance for himself. Let him study the rule of God's law, that he may attain the knowledge of his sins. Let him try to affect his heart with that sense of them which the Scripture requires He will soon discern his difficulties—the reluctance of his nature—the perverseness of his will—the rebellion of his passions—the feebleness of his purposes—his own impotency to what is spiritually good. He will find that his prayers, his efforts, his resolutions, will be

insufficient to overcome his sins and form his habits to holiness. In this painful extremity, let him read the declarations of Scripture as to the grace and work of the Holy Spirit. He will perceive that this is precisely what he needs. Here is a promise of bestowing a tender heart, a divine principle, a superinduced and holy bias, a new framing of the soul, a heavenly birth. Let him then go on to implore these blessings for himself: and in the diligent use of all moral culture, and the various means of grace, he will obtain the profferred aid. He will gradually be "a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things will pass away, behold all things will become new." Nature will be melted down, as it were, and recoined. The strong man armed, will be bound and cast out of the fortress, and the Saviour enter and reign there. The penitent is thus brought, so to speak, into a new world—he discerns

and appreciates spiritual things; and rises as far above mere reason, as reason is elevated above the animal powers. What is the result? A new and holy character is gradually created—new habits, new pursuits, new affections, a new course of conduct.

Whilst the convert is learning these practical lessons as to the necessity of grace, he will also acquire a correspondent knowledge of his need of the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. His tender conscience compares all his actions and pursuits with the holy law which demands perfect and uninterrupted obedience. He discerns his guilt. He finds that one sin exposes him to the just anger of Almighty God. What then must his innumerable daily offences of thought, word, and deed, deserve? These considerations prepare him for welcoming the glad tidings of

pardon and acceptance in the propitiatory death of the Divine Redeemer. Christ now arises as the Sun of Righteousness upon his view. The incarnation of the only-begotten Son of God, his life, his sufferings, his resurrection, his glory, become the object of all his trust. He understands the great mystery of God being "just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." He "counts all things but loss, that he may win Christ." Thus does his religion assume a totally different character. He actually reposes on the merits and death of his Saviour for justification, and implores fervently and constantly the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength to obey God. He renounces his own righteousness as to the one, and his own power as to the other—and the consequence is, a new ardour and purity of life and devotedness to God's service. All the springs of gratitude and love are

touched. The heart is gained. Christ is enthroned in the affections. That love of God with which man was filled at his first creation, and which was extinguished at the fall, is now rekindled. Christianity has produced a surprising recovery. The fallen creature is restored. God becomes his Lord, his Sovereign, his Master, his end by a new and willing choice. Henceforth "he lives, not" as he formerly did, and as all men by nature do, "unto himself," but "unto Him that died for him and rose again"—and he does this, "constrained by the love of Christ;" that is, actuated by the efficacious motives of the Gospel, and elevated and purified by its grace and benefits.

The degree of activity and self-denial which we have above insisted on as essential to real Christianity, now appears to him natural, obligatory, practicable, de-

lightful. All is in its place. The superstructure suits and becomes the foundation. The edifice rises grand and proportionate in all its parts. The duties and affections which appeared to him extravagant and impossible, whilst he was far from God and immured in the pursuits of the world, now seem necessary and easy. They agree with his acquired habits, they are the spontaneous actings of his new principles, they are produced by lively faith, they are softened and lightened by holy love, they are maintained by the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, they conform him in his life to the example of his Saviour, and they prepare him in his hopes and expectations for the eternal purity and joy of heaven. He has received not a new creed, but a new life. All the parts of Christianity hang together. The doctrines prepare for the temper and spirit. Holy obedience flows from this

temper. The effectual grace of God produces and unites both. Good works attest the sincerity of the change. The blessed fruits of peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost form the best comment on the whole. The solid experience of God's gracious aid by his providence, the stable tranquillity of a mind purified by the sacrifice of Christ, the actual happiness inseparable from the love of God, the large measure of holy obedience attained by the principle of faith, the calm patience under the trials of life, and the joyful anticipation of death and judgment communicated by the promises of God—all confirm the truth and reality of this scheme of Scripture doctrine, and show also the inadequacy of every other. In the meantime, the numerous imperfections which the Christian discovers in his best efforts, the temptations to which he feels himself exposed, and the daily defects, errors, and

follies of which he is conscious, tend to produce in him that genuine humility and contrition of spirit which is the last finish of the character, which keeps him always dependant on GRACE, AND GRACE ONLY, for every hope of present succour and future salvation, and which renders the Gospel the potent, and suitable, and most welcome remedy for all his moral maladies and disorders.

Here is, then, the easy solution of all the complicated difficulties and objections which may at one time have perplexed his mind. A sincere trial of what religion is, affords the effectual answer to theoretic mistakes. Let the reader make the experiment only, and he shall be an example of my remarks. "If any man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine." Let him, with his Bible in his hand, pursue the great object of his own salvation,

and he shall soon see the clouds and mists of prejudice dissipated from his mind. Nay, the very points in Christianity which he once viewed as difficulties, shall appear the chief helps and glories of the discovery; and he shall learn to "count all things but loss for the excellency of that knowledge of Christ" which formerly he thought "foolishness." But he shall at the same time find, that he is becoming to others the occasion of the very objections and remarks which he at one time entertained himself. In short, he will see that it is not any minute mistake, any charge of a party-spirit, any trifling abuse of terms, any subordinate misunderstanding of a doctrine or a precept, that can account for the wide differences of judgment and conduct between the Christian and the worldly person. The causes lie deeper, and are more firmly fixed. The question involved is the fundamental distinction

between the service of God and the service of sin—between the love and faith of Christ, and barren morality—between the obedience of the whole heart to religion, and an external form—between the being alive as to God and eternity and the soul, and the being dead—between the walking in the narrow path which conducts to life, and in the broad which leads to destruction—in a word, between the rising up to the high vocation and transcendant ends of Christianity, and entering into its stupendous mysteries and designs; and the sinking down to the low standard of unaided nature, and the doubtful, inefficient canons of prejudice and fashion.

But the author will not proceed further. He has been drawn on thus almost insensibly by the earnest desire of removing some of those extraneous hindrances to a sincere conversion to God which the in-

dustry of polemical writers, and the indisposition of man to spiritual religion, have accumulated. He appeals for the truth of all these statements, to the unerring standard of Holy Scriptures, to the united testimony of all good men in every age, to the effects of divine teaching and grace in each individual heart, and to the solid fruits of godliness which evangelical truth produces—he appeals, finally, and above all, to the omniscient eye of God, and to the expected decision of that last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

It is little for the writer of these pages to say, in conclusion, that the following Letters convey but very imperfectly his views of these Scriptural truths, and exhibit still more feebly his ideas of Scriptural holiness. Such, however, as they are, they may serve perhaps in some

measure to show the sort of feeling with which the Christian Traveller should, as the author thinks, habitually endeavour to acknowledge the hand and providence of God during a foreign tour; and the spirit and manner in which he should aim to conduct himself, as the servant of God, on the various occasions which such a tour continually presents, to try the force of his principles, and put to the test the meekness and fortitude of his character. It is only for the sincerity of his attempt at doing this, that the author presumes to answer. How far he succeeded, and whether his representations may be beneficial on the whole to others, he leaves to the opinion of the candid reader—or, rather, he refers it to the sentence of that God, who accepts the weakest effort to trace and adore the proceedings of his providence, and who has condescended to say, "Trust in the Lord with all thine

heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Islington, July, 1825.

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LETTERS,

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LETTER I.

Calais, June 21.—*Gand, June* 23, 1823.

Dover—Dunkirk—Pavé—Mount Cassel—General Vandamme—Lille—Duke of Marlborough—Courtray—Pulpits—Sunday at Gand—Popery—Foreign Travel—King of England.

Ghent, Saturday, June 21*st*, 1823.

We are now fixed, my dear Sister, for the Sunday; and, therefore, I have leisure to give my beloved Mother and you some account of our movements. We arrived this morning at Gand, or Ghent, in the kingdom of the

Netherlands, about eighteen leagues from Ostend. We had a delightful drive to Dover on Monday, and found good accommodations at the Union Hotel. Our passage to Calais in the steam vessel on Tuesday was calm and favourable. We almost all suffered from seasickness; but by four o'clock we sat down to dinner in excellent spirits at the Bourbon Hotel at Calais, and began to forget our troubles. It was late on Tuesday evening before we had hired two carriages for our tour; for we found that one would be inconvenient and unsafe. About eleven o'clock on Wednesday, we were on our way to the Rhine. The road annoyed us a good deal, being paved with large rough stones; and the wind was not less unpleasant, blowing fresh from the sea. We passed Gravelines, a place of considerable strength, with five lines of fortification. We started involuntarily at driving, for the first time in our lives, through the formidable works, and hearing the rattling of the iron draw-bridges under the wheels of the carriages, and hardly believed ourselves safe.

About five we reached Dunkirk, formerly the object of so much prevarication and perfidy on the part of the court of France. It is a large, noble town, with a fine port, a handsome church, streets spacious and clean, and the appearance of a good deal of trade. There is a great air of comfort and neatness about this part of French Flanders; but the most deplorable superstitions are prevalent every where. Enormous, ill-formed crucifixes stare you in the face on the public roads: the figure of our blessed Lord being exhibited in the most forbidding, and even disgusting forms imaginable. And the moment you enter into conversation with the people, you are surprised and affected at the degree of ignorance and superstition which they betray. At this town, some of the peasants we talked with, actually called the Protestants *Jews*, confounding them indiscriminately with all who reject the Roman Catholic faith. The adoration paid to the image of the Virgin Mary quite appals the mind; the worship of our Saviour is comparatively forgotten. In fact,

the Virgin seems almost to engross the veneration of the Papist, and to supersede every thing else.

On Thursday we set off for Mount Cassel, a beautiful spot, seven leagues from Dunkirk, from the lofty summit of which thirty-two towns and four hundred villages are said to be visible, though I could not discern near so many. The view, however, was magnificent. A vast panorama stretched all around. Nature was arrayed in her most beautiful attire, and the eye was delighted in attempting to trace out the variegated wonders of the spectacle. On one side of the hill, towards its foot, General Vandamme has erected a noble edifice, and laid out a considerable space of ground in gardens and pleasure walks. The spoils of war are displayed in different parts with much taste; but I confess the reflections they awakened in my mind, very much lessened my admiration of them: I could not help thinking of the injustice and cruelty with which most of them were acquired. No glory

is solid which violates the first principles of morals.

We reached the celebrated town of Lille about nine in the evening. It was almost dark, and we were afraid the gates would have been shut. It contains sixty-two thousand inhabitants; its works render it a fortress of the first rank, and its citadel is second to none in Europe. The Duke of Marlborough's siege is perhaps the best encomium on these works. Indeed, what mingled recollections are excited in the mind, when travelling over these scenes of former conflict and glory! An English family driving peacefully and undisturbed through Dunkirk or Lille, is quite an important event, when one remembers the history of the two last centuries; and the indignation or alarm which the very names of these towns kindled in the breasts of our forefathers. Thank God for those national mercies which are connected with the annals, however mournful in themselves, of past warfare! The preservation of the Protestant

religion in Europe, and the establishment of that religion, and of all the other blessings of our glorious revolution of 1688, in England, were the effects of the hard-fought fields of the incomparable British commander—I said incomparable, but I check myself, for the splendid triumphs of our WELLINGTON, place him on a level with England's greatest captains.

I called on the Protestant minister at Lille—only about two hundred and fifty Protestants—feeble, alarmed, dejected—Popery surrounding and watching them with a jealous eye—the French government contracting their privileges—the spirit of the Reformation almost fled. Still there is a Bible Society, which is always a seed of future blessings. The place is famous for its manufactures. The men gain three or four francs a day (the franc is now worth nine-pence or nine-pence halfpenny English), the women one franc, and the children nearly the same. Food is about a third part cheaper

than in London. The women are without bonnets; a sort of high cap supplies the place of them; the wooden shoe is common.

We came on Friday to Courtray, a beautifully neat town; but, alas! the whole place seemed given up to superstition. Lamps are suspended throughout the streets before the images of the Virgin, as if she were a guardian deity. In England we have little idea of the state of things in Catholic Europe, or of our own blessings.

Here, as well as at Gand and a village lying between them, we have seen some of those fine pulpits which are so much admired, and so justly, in the Netherlands. You see I am adverting to a professional topic—every one understands best what relates to his own calling. One pulpit resembled a palm tree, the trunk concealing within it the stairs; the foliage forming the sounding-board, and an immense sort of pumpkin the pulpit itself, which an angel supported

underneath. The next was sustained by four female figures as large as life; the sounding-board was surmounted by a cherub raising the cross; angels stooping around to admire. The third was almost entirely of the finest white marble; an angel underneath opened the Bible to an old man, at these striking words, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life." Another angel at the sounding-board was blowing the trumpet of the Gospel; whilst a third was sustaining the cross.

If any thing like pure doctrine were delivered from these pulpits, all would be well. But what a contrast is there between the magnificent pulpits and the mean and unworthy tenets inculcated from them! We are really quite melancholy at witnessing the scenes around us. It seems wholly unaccountable, how men, with the New Testament in their hands, should be deluded and bound down by so gross an imposture as Popery. But I forget myself; the New Tes-

tament is not in their hands. The Pope first shuts that sacred book, and then imposes his own traditions. And besides, the Scriptures represent Popery as the "power of error," as "a strong delusion," as "the deceivableness of unrighteousness," as "the working of Satan with signs and lying wonders," as a judicial blindness for the neglect and abuse of light and knowledge, "because men loved not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." There is accordingly a fixed, unalterable attachment to Popery in the minds of the people, a kind of devoted, unsuspecting allegiance, "a bowing down of the soul," that their spiritual tyrants "may go over."

But I must bid you farewell for to-night. We have come forty-five leagues, about one hundred and forty-four English miles from Calais. One of our carriages gave way at Vive St. Eloi, about seven miles from Courtray, a bar of iron behind being broken through by the pavé. We paid four francs for some cords to repair it, which were worth

five sous—about sixteen times their value. This accident detained us two hours on the road, and will keep us here, perhaps, over Sunday: otherwise we should have reached Antwerp to-night. The post does not go out till Tuesday, so that I may add a word or two to-morrow, or Monday.

Gand, Sunday Night, June 22d.—We found to-day an English service at the Protestant church. The prayers were well read, and the sermon was tolerable. The clergyman dined with us after church, and gave us a great deal of useful information. He was a pleasant, and, I hope, a pious man. As there was no Protestant service in the afternoon, I went to one of the Catholic churches. It was the first time I had ever witnessed the full display of Popish ceremonies. Really the processions, prostrations, bells, incense, music, chauntings, &c. made up a sort of stage-effect, of which I had had no conception. It seemed to me to be just calculated to deceive mankind. Animal emotion and bodily services were put

for faith and the obedience of the heart. The senses were charmed and seduced, instead of the understanding being informed, and the passions subdued. Every thing was not merely unfavourable to spiritual worship, but almost irreconcilable with it. Still the diligent attention of these poor people to their ceremonies, and their apparent devotion and seriousness in the performance of their religious duties, are examples to those who boast a purer creed. We never entered a town, but many were at prayers. Yesterday evening the churches were filled. To-day you can scarcely enter them for the crowd. The Catholics have no idea of being called Christians, and yet neglecting the public worship which Christianity enjoins. The common people, at least, are sincere and in earnest. Their principles are obscure and superstitious; but they are firmly fixed in their minds, and they act upon them.

It is difficult for a Protestant traveller to recover from the surprise excited by these de-

generate forms of religion, and to divest himself so far of his habitual associations as calmly to weigh all the effects and circumstances of the system which he is contemplating. Unquestionably, large allowances are to be made for individual piety, under the disadvantages of early habit and education, in a Catholic country. But I must say, that Popery, as a whole, disgusts me more now I see it in act, than when I had merely read of it. Undoubtedly, its worst and most prominent feature is, the idolatry of the Virgin Mary; an immediate consequence of this is, the indirect or open denial of all the chief doctrines of the Gospel; the corruption of the rule of Christian morals* follows almost of course; and the

* As to the denial of Christian DOCTRINE, hear the language of Luther: "In confession, the Papists make no mention of faith, or the merits of Christ, but only enjoin human satisfaction and merits; as may be seen in the following form of absolution, which the monks use, and those the most devout amongst them, and which I willingly copy out, that posterity may understand the infinite and ineffable abominations of Popery.

"May God spare thee, Brother,

"The merit of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ,

effect of all this is, the tacit but certain encouragement which is given to scepticism and infidelity. I leave out a hundred other topics —indulgences—transubstantiation—infallibility—traditions—persecution—exclusion from salvation of all not within its pale, &c. &c. Thank God for the Reformation!

In the evening we had service in our family —the evening prayers of our church, and a

and of the blessed Mary, always a virgin, and of all the saints, the merit of your order, the weight of your religious duties, the humility of your confession, the contrition of your heart, the good works which you have done and will do for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, obtain for thee the remission of thy sins, the increase of merit and grace, and the reward of eternal life. Amen."

Comm. in Gal. p. 117. Ed. Witenberg, 1535.

Of the corruption of the RULE OF DUTY, let the Jesuits stand as witnesses. Who can have read Pascal's Provincial Letters without having been astonished at the profligacy of their code of morals, or rather at the virtual overthrow of uprightness, purity, and truth amongst men, which that code occasions and patronizes; and on which their conduct, as an order, for nearly three hundred years, has been too frequently the comment?

I say nothing of the worship of the Virgin, or the secret prevalence of infidelity, because these evils are acknowledged.

sermon. I was much inclined to offer to preach this morniug at the English service; but I abstained from a sense of duty—my health is now my first object. My heart and thoughts have been continually at St. John's.*

Gand, June 23d. Monday morning.—We have had an excellent night—all well to-day. We are now going to visit the principal curiosities of this ancient town; and shall probably set off for Antwerp in the afternoon. To-morrow we hope to be at Brussels, and on Wednesday to be pressing on towards the Rhine, the magnificent scenery of which river is a great attraction to us. We mean to enter Switzerland by Schaffhausen. Our movements are too rapid to derive any thing like the full advantages of what is called foreign travel. We are come out only for our health. Still we make all the observations we are able, on the habits and customs, the language and government, the policies and religion of dif-

* St. John's, Bedford Row, London at that time the author's chapel.

ferent people. We try to study and contemplate men, as Bishop Hurd, I think, expresses it, as they present themselves on the great stage of the world, in various forms, and under different appearances; and we compare every thing with what we have seen or read at home. All this will enlarge, as I hope, our minds, without too much dissipating the attention. It will also tend to lessen undue national prejudices. It will teach us to appreciate the blessings of a free government and a pure religion, and will send us home better fitted to discharge our ordinary duties, and more eager to communicate spiritual benefit to others.

I should tell you that the roads are shocking. Indeed, I need not say this, after having mentioned the pavé; for this forms all the middle part of the roads, and is beyond measure worse than the stones of London streets, or those on our Cheshire and Lancashire roads, whilst on each side you have commonly a deep sand. Carriages break down constantly; sometimes the first day; and generally

before the end of the week. We were informed at Lille, that when His Majesty the King of England passed through, the year before last, on his way to Hanover, the royal carriage broke down just at the entrance of the town, and that the King was glad to accept the offer of a French nobleman, who made a tender of his own. Farewell.

Believe me your affectionate Brother,

D. W.

LETTER II.

Brussels, June 27.—Liege, July 1, 1823.

Gand—Nunnery—Chrysostom—Louis XVIII.—Lord Gambier—Antwerp—Bonaparte—Scheld—Brussels—St. Gudule—Popery—The Martyr Tyndale—Namur—Village of Waterloo—King of England—Coster——Battle of Waterloo—Huy—Liege.

Brussels, Friday, June 27, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I SENT off my first letter from Ghent, on Monday, June 23. I begin a second letter against the next post-day. We took our view of the city of Ghent on Monday morning. It stands upon twenty-six islands, connected by three hundred small wooden bridges. It has above sixty thousand inhabitants. A nunnery,

where six or seven hundred females maintain themselves by spinning, and other like works, much gratified us. There is less of superstition in this establishment, and more of obvious usefulness, than in any I have yet seen. Charity and diligence seem united, as they ought to be. The Nuns are the nurses of the whole town, making it their business to visit and assist the sick. The public Library is one of the finest buildings in Europe; entirely of black and white marble. An inscription, taken from St. Chrysostom, very much pleased me, Lectio Scripturarum munitio est adversus peccatum; "The reading of the Scriptures is the defence against sin"—no obscure testimony against the present practice of the Church of Rome.

The Cathedral is sumptuous and superstitions beyond all imagination. We ascended the tower by four hundred and sixty-four steps, and thence obtained a rich coup-d'œil of the whole city. It has all the marks of departed grandeur. It was once the rival of

Paris, and the capital of the Belgic provinces. It boasted of being the birth-place of Charles the Fifth, and of containing the largest area of any city on the Continent.* It has now a dull and deserted appearance. Its power and glory are gone. Other cities eclipse its fame. It is thus that all earthly distinctions fade away, and that legislators are taught that the proudest eminence of national prosperity may be undermined and destroyed. Gand has acquired a temporary interest of late, from Louis XVIII. having fled to it during the usurpation of the hundred days; and from our brave Admiral Lord Gambier having here met the American Commissioners, and concluded the late treaty of peace.

At two, our carriages being repaired, we set off for Antwerp; eleven leagues, thirty miles English. As we approached it, the magnificent tower of the Cathedral appeared

* The circuit of the walls is little less than fifteen miles.

directly in our view—466 feet high, of the most delicate architecture, and rising at the top to the finest point imaginable—one of the most splendid things of the kind in Europe. The Scheld river, however, flowing between us and the city, we had to pass a quarter of a league in a ferry-boat before we could reach it. As we walked up to the inn, gaudy images of the Virgin offended us at the corner of almost every street; forty or fifty of these, with lamps suspended before them, are scattered over the city, and priests and friars meet you at every turn. The town is most handsome and noble, like the former capital of European commerce. The harbour can contain a thousand vessels. The Scheld here seemed to me broader than our Thames at London; it flows close up to the place. We saw a beautiful pulpit, in the church of St. James, supported by female figures as large as life, representing Truth, Faith, Theology, and Learning; an union excellent and comely—It requires only that these should be practically embodied in the doctrine of the Roman Ca-

tholic church, to produce a second Reformation.

But what most interested us were the extensive docks and naval storehouses begun by Bonaparte in 1803, and carried on till the period of his fall. These were to surpass all that Europe could produce, and were to contribute to the overthrow of British commerce and British power. It is with a mixture of surprise and triumph that Englishmen survey the defeated schemes and half-accomplished projects of that extraordinary man, and most bitter enemy of their country.

At three the next day, Tuesday, June 24, we drove off to Brussels, where we arrived at nine in the evening. On our way we passed through Villeforte, where our English Reformer, Tyndale, is said to have been imprisoned. He was afterwards burnt by the Procurator of the Emperor's court, at Brussels, in 1536. His crime was the translation of the New Testament into English! This is

the first trace we have seen of that noble army of martyrs to whose labours and sufferings we owe the blessings of the Reformation. We have been now detained at Brussels three days for repairing a second time the carriages—dislocated, weakened, shattered almost, with these pavés. The city is beautifully situated, partly on a hill and partly in the valley; it has one hundred thousand inhabitants, with boulevards encircling it, which will, when finished, be about six miles in extent. The chamber of the Etats Généraux, or States General, is really quite charming, much more elegant and commodious than our English House of Commons. The only misfortune is, that, with all this exterior beauty, the life of political institutions is wanting—that spirit of regulated freedom — that happy balance of the different powers of the state—that independence and liberty of discussion—that influence on public opinion, which render the British Parliament the glory of the world. Catholics and Protestants sit indiscriminately in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Royal Palaces at Brussels and at Lacken, three miles from the town, are pleasing. The chief church of St. Gudule is, like all the other Catholic churches, loaded with images of saints and the Virgin. It has sixteen chapels. A priest showed us the chief curiosities; and told us, with perfect sang-froid, that some Jews having, four centuries ago, stolen the host from the church and stabbed it, blood miraculously issued from it and destroyed them! The pulpit here again is exquisite; it is supported by figures of Adam and Eve driven out of Eden by an angel, with Death triumphing over their ruin. The stairs and back of the pulpit represent the garden of Eden, with the different animals around. The sounding board represents the descent of the Holy Spirit; and is surmounted by our Saviour, and, what always accompanies him, the Virgin. The Museum and Library are fine; one hundred thousand volumes, and many exquisite pictures of Rubens. We here saw the first book printed at Brussels, in the year 1476, entitled *Speculum Conscientiæ.*

We have been introduced to a very pious Protestant gentleman, who has shown us the greatest kindness. To him we owe the obligation of examining our carriages, and recommending us to a respectable coachmaker. We have been sadly imposed upon. An Englishman should, if possible, obtain an introduction to some merchant at Calais or Brussels, or he will probably be put off with miserable, ruined vehicles, decked up for the occasion, which will fail him, as ours have done, the very first day or two of his journey. This gentleman talked to us much on the state of religion. He loves England. He considers that things are rather improving upon the whole here; still the gross, heavy superstition of Popery weighs down the consciences of men, and darkens the fair front of Christianity. Bonaparte is the idol, and the present Government unpopular; but Popery after all is the permanent obstacle to religious improvement. My friend ardently hopes, as I am sure I do, that the pure truth of the Gospel will once more spread through Europe;

and silently, but effectually, dissipate all anti-christian errors, whether on the side of infidelity or superstition.

Namur, Sunday, June 29.—A city almost entirely Roman Catholic! Twenty thousand souls, and scarcely a Protestant family! Not so much as a single sermon that I could hear of, in any of the parish churches throughout the day, for the people of the town! Thank God, the military from Holland and Switzerland have Protestant chaplains and services in a chapel built for them by the present King of the Netherlands, who is himself, as you know, of the Protestant religion. As soon as breakfast was over, we had the morning prayers of our own Church and a sermon; our little congregation was seven as usual. At twelve, I went to the Military Chapel, to hear the German sermon, of which I found I could not understand a word—I have lost my German. I conversed afterwards with the chaplain, who spoke pretty good French; he was a sensible and pious young man. I said

all I could to encourage him in a bold and manly profession of the Gospel. In the afternoon, we went to the Cathedral—Popish service—building fine—pulpit of beautiful, though unadorned, marble. We are now about to have our second domestic service. How I pity these Catholics, brought up to worship, not the God and Father of all, but the Virgin Mary and the Saints!—Farewell.

Namur, Monday morning.—We are now going off for Liege; we hope to be at Spa on Wednesday; at Aix la Chapelle, Thursday; Cologne on the Rhine (where the pavé ends), Saturday. At Brussels, we engaged with a Swiss voiturier, who had come here with four horses from Rome, to conduct us to Berne. We left Brussels at nine on Saturday, and at eleven were on the field of Waterloo. The small village church contains twenty-two monuments of English officers who fell on that memorable spot, with suitable inscriptions—a most affecting sight. In an adjoining plot is the burial ground of four hundred of

our brave soldiers. His Majesty the King of England was most minute in his inquiries, when he was here two years back. He even visited the garden where Lord Anglesey's leg was interred. The field of Waterloo itself is covered with corn; but the hedge leading to Ohain, the farm of Haie Sainte, Huguemont, Planchenoir, &c. remain. The spot where the last attack was made on the English by the Imperial Guard, is marked by a pillar, and also that where General Gordon fell. The Wellington tree was brought to England two years ago, and is at the British Museum.

Jean Baptiste de Coster, Bonaparte's guide, was ours. We took great pains in distinguishing him from a multitude of impostors who deceive the unwary, by claiming his name. He is an elderly man, full of enthusiasm in his description of the battle. We spent an hour with him on this fearful scene of England's glory. He led us to the very spot where the hottest part of the battle took place. It is impossible to give you any idea of the horrors

which he described. The mind shudders at the thoughts of the sufferings of our brave men, and of the wide-spread desolations of that terrific day. Even now the corn displays a rank luxuriance on the ensanguined field. The bones of the dead are dug up by the rude hand of the labourer.* The marks of the balls may still be traced on many of the trees, and relics of the spoils are offered you at every turn. What a deliverance for Europe was wrought on those plains! What praises do we owe to God for the security, happiness, and power which were all atchieved or confirmed to Britain by that mighty conquest.

Really, when one reflects on the character of Bonaparte, on his prodigious successes, on his confessed skill as a general, on his prodi-

* Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
VIRG. Georg. I. 493.

gality of human life, on the efforts which he then made, and on the possible consequences of his gaining the field, one's heart swells with gratitude and thanksgiving to the God of battles, who fortified the breast of our noble commander during the fearful struggle, and crowned him with the most important victory which the annals of history, ancient or modern, can boast. It is a curious circumstance, that the Duke of Marlborough, a hundred years before, had fixed on the same plains for giving battle to the French army, and was only withheld from engaging by the timidity of the Dutch Deputies.

We reached Namur at nine, after a journey on pavé of forty-four miles. It is a strongly fortified place, celebrated for the long sieges which it sustained at the close of the last century but one; and, like all frontier towns, has been the perpetual scene of bloodshed and misery. Forty thousand soldiers were quartered here in 1815 under Grouchy. It stands on the confluence of the Sambre and the

Meuse or Maese; behind it a fine mountain rises adorned with hanging wood, and crowned with tremendous fortifications. It forms the back ground of the picture. The walk by the river side is exquisite.

Huy, Twelve o'clock, Monday, June 30.—We have been four hours and a half coming to this beautiful town. The road has been by the side of the Meuse, seventeen miles. The hanging woods, the rocks, the villages, the windings of the river, the ruined castles, and a road of fine smooth earth, not pavé, formed one of the most striking and beautiful drives I have ever taken. The cliffs and woods, in some places, were sublime. The rain of yesterday had laid the dust, and brightened the verdure on the face of nature. The peculiar feature was the trees and woods, interspersed amongst the rude rocks in the most picturesque manner. At this place we ascended the fortress, which Lord Wellington, as we were told, has been six years directing several thousand men to construct, and

which is considered to be impregnable. The walls are in some places ten or eleven feet thick.

Liege, Tuesday, July 1.—We arrived here last night, the road continuing equally beautiful; but the heat of the day, especially in the morning, was very great, and we find ourselves a good deal fatigued. To-day is the post, and therefore I close this letter. I found no letters from England at Brussels, but hope to receive some at Cologne. We are all well.

I am, &c.

D. W.

P. S. We have underrated the distance we have travelled; the leagues are two miles and three quarters English; so that we have now gone about two hundred and seventy-five miles from Calais. We have two coachmen, and two beautiful white horses to each car-

riage. Liege contains nothing very remarkable. It stands in a picturesque spot on the side of a hill; a small river banked with stone walls, runs through it; and the gardens coming down to the river, are beautiful; a promenade, with trees, affords a delighful walk all around. In coming here we saw the sides of the mountains, for the first time, covered with vineyards. We had occasion to call on a clockmaker in the Great Square. He seemed an acute, sensible man. A deeply fixed discontent was apparent, notwithstanding his attempts to conceal it. The recollection of Bonaparte was vivid in his mind. So we find it every where almost.

LETTER III.

Spa, July 1.—*Coblentz, July* 10, 1823.

Road to Spa—Verviers—Aix la Chapelle—Charlemagne—Relics—King of England—Juliers—St. Austin—Sunday at Bergheim—Cologne—St. Ursula—Tomb of Magi—Bonn—University of Catholics and Protestants—The Rhine—Drachensfels—Remagen—Andernach—Coblentz—Timber-float—Spy.

Spa, Tuesday, July 1, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

We have safely arrived at this beautiful spot,—a romantic watering place, well known by fame to you and every one else, for its mineral springs. The road from Liege is mountainous, and in many places highly picturesque; and as we approached Spa, we travelled along a deep

hollow with lofty cliffs on each side of us covered with hanging woods. Below the road ran a small but rapid river, winding along the valley, which having been swollen by the recent rains, was inimitably beautiful. On our road, we stopped an hour at a small inn, in the chamber of which I found a sort of chapel, dressed up with a crucifix, and many superstitious ornaments: underneath, however, was a copy of verses so pious, that I transcribed them, and send them for your benefit. I think them admirable: possibly they may be an extract from Corneille's Translation of Thomas à Kempis.

La Sainte Volonté de Dieu; la Folie de la Croix; ou, Maximes de la Sagesse Evangélique.

Domptez vos passions, faites-vous violence:
Mortifiez vos désirs, cherissez le silence.
Croyez sincèrement chacun meilleur que vous;
Jugez de tous au bien, soyez affable à tous;
Ne vous prévalez pas du mal que font les autres;
Excusez leur defauts, humiliez vous des vôtres.
Détournez votre esprit des objets curieux;
Ménagez vos momens, car ils sont précieux.

Evitez avec soin l'amitié trop humaine ;
Elle trouble le cœur, et ne produit que peine.
Obeïssez gaïment, ne murmurez jamais ;
Votre âme jouira d'une solide paix.
Que cette paix seroit durable et salutaire ;
Si l'on n'avoit le cœur qu'à son unique affaire.
Et si l'on savoit bien graver dans l'esprit ;
Que le monde n'est rien, si l'on n'a Jesus Christ.

Heureux qui prend le temps comme Dieu le lui donne ;
Des biens, des maux présens, sait faire son profit :
Et qui pour l'avenir au Seigneur s'abandonne,
Disant, content de tout, *Dieu le veut, il suffit.*

Spa, Wednesday, July 2.—We have had a beautiful day. This village is surrounded with the finest rides and walks imaginable. The waters were known to the Romans, and are mentioned by Pliny. They were in repute throughout Europe, as early as the fourteenth century. They spring from the adjacent hills, which are said to be formed of calcareous earth, mixed with silicious substances. They are all a strong chalybeate ; and some of them are impregnated with sulphur. Their flavour very

little differs from that of common water, except that they have a taste of iron. The water from the Pouhon spring is the strongest, and is exported to almost every part of the world. The place has fallen off since the last war, and is now apparently going to decay. The German bathing-towns are superseding it. We shall stay here over to-morrow probably.

Little did I think I should ever spend a birth-day at Spa; but so it is. I am forty-five to-day. With how many mercies surrounded; with how much to lament in myself! Time how swift! This world how vain, how unsatisfying! May the salutary springs of this place lead me to recollect and to thirst more ardently for that fountain of "living waters, which springeth up unto everlasting life!"

Aix La Chapelle, Saturday, July 5.—We left Spa on Thursday after dinner, and came by a delightful road to Verviers, a town, eleven miles distant, remarkable for a small river, the waters of which are used in dying cloths. The

town is situated in a valley; a promenade made half way up on one side of a hill commands the place, and affords an exquisite prospect. The town is before you, overtopped by the green hills behind it; between the town and the foot of the hill are the gardens of the houses in the main street, running down to the river, over which bridges are thrown, that add much to the whole effect. The number of inhabitants is about ten thousand. We saw a multitude of persons in the evening kneeling down on the outside of one of the church doors, uttering miserable cries before the image of a saint. We are now come to German servants, and find our French of little use to us.

On Friday morning, at seven o'clock, we came to Aix, twenty-five miles; here we enter the dominions of the King of Prussia. This city is associated with every thing grand in modern Europe. The peace of 1748 was signed here; and at the Hotel de Ville is an immense picture of all the ambassadors who were present on that occasion: unfortunately they are not portraits.

A tower of this building was erected by the Romans. The baths of hot sulphureous water, of the heat of one hundred and forty-three degrees of Fahrenheit, gave the name to the town, Aix, a corruption from Aquæ, waters. The cathedral was built by Charlemagne in 804, and yet preserves his throne of white marble, in which thirty-six Emperors of Germany have been crowned. Over his tomb is a plain stone with this simple inscription, *Carolo Magno.*

The pulpit is not remarkable for its architecture; but around the sounding-board are these words, "But we preach Christ." Alas! the fact is, they now preach the Virgin Mary; before whose image we saw, what may be seen every day, a person kneeling with uplifted hands in prayer. The relics of this church are enchased in immense shrines of silver gilt, set with precious stones. A priest gravely showed us a nail and several pieces of the wood of the cross; the sponge, in which the vinegar was offered to our Saviour; a part of the girdle of our Lord; a link of the chain

with which St. Peter was martyred; an arm and some of the hair of John the Baptist; a tooth of St. Thomas; some bones of Simeon, &c. It was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my countenance. I asked the priest if all these things were matters of faith. He replied, " No, but they rest on the most undoubted historical evidence"—which, for my part, I always thought was the proper ground of faith as to a matter of fact. These relics are publicly exhibited for fifteen days once in seven years. About 40,000 persons daily crowd to see them during that time. In 1545 more than 100,000 came every day for this purpose. How gross are the impositions of this corrupt church! May the blessed Spirit of Grace hasten the time when truth shall once more triumph over its Papal, as it did over its Pagan foes!

Aix is surrounded with beautiful boulevards; and the adjoining hill of Louisbourg commands a fine view of the city. The Allied Monarchs were here for three months, four

years back; and our own beloved King the year before last. His affability and generosity won every heart. English newspapers are, I am told, prohibited throughout most of the Prussian states—we could find none. Every creature is brim-full of discontent; and much beyond the occasion, I should think.

Bergheim, Saturday Evening, July 5.—We have finished our journey for the week. We left Aix this morning for Juliers, eighteen miles. Here we were shown an ancient portrait of the greatest of the Christian fathers, St. Austin, with this inscription, "Saint Aurelius Augustinus, the pillar and teacher of the church, the abyss of wisdom, the terror of heretics, the restorer of the apostolical life." If the doctrine of Austin had but been preserved uncorrupted in the church, there would have been no need of a Reformation, eleven centuries after his death, to revive the evangelical truth which he taught. After dinner (which now costs us twenty-pence a head), we set off for this village, where are six hundred and fifty souls,

and scarcely a Protestant. It is a sweet, calm place; the hotel clean, people attentive, beds comfortable. Our host was a fine young man, one of Bonaparte's soldiers, and not at all disguising his hatred of the Prussian government. In the house opposite, the Royal Family of France received the news of the detention of Louis XVI. at Varennes, in 1792. Farewell, for to-night.

Monday Morning, July 8.—Yesterday we had our English service twice, as usual. My college friend, whom I shall often have occasion to speak of, preached to us most excellently. A Protestant sermon is doubly delightful now we are annoyed and disgusted with Popish doctrines and corruptions on all hands. The Church here is filled with superstitions; a procession of two hundred persons came eighteen miles, yesterday, to sing hymns in honour of the Virgin. Still the attention of the people at Church was very great; their prayer-books are in Latin and German. Under an image of our Lord, we found these

words, "Thou who passest by, honour always the image of Christ; but adore not the image, but him whom it represents." It is thus precisely that a heathen priest would have excused his idolatry. We inquire all we can as to the state of the people. The children in the Prussian states are forced to go to school; all read and write; the men are husbandmen, and get six or seven francs a week, and their food; the women three francs. The people are discontented. They conceive themselves degraded by being taken from France, a leading power in Europe, and made an appendage on Prussia. Their trade and wealth have sensibly diminished.

Bonn on the Rhine, Tuesday, July 9.—We left Bergheim yesterday at seven, and came to Cologne by ten, fourteen miles—for we never go more than about four miles an hour. We spent seven hours in visiting this most ancient and curious city, Cologne. The Rhine here first burst upon us; a noble, broad, rich flood, rushing from the Lake of Constance, and

flowing on with a gradually retarded stream, to Holland, more than seven hundred miles —I should rather say, rushing from the Grisons through the lakes of Constance. Cologne was a city built by the Romans, of whom many memorials remain. A large room in the old Jesuits' College is filled with Roman sarcophagi, altars, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions found in the town and neighbourhood. The venerable Professor Walraf, after fifty-five years spent in the collection of antiquities and specimens of the fine arts, still lives to enjoy his reputation. On the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship —which is soon approaching- a fête is to be given him by all the authorities of the town.

The churches, convents, &c. are numerous: amounting, it is said, to one hundred and eighty-five in number. The Cathedral is a stupendous unfinished edifice, which was two hundred and fifty years in building. Here we were shown—can you imagine it?—the tomb of the three wise men who visited our Lord. Actually so! The front of the tomb in which

their pretended sculls are placed, is of gold, enriched with oriental topaz. Their names, Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar, are fixed beneath in letters of rubies, their bodies are enshrined in massy silver gilt, adorned with precious stones. Yet three centuries back this city was all but Protestant. The Archbishop, Herman Count de Wied, had actually espoused the Reformation. But the popish party prevailed; the pious Archbishop was deprived of his see, and the dawning light was smothered or extinguished. What guilt is incurred by those who trifle away the "time of their visitation!"*

We visited the church where Rubens was baptized, and that where St. Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins were interred.† The

* I can refer now with great pleasure to the interesting details on this subject in the Rev. J. Scott's able Continuation of Milner's Church History, 1826.

† "The hugest fraud of this kind (as to relics) that ever was practised, was when the contents of a whole cemetery were brought forth as the bones of eleven thousand British virgins,

town is strongly fortified, has fifty thousand souls, and one thousand three hundred Protestants; amongst whom, I am told, there are many most excellent and spiritually-minded persons. The city is annexed to Prussia. We noticed a most magnificent organ in one of the churches—the gallery composed entirely of marble, with statues of the Apostles and Patriarchs in the front of it—the whole supported by marble pillars, and filling up an entire corner of the church. It is splendid beyond conception.

Remagen on the Rhine, Tuesday Evening.—We have had a most charming day. At Bonn, I enquired after a Lutheran clergyman with whom I had made some acquaintance in

all bound from Cornwall, to be married in Armorica, carried by tempests up the Rhine to the city of Cologne, and there martyred by an army of Huns under Attilâ. Even this legend obtained credit; all parts of Christendom were eager to acquire a portion of the relics, and at this day a church may be seen at Cologne, literally lined with the bones."—SOUTHEY's Book of the Church, vol. i. p. 293.

England, a most pious and sensible man. The person whom I addressed, immediately said he knew him, and that he had just sent around his letter to announce his approaching marriage—for I found that it is the custom of all respectable persons here to write circular notes to their friends, to inform them of the day of their intended marriage—in England we rather conceal such an intention. I soon met with my friend, and he conducted us over the University of Bonn, founded, in 1819, by the King of Prussia—five hundred and twenty students, half Protestant and half Catholic—eighteen professors—library, fifty-five thousand volumes.—The College, a former palace of the Elector of Cologne, of immense extent. There is said to be a considerable revival of piety among Catholics and Protestants here. The estimate of real Christianity rises, its vital truths are better appreciated, and circumstantials less vehemently insisted on. There is an excellent Bible Society; and in consequence the nature of spiritual religion, as well as its obligation

is understood. The leading Catholics are sensible men, and their churches here are almost entirely free from altars and images.

Still Popery in itself is the same; and as soon as a Catholic priest preaches the Gospel purely, he is, somehow or other, removed or banished by his superiors: though he cannot be further persecuted, as the King is a Protestant. I hear that one priest in Alsace has been the means of converting forty families in his parish. The Kings of Prussia and the Netherlands are Protestants. This is a great point, and is working considerable good, and would work more, if Protestant princes understood better the great principles of the reformed faith, and felt more deeply the obligation of acting upon them. At the period of the Reformation, religion actuated the counsels of Kings, and entered into the policy of alliances; and ministers of state took into account their responsibility to God for the cause of the pure faith of Christ committed to their care.

Our drive from Bonn to this place, Remagen, by the banks of the Rhine, was exquisite; words can give you no idea of it. A fine river, five or six hundred feet broad, with continual windings, opening into bays; on each side villages, with beautiful spires; vineyards, crags, corn-fields, interspersed: the scenery now rising with magnificence, now sinking into softer beauty; distant mountains bounding the prospect; nothing can be conceived more splendid and lovely. We alighted at Mehlem, and crossed the Rhine at Kœnigswinter, to ascend the lofty mountain of Drachensfels, one thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the river, and commanding an astonishing view. A monument is here erected in remembrance of the passage of the Rhine by the German troops near this place in 1814. As soon as the guide reached the summit, he exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest"—Gloria Deo in excelsis—a pleasing remnant of ancient piety.

As I walked down the hill, I asked our guide if he had a Bible. He told me he had, and that he read it constantly.—I asked him a few questions about the Old and New Testament history; when I discovered that his Bible was a pamphlet of 18 or 19 pages, drawn up by the priests. He had no idea that there was any book such as we mean by the Bible—so sad is the ignorance of these poor people. The corn harvest is begun. The vintage is not till the middle of October. Every thing here depends on the vine: the landlords let portions of land to tenants for half the crop of grapes of each year; the punishment for eating any grapes is five francs the first offence, and four days' imprisonment the second. The wine is thirteen pence the bottle. During the brief time of the vintage, the people employed eat as many grapes as they like.

Coblentz, July 10, *Wednesday.*—We have just arrived at this town, which, from its immense fortifications, seems to be the key of

Germany. We left Remagen at nine this morning, and dined at Andernach, near which place it is thought that Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine. The dinners here annoy us; nothing is simple and plain; hashes, stews, oils, dirt. Andernach is a curious town—very old—full of remains of Roman antiquity—a gate built by Augustus. But it is the road along the Rhine which is most interesting; for ten or twelve miles the diversified scenes, and beauty of the views, exceeded all the conceptions which I had previously formed: vineyards, rocks, mountains, every thing that can enchant the eye, and fill it with gratitude to the Author of every blessing. Here we intend sleeping. We are four hundred and forty miles from Calais, and all well, and surrounded with the goodness and mercy of God!

We have now smooth roads, without pavé, and the weather is charming. Coblentz is beautifully situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. A bridge of boats

crosses the Rhine. The view on each side is exquisite. The river flows with a strong current, and is, I should think, about one thousand feet wide at this part. We here saw some of those timber floats, for which the Rhine is so celebrated. When the various smaller floats are united, they form an immense raft, about 1000 feet long, and 90 broad, which is managed and piloted in its course by 400 men, and when sold in Holland produces about 10,000*l.* sterling. The vast pieces of timber are firmly joined to each other, and temporary wooden houses are built on them for the accommodation of the men. We hope to be at Franckfort on Saturday, and at Basle sometime about Tuesday week, July 22.

I am yours,

D. W.

P.S. After dinner, as we were sitting in a café here in Coblentz reading the journals, a

gentlemanly-looking man, seeing us to be strangers, addressed us. He began by asking me some common questions; but soon turned the conversation to politics, and inveighed warmly against the existing Prussian government, and the want of freedom amongst the continental nations. He went on to extol the liberty and riches of England. His manner surprised me; and having heard that spies were often employed to induce strangers to disclose their sentiments, I was very reserved. Upon this he plainly asked me what I thought about the Holy Alliance, and the invasion of Spain by the French. I replied, that I was a minister of religion: that my information was far too slight to enable me to give a correct opinion; that as a stranger I took no part in the politics of the countries through which I travelled; but cultivated a spirit of good-will towards all nations. He was evidently chagrined, and rudely turned away from me. I thus escaped, as I imagine, the surveillance of the police, or perhaps a summary order to

leave the country. Sir Henry Wotton recommended our great poet, Milton, when about to travel on the Continent in 1638, "to keep his thoughts close and his countenance open"—advice not inappropriate after a lapse of nearly two centuries.

LETTER IV.

St. Goar, July 11.—*Carlsruh, July* 19, 1823.

Scenery of Rhine—Ehrenbreitstein—French Monument of Campaign in Russia—Discontent—Hirtzenach—Jew—Bingen—Vineyard—Weisbaden—Violation of Sabbath—Mentz—Franckfort—English Newspapers—Conversion of Priest—Göthe—Revival of Religion—Darmstadt—Leander Van Ess—Oppenheim—Storks'-nests—Heidelberg—Martin Luther—Professor—Castle—Manheim—Flying Bridge—Schwetzingen—Carlsruh—Floods.

St. Goar, on the west bank of the Rhine, 460 *miles from Calais, Friday, June* 11, 1823.

We are are now, my dear Sister, in the very heart of the most beautiful part of the Rhine. From Bonn to Mentz, ninety-seven miles, the route is by the side of this

majestic flood. Magnificence and beauty are united in the highest imaginable degree. The loftiest rocks, craggy, crowned with ancient and dilapidated towers, rise before you, so as sometimes to darken the scene, and are then joined and softened by a perpetual garden. The profusion of vegetation all around, especially the luxuriant vines, carried up every chink and crevice where the sun can reach; the beauty and freshness now shed over them, together with their fragrant smell as they are flowering, compose a scene quite inconceivable to those who have not witnessed it. Hundreds of small villages also, with spires towering above them, and perhaps an old fortification and gates, or a ruined château, are scattered on the banks on each side, whilst the ever-flowing Rhine, deep and rich, expands itself into a lake, or presses on between abrupt rocks, or embraces, every now and then, an island filled with fruit-trees and vines;—conceive of all this, and you will allow me, without blame, to be a little enthusiastic. The noble road which the French

have raised by the margin of the stream, and without pavé, increases the pleasure of this part of our journey. I think I never felt such warm emotions of gratitude to the Almighty Giver of all good, as since I have been passing through this scene of wonders.

The spot where we now are (St. Goar), for example, is enclosed on all hands by the most variegated mountain scenery. The Ruins of Reichenfels are above the town; at our feet is the Rhine; on the opposite shore is Goarhausen, crowned with a Roman fortification. The sun is shedding its glories on all sides, whilst the broken rocks and valleys receive or reject his rays, and create the most grateful alternations of light and shade. Last night we hired a boat, and ascended the river to witness the setting sun, and observe the two shores in unbroken luxuriance. Every reach forms in fact a superb lake: we passed from one to another, comparing the different beauties which each presented to us with a lavish hand. The scene was majestic indeed; and

the last rays of the orb of day tinging the mountain tops, and throwing a glow over the waters, completed, so to speak, the picture.

But I must, absolutely, tear myself from this topic to tell you, that at Coblentz we ascended the heights of Ehrenbreitstein, an impregnable fortress, commanding a prospect beyond measure extensive. The point of greatest beauty was the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Moselle, with its deep red stream, meets the yellow waters of the Rhine; and the combat between the two is most surprising. They do not mix. At the mouth of the Moselle, the division of the two waters is so strongly marked, that you would think a dam had been interposed; but the Rhine forms, with its larger current, an overpowering barrier against its weaker neighbour, whose waters creep along the shore till they are gradually lost in their course. We visited only one church at Coblentz, St. Castor—for the beauties and simple majesty of the divine works in CREATION, gave us no

great taste for the superstitions of a church which has been employed so many hundred years in deforming the greatest of all the works of God, REDEMPTION.

A noble fountain, however, attracted our attention; it was built by the French in 1812, and bears this inscription: "1812, *Memorable pour la Campagne contre les Russes.*"—Beneath this, the Russians, in 1814, added these words: "*Sous le prefecture de Jules Doazan, vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la ville de Coblentz, 1st January,* 1814." A mixture of great good and great evil seems to have followed the rule of France for twenty-three years over the Pays Bas, and the countries on the Rhine. The convents are abolished; the Protestants have churches; the cities and roads are improved and beautified; education is promoted; knowledge and truth have entrance; Popery has received a deadly blow; commerce, art, industry, property, are revived and quickened. But, what a painful catalogue of miseries, injustice, ruin, infide-

lity, vice, must be drawn up on the contrary side! On the whole, it must be admitted, that the population is still favourable to the French, and would wish to return to them as masters. The memory of Bonaparte is too much cherished, loved, adored every where. May God, the Sovereign Ruler and Saviour of mankind, educe good from the confusion and tumult of human passions and conflicts! The peaceful Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for a distracted sinful world.

At Hirtzenach, a village near St. Goar, we halted at a small inn, where the master was a Jew, who refused to give us plates and knives, &c. because we were Christians; and looked anxiously into our tin boxes, to see what food we had with us. The first article was part of a ham. However, with unaccountable inconsistency, he went to a neighbouring house, fetched all we wanted, and placed them before us. I read to him from his Hebrew bible some prophecies of the Messiah, which he seemed very little to under-

stand, and still less to take any interest in. Last night our supper here (St. Goar) was curious; first, soup, something worse than water-gruel; next, boiled veal; then chicken, stuffed with bread pudding, and accompanied with cherry sauce and salad; then cold salmon, cut in slices; next, roast mutton; lastly, cakes and cherries. We are now in the heart of the wine country. The finest white wine is here exactly thirteen pence (twenty-six sous) the bottle; and for large bottles, twenty pence (forty sous).

Bingen, Friday Evening, July 11.—We have now quitted Prussian Germany, and entered the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. We are four hundred and seventy-seven miles from Calais. We spent this morning in taking a second excursion on the Rhine, at St. Goar, for three hours, where new beauties continually presented themselves. At half-past twelve we dined at the Table d'Hôte, and at two came on seventeen miles to this town, Bingen, of four thousand souls. It stands on the con-

fluence of the Rhine and the Nahe. The waters of the Rhine, being here confined by shelving rocks, form a narrow strait. The road to it was actually one garden for sweetness, whilst its rude, magnificent scenery sustained an awful grandeur all around. We arrived at six, and have been taking, for the first time, a walk in a vineyard; it belongs to a gentleman of Bingen, and covers about five acres, on a lovely hill, commanding beautiful views of the Nahe and the Rhine; and on the summit presenting the ruins of a Roman castle. These five acres yield nearly seven pipes of wine, of one thousand two hundred bottles each, selling in retail at about thirteen pence the bottle. As we returned to our inn, at half-past eight, we stepped into the church, the religious gloom of which, just as the evening was coming on, was inimitably fine. Adieu.

Weisbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, Sunday, July 13, 1823.—This is our fourth Sunday since we left London. We hoped to have reached Franckfort yesterday, but the horses

could take us no farther than this German watering-place, so celebrated for its hot baths. We have had our private service twice, but could find only German Protestants for public worship. We are now in the dominions of a Protestant prince; but what a state of things for a Sunday! The shops all open—a ball at our inn this evening—music at dinner—public places crowded,—the whole village in disorder —not an appearance of devotion! This blotting out, as it were, of the Sabbath from the days of the week, is quite frightful—it is like the blotting out of the covenant of mercy between God and man. I have hitherto had chiefly to tell you of Catholic superstitions—but, alas! the name of Protestantism, what is it? All is here as bad, or worse than in Popish towns, with a criminality infinitely deeper. I speak of the impression made on a traveller. Doubtless there are many servants of God who are keeping holy the sacred day in the retirement of their families. But Gand, Namur, and Berghcim—Catholic towns—had a far more devout aspect than Protestant Weisbaden.

Monday, July 14.—At Mentz, where we spent some hours on Saturday, we observed a visible decay in the cathedral; it was nearly burnt down in the revolution, and the riches plundered; the marks of the bombs are still apparent on many parts. Indeed, generally we remark, that Popery, though still formidable in so many respects, is on the decline where the French have ruled, as to its power, wealth, tyranny, and influence. The Archbishopric of Mentz was suppressed in 1802. It is still a Bishop's see; but has long been vacant. Perhaps all is preparing for the revival and prevalence of pure Christianity once more. The city of Mentz is a fine one, with astonishing fortifications; but the churches were much injured during the war, and the marks of the shells thrown into it at the siege, remain. We were in the same room at the Three Crowns, as the Duke of Wellington and all our Princes occupied, in passing through the town. It has thirty thousand inhabitants, and a fine bridge of boats over the Rhine.

I should have told you that we were much annoyed at Weisbaden with a loquacious, forward young man, who happened to sit near us at the Table d'Hôte. His officiousness quite perplexed us. We had the utmost difficulty to elude his prying questions. He talked too much to be a spy; but his pertinacious recommendation of an inn at Franckfort betrayed his secret. He must have been a man sent round to the watering-places to collect guests for particular hotels. Really one cannot be too much on one's guard abroad.

Franckfort on the Maine, 522 miles from Calais, Monday Evening.—We arrived here to-day at one o'clock. Many things concur to render this one of the most interesting places we have visited. It is a free city, with its own domain, burgomaster, senate, and laws, —fifty thousand souls—perhaps the first commercial city in Germany—fine wide streets—large and noble private and public buildings all about,—every appearance of wealth and activity. We had here the pleasure of meeting,

for the first time since we left home, with English papers, a sure indication of a free state. Indeed, every thing breathes that spirit of liberty, that cheerfulness, and that prosperity, which make this town one of the most noble spots on the Continent. French, Swiss, Italians, Turks, English, all assemble in it for the purposes of commerce. It is a Protestant city; at least three-fourths of the inhabitants are Protestants. An entire equality is afforded to all the different confessions of Christians. It has seven thousand Jews, and many of them very opulent. The French Protestant Minister is a delightful man—pious, discreet, amiable, well informed. He has been with us several hours this afternoon. The police is excellently managed. Vice and wickedness are discountenanced. The public places of amusement are few, and no suspicious females permitted to frequent them. What a contrast does this last point form with the disgusting indecency of our London theatres! There is here a Bible Society, and a Jews' Conversion Society.

In the public Library is a copy of the edition of the Latin Vulgate Bible, printed upon vellum in 1462, by Fust and Schoiffher at Mentz. It is the first edition of the Bible with a printed date, and is an extraordinary effort of the art in its earliest day. The first Bible indeed ever printed, was begun at Mentz in 1450, and published in 1455 or 1456. It is called the *Mazarine Bible*, from having been in the Library of the celebrated Cardinal of that name; and is not only the first edition of the sacred text in any language, but the very first book printed with metal types. The beauty and regularity of the press-work are highly extolled by Mr. Dibdin, who speaks of it as a master-piece of skill. I cannot but dwell with delight on the first successes of the noble invention of printing, in circulating the Bible, and thus paving the way for the Reformation in the following century.

There are no foreign troops at Frankfort. I should tell you, that at Mentz there are seven thousand troops, half Prussian and

half Austrian; whilst the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to whom the town belongs, has only one hundred men to keep the police. I learnt here some particulars of the conversion of the Catholic priest whom I mentioned in my last letter.* He lived near Pforzheim, and became impressed with the truths of real Christianity by reading the Scriptures. He then began to "preach Christ crucified." The lord of the village and forty-four families, containing between two hundred and three hundred souls, were gradually awakened by God's mercy. The priest was summoned before his superiors for preaching against the Popish ceremonies. At length he and all his flock publicly renounced the church of Rome. The Duke of Baden heard of him, and went to one of his sermons. He was so much affected, that he declared he had seldom heard so edifying a discourse. He invited the priest to Carlsruh. There is another priest, I am told, near Valenciennes, who has followed the same course.

* Page 48, supra.

May God multiply the number, and a second reformation will soon begin.

Oppenheim, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg, Wednesday Evening, July 16.—I had much conversation with my friend the French minister, before we left Franckfort this morning. I was also introduced to one of the senators, an excellent man, president of the Bible Society. A human philosophy applied rashly and presumptuously to religion, is the poison of German divinity among the Protestants;—endless refinements, imaginations, corruptions of the faith, tending to scepticism or atheism. Things are mending, but it is incredible what daring impieties are currently received. The first genius of their country, Göthe, a native of Franckfort, is an absolute idolater of what he calls *le beau*, in Christianity, in Mahommedanism, in Infidelity, in every thing. Thus unbelief stands more fatally opposed to the faith of Christ than even superstition. The calamities, however, of the late long war have been the means of checking this incursion of

infidel principles, and of bringing men back to that pure doctrine of the Gospel which only can give peace and consolation. It is a remarkable fact, that such has been the decay of all Scriptural truth amongst the Protestants, that many of the Roman Catholics have surpassed them in real piety. The light has shone brightest in the Catholic parishes. Those who were concerned for their souls, and panted for the doctrine of pardon, found some relief at least, in the discourses of the priests. So true is it that superstition, bad as it is, may consist with the life of God in the heart, but that a proud infidel philosophy cannot. The one overloads and encumbers the foundation; the other digs it up, and destroys it altogether.

But to return to my narrative. We arrived safely at Darmstadt, the capital of the grand duchy of that name, at twelve to-day. I hastened to the house of Leander Van Ess, with whom I had been sometime in correspondence in England; he had left the town

in the morning early, to go to Cologne, and would not return for a week! A greater disappointment I scarcely ever felt. I saw, however, the study of this excellent man; I sat in his chair; I visited his collection of Bibles; I conversed with his secretary. Leander Van Ess was fifty-one the eighteenth of last month. He has left the University of Marburg, where he was profersor, and lives now under the Protestant Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. He has had a spitting of blood for four years, which prevents his preaching; but he gives himself up to the propagation of the Gospel, though he remains a Catholic priest. He has printed fourteen editions of his New Testament; each of an immense number of copies. He has circulated altogether four hundred and ninety-four thousand eight hundred and sixty. No funds but those of an institution like the noble British and Foreign Bible Society, could have supported the expense of printing such an incredible number: and the liberality and wisdom with which that Society assists in publishing Catholic translations of the Scriptures,

cannot be too highly praised. Versions by far inferior were the chief means of effecting the glorious Reformation. I do not speak of the Apocryphal books, because the reading of them is admitted to be useful by Protestants. The desire for the Scriptures among the Catholics at the present time, priests as well as laity, is greater and greater. Sometimes Van Ess circulates seven thousand in a single month. Lately, a priest in one parish sent for two thousand New Testaments—the parish is in the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest.

The secretary presented me with his picture, and a copy of his New Testament. What a blessing is such a person! what cannot the grace of God do in the most corrupt church! how charitable should we be in our judgment of individuals! This admirable man, though he calls himself a Catholic, has almost the spirit of a Reformer. He dwells on nothing but the great and necessary doctrines of Christianity. It is impossible to read his correspondence without perceiving a strength and

clearness of judgment, an independence of principle, a love of truth, a superiority to the prejudices of education, a zeal in the diffusion of the Gospel, a disregard of personal sufferings, a hardy appeal to the first Fathers of the Church, and a readiness to act with Protestant societies, which are quite surprising. Above all, there is a firmness and undauntedness in all he does, which reminds us at times of Martin Luther. Let us pray that many, many such Catholic professors may be raised up in every part of the Continent—and "the traditions of men" will fall of themselves.

I can hardly persuade myself to turn from this subject to say, that Darmstadt is a flourishing town; with all the marks of that activity and prosperity which, as at Franckfort, distinguishes a free from an oppressed population. We came on to Oppenheim, twenty miles (five hundred and sixty from Calais), this afternoon. The village is obscure, though populous. The country is pleasing. The peasants are without shoes and stockings. The

men wear large hats like our English Dignitaries—what we call shovel-hats; the association in our minds is very humorous. But the storks'-nests are most curious; these enormous birds are in almost every village; they build on the steeples of churches, or the top of a chimney, with a large nest like a basket, stretching over on all sides. They are never disturbed, much less killed. They are superstitiously reverenced. The people think the house will never be burnt where a stork builds. The stork feeds on insects, frogs, mice, &c. and never injures the corn. To see these enormous birds, half as tall as a man, strutting about on the top of a house, as if on stilts, is very strange to us.

Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Friday Morning, July 18.—We arrived here yesterday, at eleven o'clock. The town is beautifully situated on the Neckar, fifteen miles from Oppenheim. The chief attraction is the ancient electoral castle, which Louis XIV. laid in ruins at the close of the seven-

teenth century, in his ambitious war against the Palatinate. The remaining walls were much injured by lightning sixty years back. It is still perhaps the most magnificient ruin in Germany. The keep and outward wall of the platform are entire; and a beautiful semicircular walk runs through a plantation adjoining. It is situated on the side of a fine mountain, the base and summit of which are ornamented with hanging woods. Before it, the Neckar, the bridge, the town, the adjoining hill covered with vines, the distant Rhine, and the Vosges Mountains, are stretched as in perspective. The extreme steepness of the mountain on which it stands, allows of those sudden turns of scenery in the gardens and pleasure-grounds surrounding the castle, of which nothing else can admit. In short, the whole thing is the noblest of the kind we ever saw; we spent five hours in admiring it.

A venerable Professor of the University conducted us; but the difficulty of finding a common language was extreme. We attempted

a mixture of French, English, and Latin; but at last Latin was our only language. It would have amused you to see my college friend and myself brushing up our old Latin, and adapting our pronunciation as well as we could to the German—and this after dinner—overcome with heat—and mounting up a tremendous hill. The sentiments of the Professor were evangelical, and his temper and spirit most charitable. It was delightful to converse with a man so well instructed in the great truths of salvation. I called on him at his own house in the evening. He was very diligent in inquiring after the real state of spiritual religion in England. I see plainly that my beloved country is looked up to as the glory of the Reformation, and the hope of the nations of the Continent. The University is open to Catholics and Protestants—six hundred and fifty members. It is the oldest University in Germany, having been founded in 1382. The valuable library which had been presented to the Pope, when the town was taken by the Bavarians in 1622, and deposited in the Vatican, was restored in 1815.

The Grand Duke is a Protestant; and full liberty of worship is enjoyed. There is here a Bible Society; and religion seems, on the whole, flourishing.

It was in this place that Melancthon began his studies; that Luther came on foot from Worms, and disputed with the Augustins, in 1518; and that the famous Heidelberg Catechism was afterwards published. I speak of this Catechism with a peculiar pleasure, because it has been familiar to me from early youth. It was reprinted about twenty years back by the University of Oxford in the Sylloge Confessionum. I confess my mind lingers on these continental towns, where the noble army of Reformers laid the foundation of all the religious blessings which we now enjoy.

Manheim, Friday, July 18.—This is a beautiful city, first founded in 1606, as a refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the Netherlands. It was entirely destroyed by Louis XIV. in 1689; so that the present city is a new one, of twenty thousand souls, half

Protestants and half Catholics; the streets are regularly laid out in one hundred and twelve squares. It is situated on the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar, and is considered the finest town in Germany. The old palace of the Grand Duke of Baden is very spacious, but dilapidated: it is something like our palace at Hampton Court. One of the most curious things at Manheim is the flying bridge across the Rhine. It is difficult to give a clear idea of it. But it seems formed of six or seven boats fastened together at such a distance from each other, as to extend in a slanting direction over half of the river. The extreme boat at one end of this series is fixed firm in the middle of the river by an anchor: the extreme boat at the other end reaches the shore, and is fastened to it. When any one wishes to cross the river, he enters this last boat, which is then loosened and carried by the stream to the opposite shore; the fixed boat preserving it from being carried down the current. The direction which the flying bridge takes, is like that of the pendulum of a clock.

We slept last night at Schwetzingen, celebrated for a pleasure garden of the Duke of Baden, of one hundred and eighty acres, laid out in the French and English manner. The most sumptuous building in it was a Mosque, resembling that at Mecca, the walls of which have inscriptions from the Koran, with translations in German; the whole must have cost an immense sum. Notwithstanding this magnificence, the approach from the village is shabby, from the utter neglect of cleanliness in the court of the Château itself, by which you enter; grass grows on the pavements, and the Château is much dilapidated. Indeed, an unseemly union of finery and untidiness marks many of these foreign palaces. The palace at Manheim is larger than any English one, but almost in ruins from inattention: Kings and Dukes aim here at more than they can support. The real dignity of a Prince is the prosperity of his subjects. A free state, where education and morals are duly cultivated, and the pure Gospel of Christ is preached, needs no gaudy and half-finished trappings to adorn it.

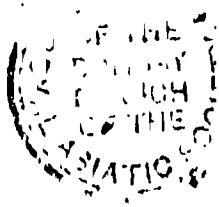
Carlsruh, Saturday, July 19.—We arrived here to-day, after a journey of thirty-one miles. We are now 624 from Calais. This is a beautiful town, which has sprung up about the ducal palace of Baden, around which all the streets unite like rays of the sun. The weather is fine, and sometimes rather cold; the roads generally excellent; the inns vary in accommodations The diet is strange to us, and unfavourable to health; the bread often sour, and the meat indifferent. But still, we are all well; and can we be grateful enough to the divine hand which sustains us continually and scatters so many blessings upon our path! During a foreign tour, the recollections of what we owe to our heavenly Father daily, are much more lively and affecting than they are at home. We perceive more his constant care in the new and untried scenes through which we pass. The reflections also which are suggested by the comparison of our institutions and habits in England with those of other countries, would touch our hearts even more than they do, if we were more under the teaching and grace of the Holy

Spirit. A Saturday Evening abroad brings a crowd of thoughts into the mind—but I must conclude*.

Your affectionate

D. W.

* I cannot but add here an expression of regret upon a subject alluded to in the above letter. The Apocryphal question, by the heat and irritation attendant upon it, has gone further to chill the spirit of unity and love at home, and the zeal and success of such distinguished individuals as Leander Van Ess abroad, than any thing that has occurred during the last 30 years. Thank God, the public mind is returning to a sounder state on a point, which, considering the avowed non-inspiration of the Apocryphal Books, on the part of the Protestant bodies, and the implied admission of the same fact by the Roman Catholic writers of all classes, has been exaggerated beyond all reasonable limits, and has in truth created more of evil in a few months, by calling public attention to those neglected books, than the books themselves had probably occasioned in three centuries. As the Reformers directed these ancient, and in some parts instructive writings, to be publicly read in churches, there surely was no reason for the clamour raised against the Bible Society for allowing them to occupy the same position—or, if the utter removal of these works was judged desirable, there was still less reason for accompanying the act with severity and suspicions. If the Apocrypha was injurious, the whole Protestant Church, with Luther at its head, and not the British and Foreign Bible Society, were to blame.—March 1827.



LETTER V.

Rastadt, July 20.—*Schaffhausen, July* 27, 1823.

Union of Lutherans and Calvinists—Pastor Henhöfer—Importance of Gospel—Rastadt—Ulm—Kehl—Strasburg—Cathedral—Letters of Reformers—Emmendingen—Manner of Travelling—Food—Hoellenthal—Bad Inn—Black Forest—Donaueschingen—Danube—Mr. Canning—Switzerland—Schaffhausen—Innkeeper—Fall of Rhine—Swiss Sunday.

Carlsruh, July 20, 1823,
Sunday Afternoon.

THIS is the fifth silent Sunday, my dearest Sister, which we have spent since we left England. The town is chiefly Protestant, but German is the only language. I went this morning and spoke to the Lutheran minister,

after church, but it was with the utmost difficulty we could understand each other, as he spoke neither French nor Latin; the church was well attended, and is a most beautiful edifice, built by the Grand Duke of Baden, and is some evidence, I hope, of the increased regard paid to religion here. I could neither understand the prayers nor the sermon—a good knowledge of German and Italian is almost as essential as that of French, to a tour on the Continent.

The Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, after three centuries of division, have at length begun to unite. I hope this is another token for good. The dispute about consubstantiation will now no longer be the reproach of the Protestant communities. Few things did more harm to the infant cause of the Reformation than this sacramentarian controversy—there was so much of heat, asperity, violence mingled with it—and this upon a point where most of the parties meant nearly the same; and which, after all, was not a fundamental

one. On no occasion, perhaps, did the great Luther so far forget himself. The warmth of controversialists is generally in an inverse ratio to the real importance of the question in debate. Love is the key to truth as well as holiness.

I learn here, that the name of the converted priest whom I have mentioned to you before, is Henhöfer, and the place where he now lives, Graben, near this town; his former abode was Muhlhausen. We observe that the Catholic churches in Protestant towns, are far more simple, and less superstitious, than in other places. Here and at Franckfort, there are scarcely any altars or images—in fact, the Catholic Church in this town is less ornamented than the Lutheran—but this is an inferior point—I perceive more and more that the main blessing wanted in every place is the grace of the Holy Spirit of God. I am sure we have little idea in England of the state of things abroad. We amazingly overstate the comparative amount of good effected by our

Societies;—the world is still "dead in trespasses and sins,"—vast tracts of barren Protestantism, or untilled and fruitless Popery, stretch all around us. May that heavenly dew descend which only can soften, penetrate, and sanctify the soil! The value of our religious advantages in England is more than ever impressed on my mind. A Sunday at home, what a blessing! The importance also of the Holy Scriptures, and of dwelling on the plain, practical, necessary truths of the Gospel, strikes me in a most forcible manner. I see that all languishes and fades as the Gospel is forgotten or unknown. This is God's great remedy for fallen man; and nothing else will touch and change the heart. Men's devices, controversy, cold statements of truth, superstition, enthusiasm, have no efficacy to save man. The doctrine of a crucified Saviour, delivered in simple dependance on the grace of the Holy Ghost, is "the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation" now, as it has been in every age.

Rastadt, 17 miles from Carlsruh, Monday, July 21, eleven o'clock.—We have just arrived here for our morning stage. The heat has been intense; 20 degrees, I should think, higher than on Saturday. Carlsruh, which we have just left, is a neat, beautiful town of fourteen thousand souls, founded as late as 1715. From the palace as a centre, thirty-two lines are drawn on all sides; twenty or more of these are walks in the forest, and gardens behind it; and the rest streets, composing the town; so that from the tower of the palace you command the whole circle. Dukes here do as they please; towns must be built as objects; but I prefer our English freedom, though our cities are somewhat irregular. Rastadt, where we dine, is a town of three thousand souls, on the river Murg, celebrated for the Congress between France and the Empire in 1798; when two of the French envoys were murdered on their journey to Strasburg. There is a magnificent old château, in which we saw a most interesting

portrait of Melancthon, and a large engraved head of the first William Pitt in 1766.

The people in this part of the duchy are poor—few manufactures—little public spirit; in other words, little liberty. The Duke takes more care of his palace than of his people. The Duchess-dowager is an adopted child, or a niece, of Bonaparte. Presents from Bonaparte abound in the palace; especially, we noticed a tea-service of superb china, with coffee-urn, &c. of solid gold. The dress of the peasants here continues the same, except that the women wear amazingly large straw bonnets, flapping down before and behind—children of four years old, and women reaping, have these enormous umbrella bonnets. The houses here are built with two or three jutting shades or roofs over each row of windows, formed of tiles, and have a very singular appearance.

Ulm, thirteen miles from Rastadt, Monday Evening.—This is a small village on our way

to Kehl. The thermometer, at six this afternoon, was 83° in the shade; on Saturday, it was 55° or thereabouts; for we were glad to put on cloaks and great coats. We have come thirty miles to-day, and travelled seven hours. Ulm is only a mile from the Rhine. The Black Forest stretches like an amphitheatre behind us, from Heidelberg to Basle. The country is flat, and without vines; but abounds in corn and fruits. It produces a good deal of tobacco.

Kehl, on the Rhine, Tuesday Evening, July 22d.—We came here this morning, seventeen miles, in order to pass the Rhine, and visit Strasburg. We crossed by a bridge of boats of the extraordinary length of 3900 feet. The old wooden bridge is half destroyed. We did not take the carriages, because of duties, searchings, &c. on entering France. We spent about six hours there. It is a city of fifty or sixty thousand souls, half Protestants and half Catholics. It has been part of France since the middle of the seventeenth century;

but the manners of the people, their dress, their food, their employments, their taste, all are German. The difference between them and the inhabitants of France is quite striking. The fortifications have been newly increased and strengthened. It was the Argentoratum of the Romans, and abounds with Roman antiquities; for instance, there is a mile stone and other memorials of the reign of the Emperor Trajan.

The Cathedral is one of the very finest in Christendom: it was founded in 510. The tower is four hundred and seventy feet; forty-six feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome;* it is said to be the loftiest building in the world after the pyramids of Egypt. It is a master-piece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such delicacy as to give it some resemblance to lace. As you ascend, one half of what, in other towers, are walls, is here open-work, with single iron cross-bars;

* St. Peter's is 424 feet high; St. Paul's at London 340.

the ascent is rather fearful; but the view of the Rhine, of the Ill, and the Brensch (rivers here falling into it), of the city, and all the surrounding country, is most beautiful. The day was very wet, so that we could not reach the extreme summit. The entrances of the Cathedral are particularly fine, from the excellent preservation of the rich stone-work with which they are adorned; the figures ornamenting in groups every part, are still perfect, and have a striking effect—in short, we could not satisfy ourselves in beholding this monument of the arts, which combines the most elegant symmetry of parts with the most entire solidity and the greatest magnificence.

We visited St. Thomas's, a noble Protestant church, fine, simple, majestic. A monument in white marble, to the memory of Marshal Saxe, adorns one end of the nave. We saw two bodies of the families of the Counts of Nassau, preserved many centuries, and placed in coffins with glass at the top; one female, one man; each in full dress, the

woman most gaily attired; the rings of pearl, too large for the withered fingers; the face all in powder, falling on the bones of the skull; the whole an affecting lesson of mortality—and of the inefficacy of all attempts to hide the deformity of death by a splendour, which only increases it by contrast. Nature shudders at dissolution; the real victory over death is by faith in the triumphant and risen Saviour.

There are ten other churches in the city. We visited the Royal Palace, the Cabinet of Natural History, the Museum, and the Library. This last pleased me exceedingly—one hundred and fifty thousand volumes; MSS. of the New Testament, and of the Classics, of the ninth and tenth centuries; early editions, &c. What most gratified me was a collection of MS. Letters of Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, and the other Reformers. I could not but gaze with veneration on the very hand-writing of these holy men, into whose labours we have entered. The hand-writing of our Queen Elizabeth was not half so interesting to me. In

the same library we noticed with pleasure forty-three volumes of Bibles, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society; great care was apparently taken of them. I called afterwards on the Secretary of the Bible Society here, to try to encourage him a little in that sacred work; the importance of which strikes me more and more, as I observe every where the fatal effects of the neglect of the Scriptures. The Secretary was evidently gratified, and wished much to engage me to attend a special meeting of the Committee. We also saw here the Bible printed at Strasburg in 1466, supposed to be the first ever printed in Germany—which is undoubtedly a mistake.

The University of Strasburg contains thirty professors, and nine hundred students,—Catholics and Protestants. This union throughout the parts of Germany we have visited, is one of which I am anxious to ascertain the real tendency. When I ask, I am uniformly told, that no jealousy, no debates follow, between

the professors and students; but moderation and peace, though without intimacy. It seems an extraordinary thing how modest and reasonable, comparatively speaking, Popery can become, when stripped of its temporal power and divested of a party spirit. It never has stood, it cannot stand before the Holy Scriptures. The New Testament contains nothing of the peculiar dogmas of Popery. Those who read that sacred book learn a totally different doctrine. The circulation of the Bible seems to me the most inoffensive, and yet efficacious, means of sapping superstition and idolatry now, as it was in the sixteenth century.

Our host to-night has given us a melancholy account of this village, Kehl. It is on this side of the Rhine, as Strasburg is on the other; three times it was burnt down in the last war; there were formerly two thousand inhabitants, there are now six hundred. It was pillaged whenever the armies passed. It is a place of great importance, in a military sense, for the defence of Strasburg, and for

operations on the Rhine. What a blessing is peace and England! Commerce is not active here; the people say, the taxes overburden them at home, and the English undersell them abroad.

Wednesday Morning.—We were awoke this morning at five with the noise of cannon. The whole house shook—it was only the soldiers exercising—but I cannot describe how frightful it was to peaceful and unpractised travellers—what must, then, the horrors of war itself be!

Emmendingen, 33 miles from Kehl, Wednesday Evening, July 23.—We have had a delightful drive to-day, through nineteen towns and villages, near the Rhine still, though not within sight of it. In some places the prospect was magnificent; the loftiest mountains in varied outline before us, and a sweet foreground of villages, spires, and woods. Occasionally we have vineyards; but hemp and hops abound. The houses are sometimes

painted in front with various devices of flowers, balustrades, and other ornaments. The signs at the inns are of cut or cast iron figures, with gilded ornaments. Some of the women wear long hair plaited, reaching behind almost to the feet, or else two long ribbons in a similar way. As we enter the villages, sometimes a whole band of peasants take off their hats and salute us, with the utmost complaisance.

The town we are now at is just below an immense mountain, the Kandelberg, three thousand nine hundred and three feet high, with the Vosges on the right, which divide Germany from France. The Rhine is seven leagues off. The cultivation here is not well managed; there are no hedges; and patches of corn, hemp, hops, potatoes, vines, seem all intermixed in one spot.

It would be amusing to you to see our cavalcade as we go on. We are nine in all, in two landaulets; Mrs. W., my little daughter Eliza, and myself, in one, and the servant on

the box with the coachman; our friend and fellow-traveller with my two sons in the other. My boys change about with me from time to time. We have three horses in one carriage, and two in the other. Our chief coachman is of the Pays de Vaud; a civil, obliging, sensible, clever man, thoroughly acquainted with his business. He talks French, German, and Italian. We pay him forty-eight francs (about two pounds) a day when he works, and twenty-four francs when he rests. We generally rise in the morning at five, and start at seven, and go a stage of four or five hours, sixteen or eighteen miles; dine at twelve, or half-past, staying three hours; and then take our second stage of four or five hours, till seven or eight; then we drink tea or sup, as we like, and retire to our rooms at nine. We generally find one person in the inn who speaks a kind of French, and then all goes on smoothly; but sometimes you would laugh at the figure we all make in a German inn, without a soul to understand us: I, with my dictionary, endeavouring to recall my old forgotten German, as

well as I can; till at last, Mrs. W., our friend, the boys, the innkeeper, the chamber-maids, and the coachman, are all in the room together, before we can make out what we want.

Then the kind of beds we meet with—sometimes not a blanket in the house; sometimes an unpleasant odour pervading the chambers; often floors grimed with dirt, no curtains, no window-shutters, no carpets; small, hard, narrow beds, on an inclined plane, so that we have to manœuvre almost all night to keep ourselves from rolling out. But our greatest annoyance is the food loaded with sauce and grease; meagre meat, without nourishment; fowls like pigeons: we had some yesterday, with a sort of custard sauce. I really believe our health suffers from want of good, substantial, plain diet. I give orders myself for mutton chops, without butter, gravy, sauce, pepper, &c.; they bring up veal cutlets as hard as a board, and covered with onions and Cayenne. Those who travel for their health,

would do well to remember how large a deduction must be made on the score of change of food. We should have done infinitely better, if, instead of our Swiss maid, we had brought one of our English servants with us, who understood something of our mode of living at home. At Franckfort, however, we really met with excellent meat. We hope soon now to be at Bern, fixed for a time; and then my first care will be to get good food for my dear family, who are really wonderfully well, considering we have now come seven hundred and eleven miles, and travelled near six weeks. The roads are very smooth, and without pavé.

Hoellenthal, or the Infernal Valley, between Freyburg and Neustadt, Thursday Night, July 24.—We set off this morning, from Emmendingen, and came eight miles to Freyburg, a town of eleven thousand souls, on the entrance of the Black Forest. We were much delighted with the Cathedral, which, though smaller than that of Strasburg, is more beau-

tiful. The open-work of the tower is really surprising; I observed, as we mounted its five hundred and thirteen steps, that five open spaces in the walls occurred for every closed part; the tower being supported by these closed parts, and the stone staircase which runs up within it. It is just as if the Monument in London were built, not with closed walls, but with five-sixths of them in open-work; it really is quite incredible. After dining, at half-past twelve, we came, in five hours, fifteen miles, to this valley, from which I am writing.

I was not prepared to expect any thing beyond a common drive; but the extraordinary magnificence of the scenery was such as to dispute with the finest parts of the Rhine. For ten or twelve miles the road followed the windings of a lovely stream, the Treisam, through a valley adorned on each side with craggy mountains of stupendous height; on the sides of which, the hanging woods of dark fir were beyond measure grand and sublime.

The views on the Rhine had indeed more of softness joined with grandeur—the noble river and vineyards were peculiar to them—but the scenes to-day had something more of wild and rude nature in her most majestic forms. Our hotel to-night is a deduction from the varied pleasures of the day; we are crowded into a close, low, miserable bed-room, where we had to eat our supper. For a tea-urn we had a common open sauce-pan and ladle; in fact, the inn is the end of a large building like a barn, and the rooms are so low, we can hardly stand upright in them; all is a contrast to the beautiful scene stretched before our view by the hand of Nature.

The houses here are curious: a large roof stretches beyond the walls, on all hands, ten or twelve feet; under this projecting roof a gallery runs along on the outside of the first story, and sometimes a second gallery at the second story. The rooms are so allotted, as to provide stable, wood-house, carpenter's shop, &c. &c. under the same roof. The houses are

entirely of wood, which exudes a gum with which they are stained; the galleries are for entrance when the winter snow blocks up the ground floor. The women now begin to appear in stockings, but these are of a deep red; they have no gowns, but their under-dress is turned up like a pudding-sleeve gown, short round the arm; they wear large hats of an immense circumference, with the rims stretched out in an immovable circle. All is German still; so that I can obtain little moral or religious information. We had our coachman up into the chamber this afternoon, as our interpreter. It was impossible to do without him.

Friday Morning.—Our meeting this morning at breakfast was most curious. My friend reported that he had been thrust into a miserable hole of a room, into which people were continually entering—his bed intolerable—scarcely any sleep. My boys were almost suffocated, and had little rest. Ann and I had beds with double inclined planes and ridges.

Eliza's account was the most satisfactory; she did not know how she passed the night, for she had not awoke once. In the mean time, the servant girls were clearing out the boys' room, to get the breakfast ready for us.—We started between seven and eight, and came eight miles to Neustadt, where I am now writing, a small town on the Black Forest. A tremendous hill, called Hoellensteig, or the Infernal Hill, led to a more open country, on the bosom of which cottages were sprinkled, with here and there a chapel entirely of wood, about four yards square; we entered one—the cross, an altar, and rude offerings, were within. We soon passed one or two comfortable hotels. We ought to have pressed on to one of them last night, and not to have implicitly followed the advice of our voiturier, who has full as much regard for his horses as for us. In fact, with a large party like ours, and two carriages, it would be far better to divide, when we have to spend the night in small villages, than to crowd into one miserable inn.

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This Black Forest covers fifty leagues of country; it was the cradle of those formidable Germans who annihilated the Roman Empire. Sixteen thousand souls live in it, in insulated cabins; these cabins have long roofs covering the galleries, and reaching down to the earth behind the dwelling-house; the barn is over the house; the whole is built of beams crossed and tied together, without bricklayer's work; the ceilings of the rooms are wainscot, and and they use slips of fir for candles: they trade in wood-work, which finds its way even to America.

Donaueschingen, 21 *miles from Hoellensteig*, 13 *from Neustadt*, *Friday Night*.—This is a small town, consisting of two thousand souls, at the extremity of the Duchy of Baden. It is beautifully situated on elevated ground. Near to it rises the Danube, the noblest river in Europe, which washes in its course fifteen hundred miles of the territories of Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, till it empties itself in the Black Sea. Some of its springs are in the

court-yard of the Château, in an enclosed basin of thirty feet square; whence a rivulet flows, which joins the Brigach and the Breg (two far more considerable streams), and is called the Danube. We jumped over it with ease. From what obscure causes do the mightiest effects flow! A river celebrated throughout the world, and rolling by some of the noblest cities, is here feeble and inconsiderable! It is thus the current of evil from a single individual, small at first, sometimes swells as it flows, till distant regions are desolated with its waves. The sources of the widest blessings to mankind have also their first rise in small and unnoticed beginnings. Nay, the first bursting forth of that "well of water which springeth up into everlasting life" is small and inconsiderable. No wise man undervalues the beginnings of things.

We have now pursued the Rhine three hundred and fifty miles in its majestic and fruitful course, and have visited the Danube in its first feeble and unperceived struggles. Thus the

two noblest and most celebrated rivers in Europe are associated in our minds in their origin or their progress, and will be connected with the numerous events of ancient and modern history, which our reading may furnish. It is a pleasing and instructive part of foreign travel, to visit the scenes familiar to us from our earliest reading. It furnishes fresh materials of thought. It gives a life and locality, as it were, to our knowledge. It embodies and realizes history.

We have now left the Black Forest, the mountains, the cabins, and all the magical scene. Our inn to-night is excellent. Mr. Canning was here two years ago, and our host seemed never satisfied in telling us of the dignity of his manner, the acuteness of his questions, and, above all, the correctness of his French—in which, however, our informer was no great proficient himself. Our friend slept in the room which this distinguished statesman occupied. Adieu.

Schaffhausen, 778 miles from Calais, Saturday Evening, July 26.—Thank God we have entered SWITZERLAND, in health and peace! The road from Donaueschingen, twenty-two miles, is extremely beautiful; rich valleys crowned with verdure, mountains rising in noble boldness on each side, the road winding with continual change of scenery, brought us to the first of the Swiss Cantons. As we passed beyond the Baden frontier, the improvement in agriculture, and general appearance of the villages, was striking. Hedges, well-cultivated fields, neat farms, met our eyes for the first time since we left England; every spot of land is now employed to the best purpose, and with neatness and cleverness.

As we entered this land of freedom, the associations awakened in our minds were most pleasing. An inconsiderable country—rude and barren—apparently doomed to bondage and obscurity—has raised itself by valour and conduct to be the admiration of the world. It

preceded England by two or three centuries in the march of liberty; and, except during the twenty years of the French domination, has been acquiring for more than five hundred years an almost unparalleled measure of national glory—from education, industry, commerce, a free government, public spirit, virtue; and, since the Reformation, from the light of pure Christianity. There is something so noble in all this, that it fills the imagination, and imparts an additional charm to the natural beauties of the country itself.

Scaffhausen contains about seven thousand souls. Many of the fronts of the houses are covered from the top to the bottom with the devices which I have before mentioned. Several statues of Swiss heroes adorn the public places. The son of the principal innkeeper talks very good English. He spent six months in England for the purpose of learning the language. He spoke to me with great feeling of the kindness of Dr. Steinkopff; and there evidently appeared to be a strong religious

impression remaining on his mind, from what he had seen of the zeal of our Societies for the propagation of the Gospel, and of the high tone of Christian doctrine and practice in our happy country. We have an introduction to a Professor of Theology here, who is an example of primitive kindness.

Soon after our arrival, we took a cabriolet, and drove three miles, to see the celebrated fall of the Rhine. The road leading to it is exquisite; vineyards stretch over all the sides of the mountains; and the country is open, and variegated.—The road leads along by the Rhine, which is here of a deep green colour. I am not sure if I was not a little disappointed at the first coup-d'œil of the fall itself. My imagination had been heated by descriptions, and I thought the descent would have been greater. But as soon as I had had time to recover myself, and recollect how much the width of the river took away from the apparent depth of the fall, I was better prepared to view the wonderful sight. It is truly astonishing.

A multitude of rocks first impede the flow of the river; through these it makes its way, till, having overcome them all, it rushes down about eighty feet, with an impetuosity, a rage, a boiling foam, which literally darken the air, and create a constant mist and shower. The body of water which falls, and the fury, the incredible fury, of the descent, make this a wonder of nature. The thunder of the cataract is so loud, that it absolutely drowns the voice—you cannot hear yourself speak. Immediately above the fall, four immense, ragged, overhanging rocks stretch at considerable intervals quite across the flood. These divide the torrent for a moment into five parts, without lessening its fury. Ages back they doubtless formed a complete barrier which the stream had to surmount, and which made the depth of the fall double what it is at present.

Many falls in Switzerland are more picturesque, but none so terribly majestic as this. It impresses quite an awful conviction of the power of God, and how soon all nature would

be dissolved, if he were to permit. We observed the fall first, from a gallery overhanging the side of it, and watered with its dashing stream; then in a boat from the middle of the river; next, from a window of a house on the opposite side; lastly, from a summer-house commanding the height of the river just before its fall. We had likewise the pleasure of seeing it in a camera obscura. It added greatly to the delight of this excursion, that my dear Mrs. W. was well enough to accompany us; indeed, the real beauties of our tour have lain open to her inspection as much as if she had been ever so strong. It is chiefly the interior of buildings, which she has been unable to visit.

Sunday, July 27.—"My soul is athirst for God, yea, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before the presence of God?" says the inspired Psalmist; and such would I wish to be my feelings on this my sixth silent Sunday. I have been to the Protestant German service (all the Canton is Protestant); a

venerable clergyman, seventy or eighty years of age, preached. I would have given any thing to have understood him; his manner was so earnest, so impressive, so affectionate, so impassioned; his voice majestic, and yet sweet. The service began with singing (which was vociferation rather than singing); then a prayer by the minister, who came from the gallery into a sort of tribune opening from it; after this a sermon and prayer; singing concluded. The service began at eight in the morning. Several persons in the congregation sat with their hats on. During the sermon, two officers were going round collecting money, in bags hung at the end of long poles. There was a large congregation, and all seemed very attentive. After breakfast we had our English Liturgy, and a sermon. At twelve, we went to the catechizing at the Cathedral; it was very pleasing, to see one or two hundred children seated in order, whilst a Minister heard them a portion of the Heidelberg Catechism, one of the most excellent of all the Protestant formularies. After the chil-

dren had answered, the Minister began to put questions to one of them; and then, apparently, to explain the portion to the whole body of children—I was delighted—this is the reasonable, intelligent worship of God;—but it is late, and I must wish you adieu for to-night.

I am yours affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER VI.

Zurich, July 18.—*Basle, August* 1, 1823.

Bridge—Swiss Customs—State of Religion—Professor—Fall of Rhine—Eglisau—First View of Alps—Zurich—Reformers—Inn L'Epée—Antistes Hess—Mr. Wilberforce—Zuingle—Documents of Reformation—Clergy—Bible Society—Lavater's Forgiveness of his Murderer—Aarau—Good done by an English Clergyman—Basle—M. Blumhardt—Stoves—Fountains—A Divine—Tombs of Erasmus and Ecolampadius—Holy Alliance—Council of Basle—Likeness of Erasmus.

Zurich, Monday Evening, July 28th, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

BEFORE I quit the subject of Schaffhausen, I must tell you, that this morning we examined a curious model of the bridge over the Rhine here, burnt by the French in 1799. It was built by a common carpenter, with only one pier, over a space of three hundred

and sixty-four feet, all of wood; the pathway being suspended under, not placed over the arches, so that it quivered with the slightest movement of a passenger. I may as well mention also, a few other things which struck us by their novelty during our stay there. We observed a funeral, where the procession consisted of several hundred persons; every friend of a deceased person attending in a mourning robe. The churches, though noble, majestic buildings, are absolutely devoid of ornament, having been stripped to the bare walls. There was a nakedness about them which offended the eye. I prefer the wisdom and moderation of our English Reformers in this, as well as other respects: but the Protestants here are of the Calvinistic, not Lutheran, persuasion. The Catholic Pilgrims who visit Einsiedeln and other celebrated places of pilgrimage, walk hand in hand, with bouquets in their hats, singing as they pass the streets: on Saturday thirty-two passed in this way through the town. The Swiss keep unusually good time; beginning the day in

summer at three, dining at twelve, and shutting up their shops at seven; and their clocks happen now to be an hour and ten minutes faster than those at Paris. Every youth who chooses may become a soldier to defend the state. We saw a number of little lads exercising this morning.—So far as to the customs of the place.

Its moral and religious state I endeavoured to ascertain from the Professor. The Protestant Cantons are very strict and firm in their peculiarities, more so than I have hitherto observed in other parts. There are thirty or forty Clergy in the small Canton of Schaffhausen. The attention paid to the catechizing of the children, and the preparing them for the Holy Communion, is excellent. We might learn much from the Swiss on this subject. All the children of the Canton are obliged to attend and learn their catechism; and there are Ministers especially appointed for their instructors. They seem to have no idea of leaving the young, as we too much do

in England, in ignorance of the principles of Christianity. Religious education is, in their view, the very first duty they owe their children; and the only foundation of a tranquil, well-ordered, virtuous community. The laws are strict, and the magistrates also exercise a salutary influence over public morals; but I doubt whether spiritual religion, with its holy fruits, is now actually flourishing. The Sacraments are, however, well attended. In a town of seven thousand souls, there are four or five hundred communicants, at two or three churches (perhaps one thousand five hundred or two thousand in all), communicating once or twice a year. Still I fear that all this is too much of a mere form, and that the chilling theology of Germany has infected the Canton. May God raise up a new spirit of faith and love among them!

I did all I could to make the Professor understand our views of religion in England; and to encourage him in openly following the doctrines of the Reformation, as the only hope

of a revival of true Christianity. It is a delightful thing to be able in any measure to strengthen the hands of a brother in the Gospel. I can do but little; but what I can do, I feel bound not to omit. He spoke to me about the Règlement at Geneva. He expressed himself with great reserve, but evidently regretted that measure. He was very curious to know something about our English Universities, and the plan of literary and religious education in them. I satisfied his inquiries, and really felt gratified that I should happen to have about me a list of the Officers and Heads of Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge to present to him. You cannot imagine with what pleasure he received it.

We left Schaffhausen at eight this morning, for Zurich, twenty-five miles. On our road, we stopped again at the fall of the Rhine, and once more admired its unequalled terrors. The Rhine is a continued flood—a torrent, from the dissolved snows, where it springs, till it loses itself in Holland, after

a course of seven hundred miles—so that a vessel, when first going down the stream from Switzerland, shoots like an arrow. The width of the fall is four hundred and fifty feet; the least depth sixty feet, the greatest eighty. It differs from the Niagara in two respects; in volume of water it is inferior; in majesty it surpasses it. The Niagara is two thousand seven hundred feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-six feet high; but it merely turns suddenly down the fall in a continued stream, as from a lock; whereas the Rhine, with unparalleled fury, dashes from rock to rock, till the spray and foam obscure the view.*

At Eglisau, a lovely village on our way, where we dined, we saw, for the first time, a covered bridge, erected in 1811, over the Rhine (the French having burnt the former one); you walk over under rafters and beams, windows on each side opening upon the river. It is entirely covered at the top with a roof, and enclosed on the sides, so that you are, as

* Simond, Voyage en Suisse, p. 91, 92.

it were, in a house; whilst the rafters, &c. make you think it is the roof of a country church. These covered bridges abound in Switzerland.

As we approached Zurich, we caught a first view of the distant Alps, about Zug and Schwitz. The hills first in view were shaded by the afternoon sun; over these, brillant volumes of clouds were discernible; and from amidst the clouds, the peaks of the Alps were easily distinguished by their defined outlines, sharp summits, and the bright whiteness of the eternal snows with which they are covered. We entered Zurich, the capital of the Canton, about five o'clock, I could not but be sensibly affected. This is the first town in Switzerland that separated from the church of Rome three centuries back—it was the favourite asylum of our English Reformers during the vacillating and tyrannical reign of Henry the Eighth, and the bloody persecution of Queen Mary. It is supposed to have been the place where our great Cranmer, soon after he

had been raised to the Primacy, caused the first complete edition of the English Bible, Miles Coverdale's, to be printed, in the year 1535.* The town contains eleven thousand souls; the Canton one hundred and eighty-three thousand; nearly all Protestant. It is amongst the most thickly peopled tracks of the Continent of Europe; which is owing chiefly to the long-continued enjoyment of good government, and to consequent habits of virtuous industry.

The beauty of the country accords with its reputation. We are at the inn called L'Epée. Imagine a room fifty feet by thirty, of which two sides are a continued window, overhanging the broad deep-blue torrent of the Limmat, which, rushing like an arrow from the lake of

* The New Testament had first been published by Tyndale about 1526: the Pentateuch appeared in 1530; Miles Coverdale completed the arduous task under the auspices of Cranmer, in 1535. This Bible is in a folio volume, printed in double columns, in what Mr. Dibdin terms, a *foreign secretary-gothic type*. It was executed, as it is generally thought, at the press of a Zurich printer.

Zurich, seems hurrying to pour itself into the Rhine. The old wooden bridge which leads across it is immediately before me, and is wide enough for the market, which is just now in amusing confusion, and presents a most characteristic scene of Swiss costume and manners. The noble churches, quays, and public buildings on the other side of the river diversify the prospect. In the distance on my right a second bridge appears, with a tower built in the midst of the torrent for state-prisoners—whilst still further on, my eye is lost in following the beautiful lake itself, till I discern at length the Alps rearing their majestic heads beyond it in the utmost horizon.—Such is the room where I am writing this letter; I suppose it is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is curious, that in order to reach this splendid chamber you have to defile through stables, voitures, horsemen, voituriers, ostlers, post-boys, and smells of all kinds, by a dark, narrow passage; for the entire ground floors of the Swiss inns are occupied by this sort of miseries; partly, I suppose, on account of

the frequent inundations from melted snow, or overflowing rivers.

Last night we ascended a bastion, near the town, and beheld the magnificent scene of the range of Alps illuminated, or rather gilded, by the setting sun; it was, really, as if all the snows were suddenly set on a blaze, the fiery meteor was so bright and so extensive. As the sun further declined, the magic scene lost its enchantment. It is singular, that this is the first night this summer that the Alps have been thus visible. My friend travelled four years ago in Switzerland, and never saw any thing like it. Indeed, we have been favoured all our journey. The weather has been unusually cool, with the exception of a day or two, and we are all now in comfortable health. May we have the additional blessing of a thankful, humble, holy, teachable heart, to see God in every thing, to love God because of every thing, and to be led up towards him by every thing! I should just mention, that on our road to Zurich we crossed a part of Ba-

den, when the same appearance of negligence and misery returned which I before noticed. As soon as we regained the Swiss territory, all was again neat, convenient, industrious, and happy: such is the difference between the effects of civil and religious freedom, and of an arbitrary government.

Zurich, Tuesday, July 29.—I have been introduced, to-day, to the celebrated Antistes Hess: he is eighty-two years old, a venerable, pious, holy man, on the verge of heaven; with a heart full of love to the Saviour, and to the souls of men. I took my three children to him, that he might bless them. The Antistes spoke to me much of Mr. Wilberforce, whose book he had read with delight: he begged me to convey to him his Christian regards: it was delightful to me to see this aged disciple. He is one of the persons whom I was most anxious to know. You are perhaps aware, that Antistes is a Latin word, meaning nearly the same as President. It is a title often given in ecclesiastical writers to Bishops, though sometimes

to simple priests. In the Swiss Reformed Churches, it is applied to the Ecclesiastical Head of a Canton. The government of these churches, though not episcopal, differs considerably from what is called Presbyterianism. I met at the house of the Antistes, an aged magistrate of this place, who commended to me the cause of Switzerland, and begged of me again and again to represent to my countrymen the state of his Canton; pressing on me that Switzerland had been the cradle of the Reformation.

We next visited, with much pleasure, the City Library, abounding in original unpublished letters of our Reformers. The history of that interesting period, after all Burnet has done, might, undoubtedly, be much enriched from these stores. Such an undertaking would require great zeal, discretion, knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and, above all, a commanding and pious mind; but its success would be sure. We saw the three well-known Letters of Lady Jane Gray, written to Bullin-

ger, in 1551. The Epistles of St. Paul in Greek, transcribed entire in the hand of Zuinglius in 1517, just as he was first discerning the chief corruptions of the Church of Rome, were most interesting to me, not only as an ancient manuscript, but as tracing the Reformation to its true source, a deep study of the New Testament.

Zuingle, amongst all the noble body of Reformers, seems to have been one of the most able and acute. He was born Jan. 1st, 1487. He soon began to discover the real force of the chief doctrines of Scripture. He not only copied out the text of St. Paul's Epistles, but also committed them all to memory, and earnestly sought by prayer the teaching of the Holy Spirit; comparing Scripture with Scripture, and explaining the obscure passages by the more clear. In 1581 he was elected by the Chapter to the office of preacher; and on Jan. 1, 1519, he delivered his first discourse in the Cathedral of Zurich before an immense auditory. His wisdom and penetra

tion were so remarkable, and the influence which he acquired over the Council and all the inhabitants of Zurich was so great, that he was soon able to carry the Canton along with him in a firm but gradual profession of the Evangelical doctrines. It is remarkable, that he had laboured his way out of most of the errors of Popery, and had attained to the light of Reformed truth in Zurich, at the very time that Luther, without design or concert with him, had been carrying on the same holy work in Germany.

The present pious and holy Antistes lives in the same house where this great Reformer dwelt; in the garden of which is a room literally filled with unpublished archives of the Reformation. The honour in which Zuingle is held here is remarkable. I observe, that God has often brought about the greatest works of mercy by a few distinguished individuals in a town or country, raised up by his Spirit, embued with the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and armed with zeal, fortitude, wisdom,

and love: Zuingle at Zurich, Ecolampadius at Basle, Bucer at Strasburg, Calvin and Beza in France and Geneva, Luther and Melancthon in Germany, Cranmer and his noble associates in England. May men of a like spirit be raised up again! May Divines and Professors transcribe and study, like Zuingle, St. Paul's Epistles! Soon would Protestantism revive, and Popery fade away before it! It is known, that our English Reformer, Ridley, committed to memory early in life, almost all St. Paul's Epistles, as well as the Catholic ones; the benefit derived from which he acknowledged with gratitude, just before his martyrdom.

In the afternoon we took a sail on the Lake, delicious beyond description. The evening, however, was not so favourable for viewing the setting sun, as last night. I am much grieved to say, that my impression of the present state of real religion in some parts of this Canton is not so favourable as its former celebrity would lead one to expect—in one parish, St.

Peter's, four or five hundred only attend at church, out of five thousand inhabitants, for forty-eight Sundays in the year; and two thousand five hundred for the four remaining Sundays, the sacrament days, which seem almost superstitiously reverenced—many of the clergy of Zurich meet the magistrates and gentlemen at a club, once a week, to smoke and talk politics: these are not promising symptoms. I do not pretend, as a stranger, to judge. I take my account from the confession of one of the clergy, who told me these things without the slightest idea of their impropriety. I am quite distressed that Mr. Gessner, the son-in-law of Lavater, is not in Zurich. The superior talents and eminent piety of this excellent minister make me exceedingly regret that I am unable to see him. He forms a bright exception to the melancholy statement just given. I trust there are many others. O how different a thing is real spirituality of heart from the name of religion, whether Reformed or Catholic!

Zurich, July 30, · *Wednesday.*—My dearest Ann accompanied me to-day to the benevolent and pious Antistes. His amiable and truly Christian temper appears in all he does and says. When he took leave of my wife, he presented her with one of his smaller works, and prayed that peace and grace might be with her, and that her sons and her daughter might be her comfort and support. He then added, "We shall never meet again in this world, but we shall meet in another, to be with Jesus: that is our proper country; there is peace, holiness, and joy." The institution for the blind in this city, and that for orphans, much interested us. It was affecting to see the blind write, and do sums in arithmetic, by letters and figures impressed on the paper with an iron pen; so that they knew them by the touch. The singing of the orphan children was very beautiful. I called on the bookseller of the Bible Society: that noble institution, though less flourishing now, has accomplished much good, considering the limited resources

of a single Canton. We visited the arsenal, and several other objects of curiosity. The people marry very young in Zurich, and are betrothed yet earlier. The taxes are light: their largest bookseller pays four Napoleons a year (about 3*l.* 3*s.*) for every thing.*

The tomb of Lavater in St. Peter's church much affected me; he was wounded by the hand of a common soldier during Massena's invasion in 1799, and died after fifteen months of extreme suffering. His benevolence and tenderness of heart had been remarkable amidst all the eccentricities of his opinions through life; and they appeared conspicuously on this trying occasion. He not only did all in his power to prevent the criminal from being discovered; but left him at his death the following affecting testimony of his forgiveness:

* There are several print-sellers here who have most extensive and beautiful collections of Swiss engravings. I bought what are called the One Hundred Views, and also the Fifty Views. I gave thirty or forty shillings for the two sets. I may as well add, that the duty on coloured prints at Dover is reduced from two shillings each to two pence.

"Memorandum to be given after my death, with an affectionate letter, if it be possible, to the Grenadier (D'Elsass, as I think), who shot at me, Sep. 26, 1799—but care must be taken that his name be concealed. May God pardon thee, as I from my heart pardon thee! O, may you never suffer what I suffer through you! I embrace you, my friend; you have done me a kindness without knowing it. If you see these lines, may they be a seal to you of the grace of the Lord, who forgives penitent sinners; who delivers them, and makes them happy! May God enable me earnestly to pray for you, so that I may never doubt that we shall one day embrace each other before the presence of the Lord!"* Surely this paper breathes something of the spirit of the martyr Stephen. The murderer is said to have previously received favours from Lavater.

* Souvenir après ma mort pour remettre, s'il est possible, avec une lettre douce à ce Grenadier (d'Elsass à ce que je crois) qui m'a tiré le 26me Sept. 1799. Mais il faut avoir soin que son nom reste caché.

Que

Aarau, Thursday Night, July 31.—We left Zurich with regret this morning, and came twenty-eight miles to this town, the capital of the Canton of Argovie. It has three thousand inhabitants, chiefly reformed. It stands pleasantly on a hill on the Aar river, the two banks of which are united by a covered bridge. We were surprised to find that the same church is used here for Catholics and Protestants: we entered it; there were no superstitious ornaments. The Protestants meet at eight, the Catholics at half-past nine, on the Sunday. We dined at Baden where there is a most beautiful village on the banks of the Limmat. At the table-d'hôte I met two

Que Dieu te pardonne, comme moi je te pardonne cordialement. Ah que tu ne souffres jamais tant que je souffre moimême à cause de toi. Je t'embrasse, mon ami, tu m'as fait bien, sans le savoir.

Si tu verras ces lignes, elles te soyent un sceau de la grace du Seigneur, qui gratifie les pécheurs penitents, qui les délivre, et les rend heureux. Que Dieu me donne de grandes prières pour toi, ainsi que je ne doute jamais, nous nous embrasserons une fois devant les yeux du Seigneur. Le 4me Sept. 1800.

J. C. L.

strangers from Basle. After a good deal of conversation, the lady turned out to be a friend of an English clergyman of my acquaintance, and begged me most earnestly to remember her to him, and to assure him that she had not forgotten his advice, but read every Sunday one of the sermons he gave her: it was delightful to me thus to trace some fruit of the advice given by my dear friend. What good might not be effected, if English travellers were studious to lose no opportunity of honouring God their Saviour, on the occasions, however slight, which continually present themselves. An impression may often be left on the mind of a foreigner by a kind and appropriate remark, which nothing can efface. An Englishman has peculiar advantages for this, from the weight attached to his country all over the Continent.

Basle, 26 miles from Aarau, Friday Evening, August 1.—We have had a charming ride to-day; the road from Aarau to Stein (a lovely village on the Rhine) lay through a noble pic-

turesque country. Some of the villages were more characteristic than any we have yet seen. From Stein the road ran by the Rhine; and when we had come within nine miles of Basle, we sent on the carriages and came down, or rather were flooded down, the Rhine, in a boat; the stream carried us the nine miles in an hour and a quarter—a rather hazardous voyage, as our friends at Basle told us. Basle is a very ancient city, situated at the angle where the Rhine turns northward for Germany. It contains sixteen thousand souls, almost all Protestants. The same liberty prevails here as at Zurich, the same habits. Bread is three halfpence the pound—meat, two-pence three farthings the pound—wages, two shillings a day. There are eight churches. Mr. Blumhardt, of the Missionary Institution, called upon me this morning—a most devout, delightful man. How refreshing to the mind, to meet with a Christian brother in a foreign land, whom one can understand: for Mr. B. speaks French and English well.

Travelling from Canton to Canton, it is curious to see the changes in the villages—some Popish, some Protestant: the latter are always the more comfortable, neat, industrious; but they all seem to live together in peace; and a reasonable liberty appears equally dear to all. The dress of the women varies in each Canton: the hair of the Zurich women is neatly combed and parted: they have no gowns, but their underdress expands over the shoulders, something like a surplice; they have a stomacher of cloth, with braids of scarlet crosswise; they seem of a strong fine race, compared with the French and German women.

At Aarau, yesterday, we observed the houses, all along the main streets, with jutting roofs, only not shelving to the ground; each house has its own roof advancing perhaps ten or twelve feet; so that we walked under them during the rain quite defended; the roofs differ in height, shape, colour, &c. so as to make a most singular appearance. I

believe I have not mentioned the German and Swiss stoves, with which almost every room is furnished; these are sometimes of iron, of a moderate size; but oftener of tiles, stone, or Chinaware, and then they are eight or ten feet square, standing on thick legs, which raise them a few inches from the ground, and reaching in a turret form to the ceiling. The fire is placed in them from the passage, through an opening in the partition-wall of the room: there is no grate nor flame seen, but the warmth is produced by the whole mass of the tower being thoroughly heated; the China stoves are of green, blue, or yellow. The fountains also in this country are curious objects; every town and village, however small, has its fountain. The Catholic adorns his with saints, the Protestant with heroes: there is no such thing as water conducted to each house, as with us; all depends on the fountains, which are commonly large stone enclosures, from twenty to fifty feet round, with two, four, or six jets-d'eau, which fall so as to meet conveniently the tubs, &c. placed on the margin of the basin.

Around these basins are collected women, washing garden-stuff or clothes, horses drinking, servants extending jugs, &c. At Stein we were at the singular hotel, looking full on the Rhine, of which M. Simond speaks in his *Voyage* with warm commendation. We shewed the landlord the book in which mention is made of him: he was not a little astonished that his solitary house should be thus celebrated.

Perhaps one of the most singular persons we have seen since we have been abroad, was a Protestant clergyman of one of the towns we have lately passed through; pompous, good-tempered, officious, confused; with a mixture of pride from his station and family, and of familiarity from an affected condescension towards others; the high priest, and yet the friendly, kind, obliging man; tedious withal; dawdling, never seeing the good sense of a thing, and having no tact in discovering the inconveniences which his conduct occasions; a worthy, bustling, unintelligible per-

sonage. But all this would have been nothing, if it were not that this same person is a divine, nay, *the* divine, the great man in theology, whose reputation spreads through the neighbourhood, who talks perpetually of the Reformation, and whose opinions gain credence. I really was quite nervous in his company: after many trials I could get no one good sentiment out of him; he did nothing but talk to me of his church, his parish, his house, and and four or five portraits of himself. A negative character is not enough for a clergyman in a dying, guilty world. The minister of Jesus Christ has a high message to deliver, a weighty stewardship to discharge, a solemn trust to guard. He has to teach by his doctrine and his conversation. He is not to sink down to the standard of the world, but to rouse that world from its torpor, and awaken it to the unseen interests of the soul and eternity.

Basle, Saturday Evening, August 2.—The Cathedral here interested us greatly this morning. It is one of the noblest Protestant

churches of the Continent. It is built of a fine red stone; simple, yet majestic in its ornaments, with numerous aisles and monuments, and a remarkably curious cloister. The tombs of Erasmus, and of Ecolampadius, the Basle Reformer, much delighted us. The town is neat, and seemingly full of business. The public Library contains thirty-two thousand volumes, and manuscript letters of most of the Reformers. In the afternoon we spent two or three hours with the excellent Mr. B. The first foreign Bible Society was formed here in 1804, the very year when the original Institution began in London. At the third centenary of the Reformation, New Testaments were given from the altar of the Cathedral to all the children of the town—above two thousand were distributed. What an appropriate gift! The Missionary Institution contains thirty-four students, and is about to be enlarged. The lecture rooms and chambers are simple and unadorned.

The state of true religion is, on the whole, improving in Switzerland and some parts of

Germany. Truth, holiness, and unity increase, hundreds of Catholics receive Bibles and attend Protestant Churches. The Lutherans and Reformed have begun to unite in the common term Evangelical. The Antistes and most of the Clergy preach and live according to the Gospel. On the other hand, the Court of Rome threatens, the Pope is aroused; he thinks the Protestants have begun to propagate their views by Bible and Missionary Institutions; and he is determined to oppose them. The Jesuits are the Pope's household troops; they are spreading everywhere, and resisting, in the most open manner, every attempt at Scriptural education. The Holy Alliance is thought to favour the Pope and the Jesuits, by acting on the idea that *all societies* are dangerous.* In the mean time, the friends

* I find from friends who have returned from Rome since the publication of the second edition of this work, that nothing can exceed the present boldness of the Catholic hierarchy there—except their folly. Open claims of infallibility are made, indulgences placarded, the Bible and education spurned, the certain perdition of heretics avowed, the authority of human traditions asserted and vindicated

of the truth are active and humble, leaving events with God. Mr. B. was exceedingly struck with London when he visited it for the first time last year. He says it took him six months, on his return, to cool and collect his scattered and astonished ideas, and digest what he had observed. He thinks Paris is only a village compared with London. He complained, however, of London fogs, London water, and London cookery — the fine mountain air, the Rhine, and the ordinary food of Switzerland; these are what he wanted to complete his happiness—he scarcely once saw the sun the first six weeks he was in London. But he forgot all this in the intellectual and religious festivals in which he participated.

I omitted to say, that we saw at the Cathedral to-day the very hall where the Council of 1431–47 held its sittings; the self-same seats

as strongly as ever. In short, all the comparative mildness of Pius VII. and Gonsalvi is forgotten, and a new reign of intolerance commenced.—The Jesuits direct every thing.

and other furniture remain. That Council was convoked to prevent the Reformation; but the scandal raised by the vices of the bishops, who composed it, had the effect of convincing men of its necessity, and of hastening its approach. It happened curiously, that on the very benches where the Pope's legate and the other members of the council sat four centuries back, the trophies of the Reformation were placed, which had just been displayed at the celebration of the third centenary of that great event.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

P. S. Before I shut up my letter, I must add, that, in the old Divinity School of the Cathedral, we saw a likeness of the celebrated Erasmus, scratched apparently by an idle student with the rough point of an iron nail, on the common wooden desk which was before him, during lecture. Three centuries

have rendered this roguish trick a great curiosity. The lines are beginning to be faint; but the likeness is still strong. You will please however to observe, that Erasmus is not one of my prime favourites. He had talents, wit, and learning in abundance; but he wanted the heart of a Reformer. The important aid which he at first rendered to Luther, was more than neutralized by the bitter opposition to the Gospel, in which he at length openly joined.

LETTER VII.

Moûtiers, August 4.—*Bern, August* 11, 1823.

Sunday at Basle — View from table-d'hôte Room — Valley of Moûtiers—Anabaptists—Soyhier—Court—Cormoret—Rock Pierre Pertuis — Observations on Swiss Government — Neufchâtel—Reformer Farel — Bienne—Island of St. Pierre—J. J. Rousseau—Seedorf—Bern—Voiturier—M. Wyttenbach—The great Haller—Swiss Diet—Sunday at Bern—Pastor Henhöfer.

Basle, about 963 *miles from London,*
Sunday, August 3, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

We are now closing our seventh absent Sunday; and have, for the first time, met with French service. We attended twice; at nine o'clock and at three. I endeavoured

to hear the sermons with that candour and sincere desire to derive instruction and comfort, which become a Christian, and especially a foreigner; but really they were so indifferent, or rather so unscriptural, that I was grieved at my very heart. Man is the same every where. It is not a mere freedom from superstition and infidelity which is enough. It is spiritual life which is wanting—that sensibility and perception which is the gift of the Holy Spirit, and without which a moral death pervades all the powers of the soul—no due sense of sin, no real penitence, no faith in Christ for justification, no holy love, no communion with God, no dedication to his service, no separation from the world, no true obedience. I hope the strong impression I receive abroad of the necessity of the Gospel in its simplicity, will never be effaced from my mind. What is Protestantism, without the truth on which it rests, and the Holy Spirit by whom alone that truth can be taught or blessed? I cannot but mourn over the decay and desolations of the Protestant churches, as I pass from place to

place. At Basle it is the French churches of which I speak; for the German here, thank God, are prosperous. The sixteen Lutheran ministers, with scarcely an exception, truly preach the Gospel. The Sabbath therefore, generally, is much better observed than in Germany; the shops shut; no amusements; great order and decency.

Monday Morning, August 4.—Basle was celebrated in the fourth century; it is capable of containing a hundred thousand inhabitants, but it has now only sixteen thousand. It is superbly situated on the Rhine, which here becomes navigable. The larger houses in the town have the front doors made of open wire-work, so as to admit the air. Many of the inhabitants have a swollen neck; arising, as Mr. B. informs us, from the nature of the water; but, as others think, from the moist, foggy atmosphere. In the Valais, this disease becomes a protuberance, and is often accompanied with idiotcy. On the whole, Basle, much delights us. The table-d'hôte room

overhangs the Rhine; with the noble bridge over it, connecting Great and Little Basle, on our right, full in view. The prospect from one of the bastions surprised us quite unexpectedly one evening, as we were walking on the fortifications. At a sudden turn of the path, the most picturesque view burst upon us as by magic—the Rhine—the bridge—a part of the town—the tower of an old church —a beautiful well-wooded country—a thousand various objects interspersed—the whole exquisite. It is, in short, the simplicity, industry, piety, and happiness of the people, together with the liberty of their country, and its uncommon magnificence and beauty, which endear it to Englishmen. Switzerland is the land of moral and intellectual freedom, and one of the chief glories of Reformed Europe.

Court, between Basle and Neufchatel, Monday Night, August 4.—We have come to-day thirty-two miles. This is the third time I have been surprised with a richness of scenery wholly unexpected. Nothing is so difficult to

describe. Language—at least my language—is unable to follow the inexhaustible variety and profusion of beauties in Switzerland. For nine hours to-day our attention and admiration were excited so perpetually, that we were fatigued under the continued effort. It was not the Rhine, it was not the Hoellenthal,—the former, with its majestic flood and exuberant vines, is unequalled in its way; the latter in wild and awful scenery appeared to us at the time incomparable—but the Valley of Moûtiers, where we now are, is of so new and grand a character, so considerable in extent (twenty-two miles), so varied at every turn throughout its course, that, though different from all the preceding scenery, we must allow it to be one of the very finest things we have yet seen. We are indebted to our good friend who has travelled in Switzerland before, for the excellent choice of our road on this and other occasions. Few Englishmen ever think of Hoellenthal, or the Valley of Moûtiers. If a traveller has not time to study well the best books before he leaves home, he

should by all means obtain the company of a friend who has a thorough knowledge of the country, and judgment and taste to direct his attention to the most deserving objects. Otherwise he will infallibly lose some of the most interesting points.

The valley of Moûtiers is a sort of fissure or chasm in the immense chain of the Jura mountains. The river Birse flows through it in a rather small, but clear, impetuous, and diversified stream; its numerous cascades, its various bridges, and endless windings, create an inexhaustible fund of pleasure. The rocks of immense height — vertical — parallel — answering to each other on the opposite sides of the chasm, sometimes like leaves of a book, and bearing on every side smaller or larger trees, apparently without any super-incumbent earth — vast ravines in these masses, down which the torrents at times roll — overhanging fragments, threatening, as it were, to fall every moment, together with the sinuosities of the valley, formed a scene of wonder and de-

light. The foliage also, now of dark fir, now of lighter underwood; at one time filling up the valley, and hiding the bursting river; at other times rising up the mountains; and almost always spreading out on the rent masses of granite, added continued beauties,—whilst the enormous bodies of rock here and there forced down by the winter tempests, or loosened by the thaws and floods, almost closed the road, and blocked up the river. Along this valley the Romans formed a road, which, after having been more than once obstructed by the falling rocks, was opened again for the last time in 1752. The following inscription, in Latin, is engraved on a stone on the side of the road: "Joseph William, of Rincius, Prince Bishop of Baldenstein Basiliensium, opened this road, which had been shut for a long time, by breaking through the rocks and opposing mountains, and casting bridges over the Birse, with a labour worthy of the Romans." This boasting inscription, like too many others of the same class, is far from being true. The Bishop took no other part in

this enterprise, but that of claiming the honour of it. The inhabitants of the Valley raised the money, and effected the laborious task.

The road now is excellent. We met as we drove along some venerable old men in great simplicity of attire, and with long flowing beards. They were part of the community of Anabaptists, who were banished from Berne in 1708, because they refused to take oaths and to bear arms. What an odious thing is persecution, especially in free states, and most of all where the Protestant religion is professed! There are about 1000 of these good people here—industrious, meek, and religious —capable of being a blessing to any nation. They have no similarity of sentiment with the German Anabaptists of the sixteenth century.

I have been naturally led to reflect to-day on that awful disruption of the deluge, which was doubtless the origin of the amazing scenes through which we passed—the face of the creation bears marks of that signal judgment

of Almighty God on a sinful world. I endeavoured also to meditate on the goodness of God in furnishing man with sources of pleasure in the wonders of creation, and spreading over the wrecks of the world the sweet foliage and fertility, which are more delightful from these contrasts. When the last breaking up of nature shall come, and the rocks and mountains depart, may we inherit a new and brighter world wherein dwelleth righteousness!

The people now speak French. We are in the Canton of Bern, containing two hundred and fifteen thousand souls, chiefly Protestants. We dined at Soyhier, a small Catholic village, where all the tombstones have cups or basins hanging by them, I suppose for holy water. In the corner of the churchyard is a small building filled with the bones of the dead, with an aperture or window, open to the air, by which you may see them, and touch them, if you please. The villages in this valley are curious, from the very low cottages of only one story, very wide, with roofs of wood,

and large stones placed here and there upon the roof, to prevent its being blown away.

Cormoret, Tuesday Morning, Eleven o'Clock. —We left Court this morning at seven, and came on here, sixteen miles, through a fine open country, bordered by mountains. At a place called Pierre Pertuis, we stopped to see the source of the Birse, whose stream had afforded us such extraordinary pleasure yesterday: it gushes from the side of a rock with such force as to turn three mills almost immediately. Above this source a lofty rock is pierced to admit the road: the opening, of about forty-five feet by fifteen, was known to the Romans, as an inscription cut in the rock,*

* The inscription is as follows:

Numini Augustorum
Via facta per Titum
Dummium Paternum
II Virum Col. Helvet.

"To the Divine Augustus, this road, made by Titus Dummius Paternus, Duovir of the Colony of Helvetia, is dedicated."

and almost obliterated by time, testifies. It is situated at the foot of the mountain Vion. We were overtaken by a most violent storm as we approached this village, Cormoret, and here discovered the advantage of Swiss architecture; for the host of a small auberge no sooner saw us, than he opened the door of the barn, and we drove in under cover, first one carriage, then another; a door in the side opened into the house, and stairs, steep as a ladder, conducted us to the salle-à-manger, or dining hall, over the said barn, where we now are. The ceiling, walls, floor, are all of the same materials, unpainted wood. Our cold meat is brought out, which we put into our tin boxes at Basle. We have also Kirchinwasser (eau de cérise), together with fresh eggs, warm milk, bread, all set out on an immense table, which surrounds three sides of the hall, and has no particular appearance of having been lately cleaned. In this style we are now about to dine, at half-past eleven, Swiss time.

Twelve o'clock.—As the storm continues, and we have finished our frugal meal, I will now go on with such remarks as occur to me. Switzerland formerly contained thirteen Cantons, but at present twenty-two, confederated together by an act of Congress, 1814; by which the actual limits and rights of the different states were as nearly as possible preserved. The Swiss date their freedom from the first efforts of the Canton of Uri, Switz, and Underwald, to throw off the Austrian yoke in 1308, under the heroic guidance of William Tell; of whom I must tell you something, if possible, when we come to the scenes of his exploits. Though a republic, Switzerland has never, like Rome or Athens, formed one great community; but has remained a confederacy of small states, managed by a general diet of deputies from each Canton. It is by far the most mountainous country in Europe, having in fact only one large tract of level ground towards Basle, Zurich, and Bern. If you are travelling in some parts, you may

eat on the same day the fruits of the coldest and of the warmest climates—the apple and pear, with the grape, almond, and fig. Switzerland contains one million seven hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom above a million are Protestants. Basle is the largest city, Geneva the most populous, and Bern the most beautiful. The Cantons differ from each other materially in religion and in form of government; but a spirit of independence, activity, industry, pervades the whole, and makes them the freest and happiest country in Europe, after Great Britain.

Neufchâtel, Wednesday Morning, Aug. 6.—The storm clearing up yesterday, we set off at half-past one. We soon came to a hill very steep, but apparently moderate in length; the two coachmen, with all our party, except Mrs. W. and Eliza, walked up. It turned out to be a genuine Swiss mountain, at least three miles long, and three thousand feet in height. We were more than an hour ascending, and as the

boys and I followed a countryman by what he called a shorter route, we had the happiness to clamber up a side so precipitous, that we were obliged to cling to the roots of trees to prevent our falling backwards. At the top we saw a small auberge; we entered it by the barn, and from that turned into the kitchen, where a moderate fire was burning, not on the hearth, but in the open raised sort of oven, which is usual in this country. We sat down to dry our feet whilst they prepared us some coffee: happening to look up, we saw that the whole fireplace, ten feet by fifteen, gradually formed the chimney, which was all of wood, forty feet high, ending in a square at top, on which was a board raised on one side to allow the smoke to escape, by a pole which descended the whole length, and was hung by cords at the side of the oven. As we were sitting, the door opened, and in came our good friend, who had followed the main road, allured by the same hope of relief as ourselves. Eliza arrived soon after, and then Ann. We had

a refreshing cup of coffee in the salle-à-manger —which, by the bye, was all of wainscot, and with double windows; a defence against the winter storms; five months' snow falling most years.

We arrived at the capital of the Canton of Neufchâtel at eight, after thirteen hours' journey, and forty-four miles. The weather was rainy in the afternoon; so that we could see little as we decended to the town, except the fine lake expanding its deep-blue waves on all sides. Had the weather been fine, the Alps would have crowned the horizon. We observed the villages had still the low cottages, with wooden shingles for tiles. The water-pipes were not placed against the houses, but led off about twenty feet, so as to carry off the water beyond the front gardens into the road. We noticed also extraordinary large dung-hills caked with much care, cut all around, apparently ten years old each, and placed in the garden precisely under the bed-room windows; I suppose, from the value attached

to them by this frugal people. We had excellent beds after our fatigue last night, the best since we left England: my own chamber seems a sort of ball-room, thirty feet by twenty-five —these measures are, of course, in the way of conjecture; as all my remarks on Switzerland, in some degree, are. I am no professed traveller.

Bienne, on the Lake of the same name, Wednesday Evening, August 6.—We left Neufchâtel at eleven this morning, after seeing the Cathedral, fountains, and vineyards—it has three thousand souls. The sepulchral stone of the Reformer Farel is in the churchyard. The Alps, which on a fine day are seen stretching on the opposite side of the Lake and bounding the view, we could not discern. We came on to Cerlier, twelve miles, to dinner; and then leaving the carriages, embarked in a boat on the Lake of Bienne. We soon landed at the small island of St. Pierre, about a mile in circuit. It abounds in beautiful scenery. The single house on the island is an auberge, for-

merly a monastery, and of late years celebrated as the refuge of J. J. Rousseau for space of two months in 1765. The walls of his room are actually covered with inscriptions. A trap-door in the floor remains, by which he escaped from unwelcome visitors. A book for entering the names of strangers is kept. I was determined to accompany my signature with some token of disagreement from the sentiments of this pernicious writer. I therefore wrote, " D. W. qui, tout en admirant le génie de Rousseau, en déplore les erreurs, et les suites si funestes au Christianisme, et à la morale."

It is quite impossible that true religion should revive in France and Switzerland till the undiscerning encomiums of mere talent be superseded by a just and manly estimate of moral and intellectual excellency. Brilliancy of wit only augments the guilt of those who employ it to the corruption of mankind. In the case of Rousseau, not only do we see the finest powers of mind uncontrolled by

religion, but positively left wild to the impulses of vanity, selfishness, and impurity, without one redeeming quality. Yet men are intoxicated with the enthusiasm of his powers, utterly forgetful of the infinite mischiefs which he spent his whole life with a malicious diligence in scattering around him. The consequence of this sickly admiration of his genius is, that thousands of youth read his sophistical writings—catch hold of some specious objections to Christianity or to morals—allow their faith to be weakened or overthrown—take no pains to re-invigorate it by careful study and practical obedience to truth—insensibly commence infidels—and are lost at length in the vortex of sensuality and scepticism.

But to return. There are fine vineyards on the island, which are let to fifty families, who have half the grapes for their labour: last year, this little island, or rather, a third part of it, yielded one hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine; some years it yields

only twenty-four thousand. Such is the uncertainty of the vintages in this country. We re-embarked, after a slight refreshment, and sailed to the town of Bienne. The wind was favourable, and the prospects on each side of the Lake were charming; but the agitation of the vessel produced in some of us a qualmishness which interrupted our pleasure.

Bienne is a small town of two thousand five hundred souls, at the foot of Mount Jura. The fosse or moat of the fortifications is turned into gardens—a circumstance which we have often seen, and which always fills me with an indescribable pleasure. I remember as we drove out of Lille, it was delightful to me, after passing four or five lines of frightful fortifications, to turn my eye down and see a number of gardeners and hay-makers at their peaceful occupations at the bottom of the fosse. Bienne abounds with fountains; the stone figure of one of which represents a good and evil angel struggling

for the soul of man: Satan has horns and an enormous tail. Over another is a Swiss patriot, immovable as the pedestal on which he stands. The gateway has an extremely old bas-relief of two heroes, the peculiar undauntedness of whose countenances and attitudes bespeaks the Swiss bravery. The chief manufactory in this neighbourhood is watches: a good workman can gain about eight francs a day, an ordinary one three or four. Bread is three halfpence a pound, meat three pence. Out of forty-nine thousand souls in the canton of Neufchâtel, there are only two prisoners now confined in jail, and these for robbery. The punishment of death is scarcely ever inflicted. We hope to be at Bern tomorrow, where letters from England await us: I cannot but feel anxious, after a total silence of nearly eight weeks, to hear of my beloved family, and beloved congregation; the duties also before me may materially vary in consequence: may God grant us all needful direction, and vouchsafe us the grace which sanctifies and saves!

Bern, Friday Morning, August 8.—We arrived here yesterday afternoon, after a delightful journey of twenty-four miles from Bienne. We are now about nine hundred and eighty-seven miles from Calais, and one thousand and eighty-seven from London; and having reached what may be called the capital of Switzerland, and our resting-place in this enchanting country (for Geneva, if we go much there, is but two or three days' journey), I would raise, if I may be allowed to make the allusion, my memorial, and call it "Eben-ezer;" and say, "Hitherto hath God helped us:" we have travelled all this way without a single accident, properly speaking; and with only those variations in health which occasional heat and overfatigue have brought on. The weather has been, on the whole, more favourable to us than it would have been during any other summer for several years. Here we intend first to wait, and entirely rest ourselves, and then form the best plan we can for our health, comfort, and instruction during our remaining tour. Thank God, I found letters from

England at the post, with nothing but good news. I received six letters altogether.

We dined yesterday at Seedorf, a lovely village, commanding one of the finest views we have yet seen. The road from Bienne was almost one continued succession of mountains; which you will readily believe, when I tell you that Bern is situated one thousand seven hundred and eight feet above the level of the sea. It is indisputably the finest city we have seen, from the beauty of its site, from the nobleness and regularity of its main streets, from the fine white free-stone of which it is built, and from the arcades or piazzas, which adorn not merely a market-place, like our Covent Garden, but absolutely all the chief avenues throughout the city; added to this, a beautiful stream of water flows through the middle of the streets, with fountains at convenient distances. It more resembles Bath than any place I have seen abroad. It stands on a lofty hill, surrounded almost entirely by the Aar; about five degrees more south than

London. It is one of the most modern cities in Switzerland; for though it was rebuilt entirely after the destructive conflagration of 1405, the chief buildings are not older than the middle of the last century.

Friday Evening.—We have been settling to-day with our voiturier, who here leaves us. We have paid him one thousand seven hundred and four francs for forty-one days, at the rate of forty-eight francs for thirty days' travelling, and twenty-four for eleven days of rest. The distance he has brought us is seven hundred and ninety-two miles; which is about one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny a mile, for five horses and two carriages—but then we have the hire of the carriages, 200 francs a month each, to pay when we return to Calais; so that the rate of travelling is, on the whole, sufficiently expensive.

I have been to-day introduced to the Rev. M. Wyttenbach, cousin of the celebrated editor of the Plutarch, published some years since by

the University of Oxford. He has been fifty-two years a pastor in this town—a truly delightful person—full of good sense, piety, kindness, playful humour, courteousness, and anecdote. I am not sure I ever met with such a man. He reminded me very much of the late Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper—so sensible, affectionate, entertaining, and venerable. He travelled to the Alps every summer for thirty-two years, till the French revolution closed the series. He was known to our Coxe, who was here in 1776. He founded a Bible and Tract Society in Bern in 1792, and is the father of the British and Foreign Bible Institution in Bern. He took us over the Library and the Museum this afternoon. The Cathedral stands on the summit of the hill on which the town is built, overlooking the Aar; on the side next the river a terrace has been erected, with immense buttresses to support the wall, which is above one hundred feet high, and which a Swiss writer, in the warmth of his patriotism, has compared to the walls of ancient Babylon. The promenade is

as delicious as the prospect is magnificent. I doubt if Europe can match the scene. The female peasantry here have a costume extremely peculiar. They have ornaments of black lace fixed on the back of the head by a sort of close cap, from all sides of which an enormously deep black frill sticks upright like sails; the higher this rises, and the more stiffly it rears itself, the more fashionable is the dame who wears it. The weather to-day has been wet and cold.

Saturday Morning.—I must preserve a saying of the great Haller. M. Wyttenbach had been speaking to him of the difficulty and importance of finding the middle line, the line of true wisdom, amidst the conflicts of mankind. The venerable Haller replied—*La ligne de milieu, la ligne de sagesse, c'est une ligne mathematique qui n'a pas de largeur*—"The middle line, the line of wisdom, is a mathematical line which has no breadth." This excellent man was a native of this city, and a descendant of Haller, the Reformer. He died here in 1778;

and is deservedly called, the great Haller, on account of his surprising talents, his success in every kind of study, his love to his country, and, above all, his piety towards God. A monument was erected to him in the Botanical Garden in 1808.

The Diet of Switzerland, composed of deputies from the twenty-two Cantons, is now sitting. When one recollects the amazingly small weight which this Diet has in the affairs of Europe, one cannot but smile to see the members walking in state every morning to the Diet in bag-wigs, cocked hats, and dressed in black; each preceded by two marshals in black, with their swords, and their hats off, adorned with cloaks of rich variegated cloth. In contrast with all this, it is painful to think that the ancient independence of the Swiss Diet, is supposed to be sinking before the influence of the Holy Alliance, which dictates to it the political measures to be adopted, and will hear of no remonstrance. Switzerland will soon begin to decay, if its noble spirit of

liberty be fled. It has just suspended the liberty of the press for a year, and enacted laws for banishing foreigners—steps which a century back no power in Europe could have induced the Swiss patriots to take. These false steps will infallibly lead on to worse ones. To-day the Diet has suspended its sittings to attend a national festival for *wrestling;* a relic, and the only one in Europe I suppose, of the wrestlers in republican Rome. In the Cathedral choir are displayed, during their sessions, the trophies gained in the fifteenth century, over Charles Duke of Burgundy. The Cathedral is a plain, but noble building. Bern is so healthy, that from the year 1663 to 1700, out of 4225 deaths, there were 29 persons who died between 90 and 100, and 1081 between 70 and 90, years of age. Out of four infants born, one commonly attains the age of 70.

Sunday Evening, August 10.—I have this day had the most delightful Sunday since I left home. The French Protestant service be-

gan at ten. The Church was crowded. The minister preached a most excellent sermon on sanctification as flowing from our justification before God. At two o'clock there was a baptism of his child: the service was public. A liturgical office was read; godfathers and godmothers named; vows undertaken; and excellent prayers offered up. The infant was dressed in white, in a sort of bag closed at the feet. The water was poured by the clerk from a silver ewer into the hand of the minister; a sermon admirably good was then preached by a second minister. There is no solemn reading of the Scriptures in these French churches, which I think an essential defect. There is also very little public confession of sin, or prayer.

"

Indeed all I see abroad raises my esteem of our English Liturgy. The foreign churches, in their ardour to recede as far as possible from the church of Rome, seem to me to have too little consulted the interests of devotion, and to have attended too exclusively to public

preaching. We are always in danger of extremes. The primitive church was in nothing more remarkable than in the spirit of contrition, meekness, and humility which pervaded it. The hidden life of the Christian was the main source of divine principles and practice. The Church of England, when her true spirit is imbibed—her doctrines and her devotional forms—her evangelical instructions, and her prayers—perhaps comes the nearest of all the Reformed communities to the practice of the first Christians; and is best adapted to such a creature as man.

After the morning sermon, a curtain, which separated an entire portion of the Church opposite to the pulpit, was withdrawn, and lo, a popish altar, with two chapels, and a pulpit! For, the established religion being Lutheran, the Calvinists and Catholics use the same Church. At half-past four, our fellow-traveller preached us an excellent sermon in our chamber. Thus the day has been refreshing to my mind. What a tender plant is religion

in the human heart! how soon does it wither! what constant need of the heavenly dew! Lord, be thou, by thy grace and Spirit, as the dew unto us; renew, penetrate, soften, fructify, bless!—I introduced myself to the two ministers here, and found them charming persons: they lent me the work of the Converted Priest; the title is, "The Christian Confession of Faith, of the Pastor Henhöfer, of Muhlhausen, who, with forty families, his former hearers, turned from the Catholic to the Evangelical Lutheran Church: Spire, 1823." Muhlhausen is a village belonging to the Baron Gemmingen, two miles from the Baron's chateau at Steineyg, which is situated near Pforzheim, between Carlsruh and Stutgard.*

"

Monday Morning.—The weather has now become beautifully fine; and my friend, and the lads and I, are going off to Thun and Lucerne, for what is called the Oberland Mountain Tour, for about ten or twelve days. We leave dear Mrs. W., the child, and our Swiss

* See Notice at the end of this Letter, p. 174.

maid-servant here till we return: the travelling on mules over mountains is not suitable to their state of health; whilst I am assured it may exceedingly contribute to the further re-establishment of mine. Farewell; may God preserve us all to his heavenly kingdom!

I am yours most affectionately,

D. W.

P. S.—I should have told you, that one of the most characteristic views of Swiss manners I have yet beheld, was from the window of our inn, the Falcon, on the main street of Bern. It was market-day. The crowds of persons, each in the costume of their neighbourhood; their strange appearance and language; the variety of fruit and flowers exposed to sale; the constant change in the groups moving before you; the strong, healthy, robust look of every creature; the air of independence and freedom in their countenances, struck us with admiration.

Notice
Of the Pastor Henhöfer.*

I here subjoin some further particulars of the conversion of the Pastor Henhöfer, of whom I have made mention in pp. 47, 67, 83, 172. I extract them from the "Archives du Christianisme," for 1824.

M. Aloyx Henhöfer was Catholic curé of the communes of Muhlhausen and Steineyg. In proportion as he studied the Sacred Scriptures, with a conscientious desire to fulfil his pastoral duties, his preaching began to savour of the doctrine of Christ; and he gradually proclaimed the Gospel with so much unction and force, that multitudes came from the most distant villages to hear him. He was soon cited to appear before the Ecclesiastical Authorities at Bruchsal, to give an account of his doctrines. It was on this occasion he published the Confession to which I have alluded, p. 172. In this he declares, that all the time he was curé of Muhlhausen he never said a

* Referred to p. 172.

word contrary to the principles of the Catholic church; and when he preached against the abuse of ceremonies, it was only to combat the error of some of his parishioners, who thought to satisfy their consciences by merely observing the exterior forms of religion. The authorities of Bruchsal deprived him of his living; declaring, that by his "Confession" he had pronounced his own separation.

The Baron de Gemmingen, lord of the parish, with all his household, and the curé Henhöfer at the head of forty families, comprising about 220 persons, soon after publicly separated themselves from the church of Rome. They made a profession of their faith in the evangelical doctrines, in the Baronial Chapel of Steineyg; and then, as many of them as were adults, received the Holy Communion according to the rites adopted since the reunion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches. This affecting ceremony was celebrated in a Catholic country, in the midst of a crowd assembled from all the neighbouring

places, with doors and windows open, without the slightest interruption or disturbance—a proof of the excellent temper which prevails between the two communions in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

As about half the parish of Muhlhausen remained Catholics, and the new converts had of course no claim to the revenues of the living, nor to the use of the parish church, they have for the present joined themselves to the parish of Urbain de Pforzheim, and divine service is celebrated in the chapel of the Castle of Steineyg. M. Henhöfer has not at present thought it right to remain as their pastor, on account of the umbrage it would give the Catholics. Nevertheless he was examined as a Protestant Candidate, April 11, 1823, and was ordained the following day. He is a pious, calm, amiable man, who has acquired surprising influence by his personal character. His publication has created a lively sensation in Alsace, and the Catholics read it with even more eagerness than the Protestants.

The Baron de Gemmingen has addressed a letter to the inhabitants on his estate, from which I give an extract as a specimen of the truly evangelical principles on which his conversion rests.

"Some have said, that the motive which has determined us to embrace the Evangelical Religion is, that it is more convenient; and that we should not have thought of it, if it had imposed more difficult duties. Such language can only proceed from the most profound ignorance, and has no need of refutation with men of understanding. Without doubt a Catholic, who knows nothing but his own church, may be led to think, in seeing the small number of rites practised in the evangelical religion, that this religion is more easy, more convenient, according to the judgment of this world, than that of the church of Rome. But, my dear friends, the man who attaches himself only to the exterior of religion, who follows the usages of such or such a church, without possessing the interior life of grace,

without having received Christ into his heart, without ever seeing in him, his Redeemer, his only benefactor; without being penetrated with a gratitude towards him which inflames his whole soul, and which increases in proportion as he discovers more his own corruption; this man, to whatever communion he belongs, is an useless member of the body of Jesus Christ, a branch dried up, which cannot produce any abiding fruit. The interior life, or the new birth of the man, is the essential condition, without which no one can enter into the kingdom of God. Our Lord himself has explained this truth with great force in his conversation with Nicodemus by night. To put off the old man, to strive against one's passions, is a task more difficult than the observing of these exterior practices, from which interior Christianity has but too often suffered."

Such are some of the circumstances of this remarkable conversion. The Scriptures studied with humble prayer, seem, under the

influence of the Holy Spirit, to have been the only guide. May the same sacred book, in the hands of that Spirit, lead more and more, both of Catholic and Protestant pastors, to the true knowledge of Christ: soon would the wilderness of this world blossom and flourish, and the visible church regain its primitive holiness and glory.



LETTER VIII.

Lauterbrunnen, Aug. 12.—*Grimsel, Aug.* 17, 1823.

View from Inn at Lauterbrunnen—Lake of Thun—Interlacken—Unterseen—St. Beat—Staubbach—Anecdote—Wengen Alp—Chalets—Avalanches from Jungfrau—Grindelwald—Anecdotes—Glaciers—Sheideck Alp—Miserably wet Journey—Reichen-bach—Valley of Meyringen—Lake of Brientz—Fall of Giessbach—Mud Torrents—Handeck—Grimsel—Sunday Reflections—Italian Nobleman—Lord Byron.

Lauterbrunnen (Clear Fountains), in the Oberland of Bern, Tuesday, August 12, 1823, 44 *miles from Bern.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

I AM now sitting at the window of the salle-à-manger at Lauterbrunnen. On the right hand of the view which is before me, the celebrated Staubbach, a fall of water of eight

hundred feet, is descending in foam and spray; the perpendicular rocks present no jutting shelves to break its fall; it is a soft, gentle, elegant stream, the sport of every wind, and, as it reaches the earth, lost in vapour. Immediately beyond the nearer rocks which rise all around, the Breithorn Alp, with its never-melting snows, rears its head; it seems quite close to me, from the brightness of the snow, illuminated with the afternoon sun; but it is, in fact, twenty miles off. Next in the prospect a mountain appears with a streak or two of snow at the top; and then the Jungfrau Alp, which is twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea, lifts its snowy top above the masses which hide my view of the rest of its vast form. In the nearer ground are the cottages of the village, creeping up the habitable parts of the hills, and interspersed with beautiful meadows and foliage; whilst the roaring of the Lutschinen river, which rolls through the valley, alone breaks the deep silence which reigns

all around, and combines, with its noble cascades, just under my eye on my left hand, to complete one of the most beautiful and majestic views imaginable. The scenes of Zurich and Basle must yield in attraction and grandeur to this; for here the rudest and most savage mountain-prospect is united with the eternal snows of the Alps, and the sweetest picturesque home-scenery. You would wonder that I could write thus cheerfully, or even write at all, if you knew that I have been twenty miles or more in a small country car this morning, exploring the beauties of the valley, of a single point of which, as seen from the inn, I am now speaking; my senses are overpowered with wonders.

"

My friend, the two boys, and I, left Bern yesterday in a hired car, and came on to Thun, fifteen miles, where we embarked on the Lake of that name, and reached Interlacken at seven. The Lake is itself one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the level of the

sea, and is embosomed in the midst of the Alps, which raise their lofty summits in all directions. It is esteemed one of the most beautiful in this romantic country. We stopped in our voyage to ascend to the cavern of St. Beat; a dark cave which lies on the side of the lake, and is said to go a league under the earth. A river gushes through it. The popular tradition is, that in the first century, the earliest Christian missionary to Helvetia finished his days and was buried here. We landed at Neuhaus, hired another car, and passed through Unterseen, one of the most romantic towns we have visited. We slept at Interlacken, which lies between the Lakes of Thun and Brientz, and affords a view of a prodigious chain of Alps from the Haslerberge to the Niesen. The situation of the village is most lovely; but the place has much fallen off during the last four or five years—the inn bad—the walks overgrown with weeds—every thing neglected. Even the walnut-trees, once the finest in Switzerland, seem to languish.

We set off to Lauterbrunnen this morning at seven; and on entering the valley were astonished at every step, at the scenes which opened before us. When we approached the Staubbach (dust-stream) we found it was composed of an immense mass of water, which the great height disperses as it falls. After proceeding in the car two leagues, we ascended on foot an enormous rock, for an hour and a half, to see the cascade of Schiltwaldbach, rushing between two mountains with a surprising force. It would have amused you to see our faint and weary steps toiling up the rock under a burning sun; I was the worst of the party, and leant most heavily on the arm of the guide. When we reached the top, some cold chamois and beef, with water from the stream, dashed with eau de-cérise, served to recruit our strength. We lay along on the grass or rocks, under the shade of an overhanging mountain, for more than an hour, contemplating the new scenes before us, and meditating on the greatness and goodness of our heavenly Father apparent in the operations of his hands—

"O Lord, how wonderful are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches."

On our return, we saw another cascade, not equal in height to the Staubbach, but surpassing it in other respects. An immense body of water pours, or rather dashes, out of an aperture, which it seems to have opened in the side of the rock; the foam is so great, that two rainbows are formed by its spray; one near the ground, the other at its first rushing upon the edge of the aperture, perhaps one hundred feet up the rock. As we were coming home, our guide, who speaks English, said to us, "Sirs, do you see the row of firs growing on that shelf about eight hundred feet from the ground, just below the summit of the rock over against us?"—"Yes."—"Last winter, a cottager hearing that his goats were on that ridge, went down after them; it was in January, and snow covered all its surface; he trod on a stone which had ice under the thin snow; the stone gave way

as he trod; he slipped, fell, and was literally dashed to pieces." Such are the tremendous accidents perpetually occurring in Switzerland. We were petrified with horror. May we be ever ready for death, whether it meet us by some unexpected calamity, or steal gradually upon us! Such is man's self-flattery, that, in point of fact, death comes unawares on most.*

In the parish of Lauterbrunnen (the sweet little church is just below) there are three

* I have often reflected on the admission of Gibbon, that the possibility of unusual and sudden modes of death should not be without its influence on the mind.

"Mr. Buffon," he says, "from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four-and-twenty hours, concludes that a chance which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the fears of a reasonable man. The fact is true, but our courage is the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, should we be perfectly easy?"

How strikingly is this applicable to the subject of religion; and how much does it illustrate the WISDOM of habitual preparation for death!

hamlets, Murron, Grindelwald, and Wengen, on the top of the mountain; they are about five thousand feet above the sea, and contain thirty houses each, where the cattle are fed during the summer. The old people of seventy and eighty come regularly to church every Sunday, three or four leagues, when the weather allows; for during nearly six months, the whole parish is covered with snow, and torrents roll down every path. The people are Protestants; but there is an air of untidiness and roughness about them, arising from their manner of life. The cottagers gain seven pence half-penny a day and their food. A farm-house, with all kinds of rooms and offices, can be built for about six hundred francs, twenty-three pounds; but then it is all of wood. The river here is a cascade of snow-water, flowing from the glaciers above; a thick, dirty, foaming stream. The people eat no bread, but live on potatoes, milk, and cheese, with meat occasionally. These mountains produce neither corn nor wine. The hay-harvest is now beginning, August 12th. The inn at Lauter-

brunnen is extremely good; far, far better than that at Interlacken. The landlord was butler to the celebrated Madame de Staël.

Wednesday, August 13th, 1823, *Grindelwald, 5 Afternoon.*—Will you believe that we have actually crossed one of the fearful Alps to-day? By nine o'clock this morning we had travelled three hours, and were seated on the roof of a chalet (a hut) taking our early dinner. You may judge of the height we had reached, when I say, that for three hours we mounted almost perpendicularly, as fast as our horses and mules could carry us; we had, in fact, ascended six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Before us was the Jungfrau Alp, with only one unbroken valley between us; it is of the enormous height just mentioned;* but from the chalet it appeared even loftier than it had done at Lauterbrunnen, because all intervening objects were removed. Our view from the roof of the chalet was most

* 12,872 feet.

magnificent. On our extreme right was the Silver Horn Alp, with an unvaried cap of snow. On our left was the Monk Alp; and last, the Eiger Alp. Before us was the Jungfrau or Virgin Alp, so called, because no human foot has ascended it. It appeared in inexpressible dignity, and seemed to command proudly all the neighbouring summits. We could clearly discern on it the line of perpetual snow; the crags and shelves; the precipitous sides; the glaciers and torrents.

As we were eating quite gaily our meat and bread, with milk which the herdsman brought us, and were admiring the sublime scenery around us, which the superb fineness of the day greatly augmented, we suddenly heard a sound like distant thunder—we started—the guide told us it was an avalanche, or fall of a body of snow, from a lofty, precipitous ridge of the Jungfrau, to the next projecting cliff below. We turned round, and could see nothing—we resumed our meal. Soon the guide with the utmost eagerness bade us look to-

wards the place to which he pointed—we now saw an immense body of snow rushing down to the shelf beneath—in an instant we again heard a noise like a tremendous clap of thunder—the more startling from the perfect stillness on the face of nature—our food involuntarily quivered in our hands—the impression for the moment was alarming—a kind of apprehension seized our minds for which we could scarcely account. The fact is, the snow which we beheld in its fall was an amazing mass; and the depth of its descent was at least a thousand feet; whilst the report of the concussion was greatly increased by the echo. We saw, after two or three great avalanches, the loaded snow on the lower shelf begin to flow down like a river into the valley beneath. These avalanches, when they fall near the public roads, which is often the case, are most destructive and dangerous.

But it is time for me to tell you, that we rose at half-past four this morning, and at six were in cavalcade on two horses and two

mules, with a guide, and two servants to bring back the beasts—all hired over-night for the passage of the Alps, the guides at six francs a day, the animals nine—our bags were tied on behind us; the guides carried our staves, umbrellas, and provisions. My eldest lad went first, then our kind fellow-traveller, each on a mule; my younger son and I followed on horses. We ascended by a narrow winding path, sometimes by steps, then across a quag, then over a little champaign country, but mostly over loose stones. After an hour's ride, we had ascended three thousand four hundred and fifty feet (Lauterbrunnen, where we slept, is two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea), and passed a village of about forty houses, built of wood, occupied by small proprietors of land, and peasants. After two hours' further ride, we reached the chalet of which I have spoken; we were then on the top of the Wengen Alp—for every Alp has its name.

These chalets are inhabited for three months and a half only of the year, by far-

mers' servants, who first drive up their cattle by the same road we came, and then feed them there during the summer, and make cheese of the milk. The chalets are wretched sheds, of beams uncut, without chimneys, the roof of wood, secured by rows of large rough stones. The people live on milk and cheese, and have a sad, unhealthy look. No occupation can be imagined more solitary and deplorable. But the Swiss peasant can read—and the Bible can cheer, and, I trust, in many instances, does cheer, his lonely hours. We stayed nearly two hours at the place to rest the beasts, as well as ourselves. Soon after eleven, we began to descend, when the inconveniences we had found in our ascent, were nothing compared with what we now had to experience. I can only liken it to the going down the roof of a house. The terror was increased by the additional feeling, that bridles were useless, and that you must give your animal his head. The edges of precipices, rivers, narrow bridges of only two beams, stones yielding to the foot, gaps of road descending by steps -you could not help

yourself. The guide told you it was nothing; the animals went on at the rate of three miles an hour unconcerned, stopping to crop the grass and flowers as they passed; and, after three hours and a half of descent, we were landed safely at the valley of Grindelwald. This valley is three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea—about the height, I think, of Snowdon in Wales.* As we were coming down to it, we observed a wide-spread desolation; trees torn up by the roots and stripped; meadows covered with small rock or dust; the road obstructed; vast masses of stone between us and the nearest Alp, the Wetter-horn: we inquired the cause. A dreadful mass had burst off from the rock last winter, during the night, and had literally destroyed every thing which it met in its course; happily no lives were lost.

No words can describe the scenes of this day. How great must that God be who

* Mr. Pennant fixes the height of Snowdon at 3568 feet.

formed all these wonders, and who sustains them all! "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou visitest him?" The people here are Protestants, and each parish has a church. As we ascended to Wengen, the women and children came out and sung us a hymn very sweetly. The beauty and magnificence of nature could not but heighten our feelings of religious awe, gratitude, and love. Devotion seemed to be aided by the majestic temple by which we were surrounded.

The inn is just under the Mettenberg Alp. The weather yesterday and to-day has been the finest since we left England; not a cloud, and yet not too hot; twenty parties have crossed the Wengen Alp this summer, ladies, as well as gentlemen. The snow has fallen, so lately as this month, about twenty-three feet deep. I forgot to tell you, that two of our beasts were named Gabby and Manny; for a long time we supposed these were the real names; at last our guide rather

shocked us by saying, that the first was called Gabriel, and the second Immanuel! Our journey to-day was twenty-one miles, in eight hours and a half. We have now a simple luxury of the most refreshing kind; ice in a basin, which we put into our wine or milk, and which gives a coolness quite surprising, now that the thermometer is eighty. The ice comes from a neighbouring glacier, which we visited this afternoon, tired as we were.

It was the first glacier we had seen, and a most astonishing sight—an inclined plane of a league or more, covered with congealed snow, ice, and water, according as the summer sun, the heat of the earth, the storms, and the rush of superincumbent matter, have been more or less. From this plain, the glacier descends a precipice or ravine, filling up the cavity with the same combined materials of snow, ice, and water, till it reaches the valley of Grindelwald, whence we saw it. It appeared to us an enormous rock of cleft masses of ice, perhaps one hundred feet above the

earth, with caverns worn by the water at the bottom. From this sort of caverns the snow-rivers rush from which the Rhine, Rhone, &c. are supplied.

A Swiss Protestant minister was lost here a few years back, by incautiously stooping to examine a gaping fissure. He lost his balance, and in one instant perished. In the year 1790, the innkeeper at Grindelwald, named Christian Boren, fell into a crevice, as he was conducting his flock of sheep from Bäniseck. Happily he sunk near the great torrent which flows within the glacier; and following its bed underneath the caverns of ice, arrived at length, almost by a miracle, at the foot of the glacier, with only one arm broken. He lived many years after. Every thing in Switzerland is mixed up with sudden catastrophes.

Thursday Evening, August 14th, Meyringen, chief place of the Valley of Hasli, in the Canton of Bern.—We have had a completely wet morning; four hours' ride over the same

sort of unaccountable road as yesterday, with the gratifying accompaniments of being soaked with rain, and of having the beauties of the journey entirely obscured from our view by clouds. The day promised to be pretty fine when we started at six this morning, and continued without rain as we ascended the Sheideck Alp (six thousand and forty-five feet above the level of the sea); but when we came to the brow, instead of enjoying a view of the beautiful valley of Meyringen, we found ourselves enveloped in thick clouds which rose in masses from below, and met us full in the face. We had three umbrellas; but these, on horseback, with a pelting rain, were not of much use; our great coats were, however, of essential service. We rested about an hour at a wretched hut, only better than a chalet. The eau de vie de Cognac, with which our guide was furnished, was a real benefit to us in this emergency, as well as the hot milk we obtained here. We mounted again in woful plight, for three hours more of rain, fog, clouds, swollen rivers. As we approached Meyringen, our guide, without saying a word

directed us across a meadow to visit some cascades, as calmly as if nothing had happened! They were grand enough; but my sad state of wet and fatigue deprived me of all pleasure in the sight. The fact, however, is, that the Reichen-bach, rolling with a fine stream, pours into the valley of Meyringen by five cascades of eighty or one hundred feet each, and then joins the Aar, which flows through Meyringen.

I must tell you, disconsolate as I am, that soon after we left Grindelwald we came to the second or upper glacier; for there are two at that place. We alighted and went on the enormous flakes of ice: the water was dropping all around; and when we came off them, we could see the hollows which the water had scooped out underneath. As we went on our way, we had a still better view of these mountains of ice from above. They are the most remarkable things we have seen; the upper one has advanced, that is, invaded the land, two thousand feet in the last twenty years. The tradition of Grindelwald is, that there

were formerly fertile valleys in the spot now choked up with these masses of ice. Glaciers, says M. Ebel, are, in the first instance, vast beds of ice formed above the limits of perpetual snow, and which are sometimes enclosed in the valleys of the high mountains, and there held immovably; and sometimes, when they are not held there, descend by the sides of the valleys. This motion is produced, in part, by the weight of the ice, which draws it on when it loses its equilibrium; but chiefly, by the melting and diminution of the ice beneath, and on the sides, where the glacier (or body of ice) touches the earth or rocks. The glacier, thus losing its centre of gravity, bursts asunder with a dreadful noise, and glides down the declivity till it finds a new support. There are about 400 in the chain of Alps from Mount Blanc to the Tyrol; covering a space of about 1000 square miles: the depth of which varies from 100 to 600 feet.*

* See Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse, tom. ii. p. 513—524. Edition 1818.

Meyringen, Friday, August 15.—This morning, instead of the guide calling us at four o'clock, he did not come to our rooms till half-past seven. The clouds and heavy rain had gained us this prolonged repose. Ten hours' sleep was by no means disagreeable to us. After breakfast, the day cleared up a little, and we hired a car, and drove nine miles, to the Lake of Brientz.

The valley of Meyringen, through which we passed, is esteemed one of the most beautiful of all the Swiss valleys; the rocks on each side are so lofty, the intervening vale so lovely (about one or two miles broad), the outline so variegated—but the special beauty is the number of cascades descending the sides of the overhanging cliffs, and divided into separate falls. At one spot, we had in view at the same time four or five cascades, each falling one or two hundred feet. The village of Brientz is romantically situated on the lake, with one thousand five hundred inhabitants; two good inns, and a third unfinished. In

fact, the visitors to Switzerland, since the peace, are multiplying, and improving the inns every where. We took a boat to cross the lake, and visit the fall of the Giessbach, about two miles. We were rowed by an old woman near seventy, her daughter, and her little grand-daughter, about eight or ten years old; one man steering. The Giessbach descends from the Schwarzhorn Alp, and is one of the finest cataracts we have seen; it has ten separate descents, the beauty of which is heightened by scenery the most varied and romantic. At two or three points of view, we had the impetuous torrents on our left, relieved by a foreground of the most picturesque foliage, and contrasted with the soft tranquillity of the lake on our right; while the head of the fall was concealed by lofty firs. As we returned, the owner of the adjoining land, with his children, entertained us with some delightful music. A New Testament was in the room. It is, indeed, most pleasing to find, throughout this country, Bibles and books of devotion: I saw in a miserable chalet on the

mountain, yesterday, Arndt's excellent work on True Christianity. All places are alike to the God and Father of all; and some of these simple peasants, perhaps, who know nothing but their Bibles and their mountains, may be happier than most of the inhabitants of Paris or London. Christianity is a universal blessing for ruined man; and to trace its effects and encourage in some degree, however small, its professed followers in obeying it, is one of the noblest duties of an Englishman on a foreign tour.

I should tell you, that it is on the borders of the Lake of Brientz that some of those tremendous torrents of moistened clay rush from the Alps, and carry every thing before them. They are formed by the pools of water collected in the clayey portions of the rocks, which accumulate till they burst their barriers. In 1797, thirty-seven houses and a great number of gardens and meadows were literally buried under one of these turbid muddy streams. The villagers of Schwendi and

Hochstetten escaped only by going up on the most elevated part of the roofs of their houses. The Lake was several months in recovering its usual purity.

Saturday, August 16, *Three o'Clock, Afternoon.*—We are just arrived on the wildest of all the Swiss mountains, the Grimsel, six thousand feet above the sea; twenty-four miles from Meyringen. We are at a lone house, called the Hospice, and the only one for ten more long mountainous leagues. The danger of not meeting beds was, therefore, so alarming, that we sent on a courier this morning at three o'clock to engage rooms. The man had gone the eight leagues on foot, and had returned about three of them, when we met him, at one o'clock; that is, he had run, or walked, thirty-three miles in ten hours, over a road, which if you had seen, you would have thought that none but goats could pass. We have been nine hours and a quarter going, on horses and mules, the twenty-four miles. Nothing more surprises me than the inex-

haustible variety of grand outline and beautiful scenery in this wonderful Switzerland. But I find it is one thing to have some relish for the beauties of nature, and another to be able to describe them. I am altogether incapable of the task.

We have, in fact, passed to-day, a country quite as deserving to be seen as any thing we have already visited, and yet utterly different. The character of the valley of the Aar is wild and savage grandeur; desolation upon desolation; a road, or rather crag, which all the sagacity of our mules could scarcely overcome; sometimes, rude stone steps; then, the smooth slippery back of a rock; then, loose pebbles; then, quagmire; then, enormous sharp stones, from which the winter torrents had worn away all the earth, and left only holes for the beasts to tread in. Still upon this road, the mules passed with perfect safety. We followed the course of the Aar the whole of the way, which forms continual cascades, foaming furiously over rocks which frequently almost fill up its

bed. By the bye, I found that our mules had been this road thirty or forty times already, and this encouraged us to set off; and most amply have we been rewarded. The fall of the Aar, called the Handeck, is magnificent indeed. The body of water is immense, another river uniting with it at the fall; and the peculiarity is, that a scooped rock, or rather a narrow basin, or chasm of rocks, opens an abyss of two hundred feet to receive the torrent. To look down it made me quite giddy. We are now so high, that it is excessively cold, though the sun shines, and we left Meyringen at a thermometer about seventy. We had, indeed, passed over ground as high both on Wednesday and Thursday; but this is the first time we have stopt at such an elevation. Our friend has not accompanied us, as he passed the Grimsel four years ago, and he wished to improve the time, by visiting some places new to him. My dear sons and I, with two mules, a horse, a guide, and a servant who tends the mules, are now the whole party.

I must, before I finish to-day, translate for you a Latin note out of the strangers' book here: "We were first overcome by heat and fatigue; then, by rain, wind, cold, and the badness of the roads: we came here without having seen what we travelled on purpose to see; and all hope of better weather being lost, we departed, imprecating every thing evil against mount Grimsel." Such is the angry record of two gentleman, one from Petersburgh, the other from Leipsic.

Sunday, August 17.—This is my ninth Sunday, and we are in a situation the most desolate and gloomy, as to outward things, possible—in a lone house, twelve mountain miles from any church—not a tree nor shrub to be seen—nothing but barren rocks piled one upon another—not a creature that understands English, and only one who understands French. Still, if God is with us, it is enough. We have had our morning service, in a quiet, tranquil room, with a fire (for it is just like a

keen December day); using as many of the Church prayers as I could remember—for we have only a pocket Bible with us—reading some Psalms and Lessons, and closing with a sermon, or rather exposition. We then went to take a little turn to warm our feet; and now my dear sons are employed in writing on a subject which I have given them, till our afternoon service. I cannot do better than follow their example.

The first reflection that occurs to me, whilst meditating in this solitude, is the GREATNESS AND GOODNESS of that God who upholds and governs all this wild and stupendous scene around us—that God who "sits on the circle of the heavens," and before whom "the mountains are as nothing." But all this divine glory in nature is accompanied with marks of his wrath; the effects of the convulsions of the deluge are every where visible—the fountains of the great deep have been broken up, the mountains have been rent asunder, the earth has been shaken out of its place. How good,

then, is our heavenly Father, who still spares a wicked and ungrateful world, which he has shewn that he could instantly destroy; nay, farther, how much more gracious is He, who, instead of destroying the world as it deserves, has given his only-begotten Son, to offer himself up as a sacrifice for our sins! May the works of creation ever lead up our minds to God in Jesus Christ our Lord! It is thus that our Saviour teaches us to employ all the objects of nature, in his divine discourses.

The next thought that strikes my mind, is the MANY BLESSINGS which have accompanied my family and me on this journey. Every thing has turned out for our good; the weather has cooled the season, and made our travelling safe and agreeable; delays have proved benefits. Ever since we set off we have had blessing upon blessing.

In the next place, how unspeakable is the COMFORT OF PRAYER! Wherever I am, my family can pray for me, and I can pray for my

family. The "throne of grace" is accessible at all times, and in all places. My dear Mrs. W. and child now at Bern, my affectionate mother and family at London, my large and beloved flock at St. John's, are united to me by the bond of prayer; all may confer benefits and receive them, by intercession to that God who is every where present and has all things in his hands.

Again, let me reflect on the duty of CONTENTMENT AND GRATITUDE; I see nothing abroad, but what makes me more thankful for the lot Providence has appointed me at home. Switzerland is beautiful to visit in a summer tour; but England is the happier land in all respects, if she knew her privileges. Consider the family in this inn. In July last, the snow was twenty-three feet deep behind the house. For nine months in the year, the family are compelled to leave it to a man and two dogs, and go down to the plain of Meyringen; and when they are here in the summer,

they have to pass twenty-four miles of steep mountain road, whenever they go to church.

Once more, let me make a remark on THE PLACE ITSELF where I am writing. It is called an Hospice or Spital. It was enlarged last year with eleven new rooms by the Government of Bern; and the innkeeper is obliged to entertain strangers, to receive the poor gratis, and keep the house open all the winter, for fear any travellers should be passing. May not this remind me of that true Hospice and refuge, which our Saviour has set up in the Gospel, for the wandering traveller? The names of the persons who enlarged this house are painted in great characters, on the wall of the dining room; should not this teach me to engrave, as it were, the Saviour's name on the tablet of my heart, and record the memory of his grace there?

Further, let me consider the CHARITY with which we should regard these simple people.

The poor cottagers come from Murren six leagues, six thousand feet of descent and ascent, to Lauterbrunnen church, even when seventy or eighty years old. Many of the houses have not only the names of the builder, but texts of Scripture, written on the outside. In a small inn at Guttanen, four leagues off, where we stopped yesterday, I found inscriptions on each side of the door of the chamber; one of which was to this effect, "On God's grace and good blessing, all man's success depends; and without his help and mercy, all man's doings are vain." I find in this inn, the Grimsel, a very excellent book of prayers, and a pious French tract; given, probably, by the Basle Tract Society. There are a man and his wife, and seven children here, and six servants. I have been talking to the only daughter who understands French, and have given her a Testament; she was very attentive to what I said, and asked me if I knew Dr. Steinkopff, whom she saw some years ago. I am far from dwelling on such small circum-

stances; but surely they may lead us to hope, that God our Saviour has many true disciples in these wild deserts—many who love, and fear, and obey him in simplicity of heart. The most enlarged charity is ever the duty of a traveller.

Lastly, I cannot but reflect on the unspeakable importance of Englishmen ACTING CONSISTENTLY as Christians, when abroad. We met here last night, at supper (at five), an Italian nobleman, a Florentine, and two English gentlemen of family; to-day, though it is Sunday, all have gone on their journey. Now if every Englishman would but keep holy the Sabbath, and show what the Protestant religion is, in his conduct, unnumbered blessings might follow. The Italian nobleman seemed a man of reading and acuteness. He spoke rather contemptuously of the Pope, and the supposed designs of the see of Rome. He was acquainted with our English history, and did not conceal his admiration of our free

constitution, on which he offered some comments that showed an independent, discriminating mind. In short, he discoursed without reserve on every subject that was started. Especially he joined in abhorrence of the principles of Lord Byron. He admitted the charms of his poetry—but there seemed to be a strong impression on his mind that such a man was really most pernicious and despicable—I was glad to hear him say, that no persons of character in Italy or elsewhere would associate with him.

It is impossible to foresee what good might be done by the ten or fifteen thousand British travellers who are scattered over Europe, if they acted an open, kind, consistent, religious part, as they ought; but if they are ashamed of their principles, and conform, one in one thing, and another in another, to the wrong practices of the Continent, they share in its guilt, and, indeed, are answerable for all the

evil which they might have prevented, or remedied, by the manly discharge of their duty as servants of Christ.

I ám yours most affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER IX.

Furca Alp, August 18.—*Bern, August* 24, 1823.

Glacier of Rhone—Furca Alp—Realp—Capuchin Friar—Hospital—Cold—Valley of Reuss—Devil's Bridge—Amstag—New Road—Altorf—William Tell—Fluellen—Lake of four Cantons—Switz—Mount Righi—Storm—Mount Pilate—Ruin of Goldau—Stranger's Book—King of England—Italians and Russians—Küsnacht—Lucern—William Tell—Wooden Bridges—Père Girard—Luther—Zofingen—Herzogenbuchs—Bern—Sunday—Fast—English Service—Government of Bern and England.

Hospital or Hospendal (Place for the Reception of Strangers and Travellers), at the Foot of Mount St. Gothard, in the Canton of Uri, Monday, Aug. 18, 1823.

We set off, my dear Sister, this morning from the Hospice of the Grimsel at 9

quarter before six: the morning was dull, but without rain for some time. As we ascended the remaining part of the Grimsel Alp, we looked behind us and saw a thick white cloud completely filling the valley, and rising gradually up the mountain. We had nearly three thousand feet to go before we reached the summit, by a road far worse than any we had yet passed. We had continually to cross masses of snow, quagmires, and torrents without bridges. We had stones in the manner of stairs on Saturday, but to-day we had stones in the manner of falls and pits, so that when the mules stepped down, it was with a plunge: we had, also, many slippery backs of rocks. You may judge of the sort of difficulties by this circumstance, that as soon as we began to descend, we were obliged to alight, and walk down the whole of this frightful Alp.

Immediately in the valley between the Grimsel and the Furca Alps is the glacier of the Rhone, which has its source here. This glacier far surpasses in extent and grandeur

those at Grindelwald,—it is as if an immense sea, when rushing down the valley, had been suddenly turned into ice, with all its agitations. I conjecture, from my eye, that it may be about eight hundred or one thousand feet wide, four thousand long, and five or six hundred deep. Imagine yourself only at the foot of such a sea of broken ice, from beneath which twenty or more turbid snow-streams are bursting out, which form the Rhone. As soon as we had crossed the valley, through which the Rhone passes, we began to ascend the Furca Alp, eight thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and two thousand eight hundred and eighty above the Hospice where we had slept. As we mounted up, another glacier appeared on our right. The cold was yet more intense than on the Grimsel. Our limbs were completely benumbed. The rain also now began to fall, so that we lost the noble view of the distant Alps, which in fine weather is incomparably grand. As soon as we had reached the top, we were obliged to alight and descend, not a mountain

of earth, but an immense mountain of snow, over which we slid and walked as well as we could. I can quite understand now, why the snow is perpetual on the higher Alps: we were almost frozen at eight thousand feet; what, then, must be the intensity of cold, at twelve or thirteen thousand feet?

After a journey of five hours and a half (four of which were in the rain), we reached the first inhabited house, the hospice of Realp. When we came to the door, I was surprised to see the guide ring the bell, and then humbly take off his hat, when the door opened; and much more to see a venerable Capuchin friar come out with a long beard, a brown garment of the coarsest cloth, reaching to his feet, with a large hood hanging behind, and girded round his waist with a thick common cord; whilst a deep frill of coarse linen fell a good way down his breast. He wore no stockings, and only rough sandals on his feet. He came gravely up to us. He could not speak French; but his look was benignant, and he showed us into his

room with much courtesy, brought us a bottle of a light sweet Italian wine, spread a cloth for us, and then retired, whilst we ate the provisions we had brought with us. As we were dripping wet, we begged to have the wine made hot: it was done in the most comfortable manner possible. We had time during dinner to look round the room—furniture old, but convenient—figures of our Saviour—a printed list, several feet long, of the abbots of his order—holy water—a stove—and in a very small cupboard his library and bed. I tried to make the friar understand me in Latin, but without success. We paid for our entertainment, gave something for the poor, set off again about twelve, and came on here, two leagues, making twenty-four miles, which, with the Alps and the rain, made a formidable day's journey.

We are now at a comfortable inn at the small Catholic village of Hospital, in the Canton of Uri, four thousand five hundred and forty-nine feet above the sea (therefore, cold enough, I assure you), with thirty-four houses,

a church, and chapel. At the top of the village stands a half-ruined castle, which once belonged to the lords of the hospital, or hospice; for all the villages on these Alps seem to have been designed as refuges for travellers. Through the village flows the arm of the Reuss river, which springs from the Furca glacier. The village is on the road for Mount St. Gothard. The weather has been unfavourable to-day, but we have had no fogs to obscure materially our prospect, either of the glaciers, or of the wild scenery through which we have passed; only we lost the view of the distant Alps.

We have now overcome one of the grand difficulties of the Swiss tourist, the passage of the Grimsel and the Furca. The boy who went with my friend to Stanz returned to us last night, saying that his master was weary of the passage of the mountains, and had sent him and the horse back, determined to make his way to Lucern by cars or by the Lake. In these mountainous places the weather is com-

monly bad. Hospital is the highest public inhabited village in Switzerland; and the innkeeper's brief description of the weather is, that they have frost and snow for nine months in the year, and rain for the remaining three. There are no trees in this valley, not even the hardy fir; all is one wild surface, without foliage. Every stick of wood for domestic use is brought up some leagues, from Amstag. The cows and goats feed on the grass, which just now looks a little pleasant; but even these animals have a wild, rough appearance, especially the cows. The Lakes here are too cold for fish.

The poor inhabitants of this, and other villages around, suffered extremely during the war. The Austrians and French fought in the very streets of Hospital; our innkeeper tells me the scenes were dreadful beyond description. How frightful and horrible is this to all our best feelings and habits! How implacable is the ambition of man! What a

scene must it have been, to behold the natural terrors of the Alps aggravated by the miseries of war! But so it is. There is hardly a rock or precipice in Switzerland, which has not been the spot of desperate conflict. Surely, an English traveller cannot hear of these things, and reflect on the events of the late revolutionary war, without some gratitude to God, for having exempted his happy country from such calamities. And the gratitude will be increased by comparing the climate and general circumstances of these Alpine regions, with those of his native land.

Hospital, Tuesday Morning, Seven o'clock. —For so long the weather has allowed us to rest. We have had an excellent night; we were in bed about half-past eight. These dinners at eleven, and suppers at five, suit us. I never was better in my life. The breakfast is now coming in, and the weather has suddenly cleared up; so that the sun is mounting over the Alps before our window, and is throwing

this romantic village into a beautiful picture of light and shade—and hurries us off for our day's journey.

Amstag, One o'clock, Valley of the Reuss, Sixteen Miles from Hospital.—I am now sitting, faint with heat, at one of the windows of the dining hall of the inn, with a burning sun full on the four open windows of the room;—such is the effect of a descent of two or three thousand feet in this marvellous country—yesterday as cold as Christmas, to-day as hot as Midsummer. But this is nothing; I must positively employ half an hour, while dinner is preparing, in giving you some idea, if I can, of the extraordinary valley through which we have been passing. It is called, by the inhabitants, Krachenthal, Roaring Valley, on account of the tremendous noise with which the Reuss rushes from rock to rock. It is certainly one of the wonders of Switzerland.

We rode about two miles, on leaving the Hospital, in the wide open valley, without a

tree, the Reuss rolling along its course; when we came to a mighty rock, which seemed quite to stop the road. As we approached, we found a tunnel or gallery had been bored through the solid granite, fifteen feet high, twelve broad, and two hundred and twenty long. This is better than the bridge hung with chains, and dangling on the outside of the rock over the torrent, which was the old road. We now descended by a narrow paved way, ten feet wide, to what is called the Devil's Bridge, thrown over the Fall of the Ruess, which here meets with tremendous precipices, and foams as it rushes down them. The bridge seems built in the air, from its elevation and boldness; it is one hundred feet above the river. Its span is seventy-five feet, and the fall of the Reuss under it, in a slanting direction, is at least three hundred feet. The architect is not known; and the extreme frightfulness of the cataract over which it is thrown, has probably led the common people to ascribe it to fairies first, and then to the evil spirit. The scene is, perhaps, unparalleled

for sublimity and terror. The road after this continues to descend the valley, like stairs for steepness. It is built against the perpendicular rock, and sustained in many places by arches and walls on the side of frightful gulfs. For a league this miraculous sort of tract extends. During all this time the roaring Reuss continues to roll its agitated torrent. I think this is the most romantic of all the Swiss rivers. It never ceases its rage. From rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, it dashes forward, with a succession of falls; sometimes lost among the masses of stone, then appearing again in redoubled force.

We soon came to Goeschinen, where a new road, passable for carriages, begins, and goes on nearly four leagues, to Amstag, the place where I am now writing. It is a surprising undertaking for a small Swiss Canton (Uri), to have formed a road, twenty-five feet wide, by the labour of several thousand hands in three years: I know nothing in England

like it for hardy and dangerous enterprise. It is as smooth as our Bath road; and has been formed by blowing up rocks, dividing places dangerous to travellers, throwing bridges over the torrents (there are seven or eight), still keeping the inclination so gentle, that it descends only about seven feet in one hundred. Conceive our delight in witnessing this bold undertaking, especially when you consider that the valley itself is one of the most picturesque we have yet seen; noble mountains; the river winding, now its frightful, and then its gentle, course; ravines intersecting the valley, and carrying down the smaller torrents; meadows and orchards delighting the eye as we descended lower; a forest of firs, varying the scenery for a mile or more; villages, with their little chapels, now and then appearing: the whole augmented by one of the finest days nature ever presented to man, with a gentle north wind to moderate the heat. I was grieved to see that in many places the new road was already injured by the torrents and

falling masses of rocks, so that a constant expense will be incurred—but dinner interrupts my story.

I resume my letter at *Altorf, the capital of the Canton of Uri, half-past Seven, Tuesday Evening*, after a ride of three hours and a half. I was speaking of the expense and labour which this new road will require, and which heighten the merit of the enterprise. I should add, that it very much protects passengers from the danger of the avalanches from the mountains, which were often destructive. Such was the terror of them, that formerly travellers were not allowed to speak in certain parts of the road, lest even that slight agitation of the air should occasion a fall of snow.* It further facilitates the immense traffic carried on between Lucern, Milan, and Northern Italy. We met a drove of noble oxen, and many

* I am sorry to see from the Swiss Journals that the devastation occasioned by the avalanches this winter (1824) has been particularly great. The valleys of Gauli, Gadmen, and Guttanen, are stated to have suffered severely.

teams of mules laden with casks. Milan is twelve or thirteen days' journey from Hospital. The people in these villages seem to me untidy and poor. The meadows are rich; and they use a high wooden frame for drying hay, which raises the grass above the ground, and makes it in twelve or fourteen hours.

In coming on to Altorf, we stopped at Burglen to visit a chapel built on the spot where William Tell was born. It is decorated with pictures relating to the events of his life. Altorf is a small Catholic town of one thousand six hundred souls. It abounds with monuments of William Tell. The tower, the fountains,—every thing is designed to commemorate him. His history is connected with all the liberty of Switzerland.

We met on our way to-day many peasants laden with wood for the Valley of Ursern, where Hospital is. As no trees grow there, all their wood (coals are unknown) is brought up three leagues. On our road, also, we met

our friend and companion, who, after spending his Sunday at Stantz, came to Altorf last night, and was going to visit the Vale of the Reuss; we are now at the same hotel. He reports that he remained at Stantz on Saturday, not because he was weary of the mountain road, but because his horse and boy were equally bad, so bad that he despaired of reaching Lucern by their means. He thinks the new road which I have so much commended, takes off, in some places, from the picturesque beauty of the scenery, as he beheld it four years since.

Switz, the capital of the Canton of that name (and from which the whole of the country is called), Wednesday, quarter before Ten.—We set off this morning a quarter before six, and saw the melancholy effects of a fire at Altorf, in 1799. The ruined houses remained yet unrepaired. We came to Flüelen in an hour, and there embarked on the Lake of Lucern for Brunnen. The passage of two hours was exquisite, from the noble and grand character

of the scenery of the lake. We stopped a moment at the spot where William Tell escaped from the boat in which they were conveying him to prison, and where a chapel is now built.

I promised to tell you something about this extraordinary man. It was in November, 1307, that the Austrian bailiff Gesler, having placed his hat upon a pole, at Altorf, and ordered every one who passed to salute it, William Tell nobly refused. He was condemned, as you may remember, to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his son. He struck off the apple; but Gesler, observing a second arrow in the hand of Tell, asked him what he meant to do with it; "It was destined for you," replied he, "if I had killed my child." He was seized instantly, chained, and thrown into a boat which was to convey the governor back to his castle at Küssnacht. A storm fell on the lake. In imminent danger of perishing, they released Tell from his chains, and suffered him to take the guidance of the vessel. The hero leaped on shore upon the rock where

the chapel now stands; outstripped Gesler; waited for him in a hollow path, and transfixed him with an arrow. The Linden tree, at Altorf, against which the child stood, remained till 1567, two hundred years after the death of Tell, which happened in 1356. His family was not extinct until the year 1720. A chapel stands on the spot, at Grutli, where the Confederation oath was taken, in January 1308. Thus was the foundation of liberty and knowledge, of national virtue and piety, laid in Switzerland. The Reformation two centuries after, so far as it extended, completed the deliverance.

We landed at Brunnen at nine, and came on to Switz. The lake we have crossed is, perhaps, the finest in Switzerland—eight leagues long, four and a half wide, bordering on the four forest Cantons—Switz, Uri, Underwald, and Lucern. Between Brunnen and Switz, we passed the bridge, covered as usual, of Ibach, where the battle took place between Suwarrow and Massena, in 1799.

Twelve o'Clock.—I never dined better in my life at eleven o'clock, than I have here: we are now going to ascend Mount Righi. This town of Switz is in a garden of natural beauties. The vast rocks behind it are like giant sentinels to guard it.

Wednesday Evening, top of Mount Righi.—I must write a line to you to-night, though in a salle-à-manger crowded with French, German, Swiss, English, all talking together, in a hotel on the summit of the Righi, six thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea, and four thousand five hundred above Switz. The peculiarity of this mountain, is not so much its great height, as the accessible and yet commanding point in which it terminates, which gives it, when the weather is clear, one of the noblest and most extensive views in the world: the consequence is, that almost every traveller ascends it. It is not the road to any town, as the other Alps I have crossed are, but an insulated spot, which has become celebrated from the comparative easi-

ness of the approach. The moment a fine day appears, all the world hurry forwards to the only inn and only house on the extreme summit of this vast elevation.

The scene at the table-d'hôte is comic beyond description. We were between five and six hours coming up the mountain, in many parts by stairs so steep, that we ascended at a rate of forty feet in a hundred. The heat added to the fatigue; but the extraordinary scene, now we are at the top, surpasses all my conceptions, even of what Switzerland could produce. The eye has an unimpeded view all around. It is a sort of natural panorama. The main disadvantage (which yet adds, perhaps, to the interest of the excursion) is the uncertainty of finding a bright unclouded sky at this great elevation: either the valleys or the tops of the mountains are commonly obscured with a dark mantle of clouds. As we were at supper, we were hurried *out* to ascend a wooden platform, forty or fifty feet high, raised on the edge of the precipice, to

behold a gathering storm. We were astonished at the sublime sight. One quarter of the horizon was illuminated with the setting sun in the softest beauty, whilst in another quarter the most gloomy storm shrouded with all its horrors the tops of the adjoining mountains, and was approaching the Righi—but I must absolutely stop.

Righi, Five o'clock, Thursday Morning.—I was compelled to break off last night by the excessive noise in the dining hall: I had half a dozen people talking to me at once—and therefore was soon wearied out, and retired to rest. My friend and I were crowded into a small room, the feet of our beds touching each other; presently the house became more noisy than ever with the company going to their chambers (for these wooden houses shake at every step), and soon after, the storm which was lowering in the evening, began to descend —the lightning, thunder, and rain were tremendous; I really thought the house would have fallen. It is now five in the morning,

and the rain and the brouillard completely obscure the whole scene; nevertheless all the house is in motion, and families are going down the hill. Fifty-one persons slept here last night (twenty-four gentry; twenty-seven servants and guides; in the course of yesterday, there had been fifty-two gentry). The house is very small. I find a New Testament of the Bible Society in this Catholic solitude, with an inscription to state that it was left by Messrs. Treuttell and Wurtz, "for the use of Christians whom the bad weather might prevent from seeing and admiring the great work of the creation, and adoring the Creator, by mounting towards him by the help of his works." In the strangers' book I was startled to see the name of his present majesty, George IV. who assuredly never ascended this mountain.

When the weather is fine, fourteen lakes are visible here, and the sun rising upon the range of the Alps is magnificent. They may be traced from the Glarnish on the east, to

the Oberland Bernois on the south-west; whilst on the north, your eye may range from the Lake of Constance to that of Neufchâtel. All Switzerland, to the east and north, is open before you; and much further, into Suabia. The only hill we could distinguish last night was Mount Pilate, which is called properly Mons Pileatus, or Mountain with a Cap, because a cloud generally rests on its extreme top, even in the finest weather. The common people say, that Pontius Pilate came here and threw himself down the precipice in despair, for having condemned our Saviour.

As the morning is so unfavourable, and breakfast is not ready, I must tell you a sad story.—As we ascended the Righi yesterday, we passed over the melancholy ruins of the village of Goldau. In 1806 an immense mass of earth from the Rossberg, gradually loosened by two or three months' rain, fell down with scarcely a moment's warning,—it was the 2d of September—four villages, of which Goldau was the chief, lay at the foot of the mountain.

All was buried in an instant—two churches, one hundred and eleven houses, two hundred barns, &c. and four hundred persons, with three hundred and twenty-five head of cattle, were overwhelmed; and a new ruinous mountain, one hundred and fifty feet high, was formed by the vast mass. The loss was estimated at three million eight hundred and forty thousand livres of France.

Those who had been aware of the dangerous state of the mountain, and the probability of some disaster, were not warned in time. Two old inhabitants who had predicted the calamity, when some one rushed into their cottage, and told them the rock was actually falling, disbelieved the message, and were lost. A party of ten persons had been two months waiting for fine weather to visit Mount Righi. They set off for Switz the day of the catastrophe; five of them staid a moment behind the rest to take some provisions; the instant the others entered Goldau, the enormous ruin carried them away.

A physician of the neighbouring village of Arth, Dr. Zay, has published an account of the calamity. During the whole day the air was darkened with clouds of rock and earth. Entire forests, and large blocks of the mountain, were borne through the air as swiftly as an arrow. Houses, cattle, men, all were dragged along, and seemed to fly in the midst of the heavens. Several females and children were almost miraculously preserved. Two women were forced into a pit fifteen feet deep, and thus escaped. A maid servant, Jeanne Ulrich, with Marianne, a little girl five years old, were overwhelmed—The maid was torn from the child, and hung suspended among beams of wood and ruins, which crushed her on all sides—Her eyes were filled with blood —She thought the last day was come, and betook herself to prayer—She heard the cries of the child.—Two hours passed—A neighbouring church clock struck, but no help arrived—The cries of the child became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased—The girl, thinking she was dead, made desperate efforts to libe-

rate herself, and at last freed her legs from the mass of ruins. Soon the little Marianne began again to cry—she had fallen asleep, and on waking renewed her lamentations. Two hours more elapsed; when the child's parent, Viguet, who had carried his two sons to a place of safety, returned to deliver the rest of his family. He searched amongst the sad remains of his house—a foot appeared above the ruins—he approached, he recognized a part of his wife's dress—he uttered the most piercing lamentations, which reached the ears of the servant and Marianne, who instantly redoubled their cries. The father knew his child's voice, and rescued her with only a broken limb. The maid was afterwards taken out, scarcely alive. They both recovered.

It is remarkable, that in this very neighbourhood, an entire street of Zug, with a part of the towers and walls of the town, sunk, without a moment's warning, into the lake, in the year 1435. Sixty persons then perished. The infant son of the keeper of the archives,

Adelrich Wikard, who was found floating in his cradle on the waters, was rescued, and became afterwards the father of a family which deserved well of the State.

O God, how unfathomable are thy judgments! thus is it that thou alarmest a sleeping world, and callest man to prepare for sudden death, and sudden judgment; whilst the grace of thy Gospel sets before them a dying Saviour, whose redemption no falling rocks nor sudden destruction can overwhelm; nay, which will appear most glorious "when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the earth shall melt with fervent heat!"

It is astonishing and terrific as you ride over the place where Goldau stood; the ruins are above one hundred feet deep; the adjoining Lake of Lowertz was filled up for fifty feet. Many persons beheld the ruin from the top of the Righi; and were compelled to witness the destruction of their own lands and houses, without the possibility of giving any aid. Only

a few bodies and mangled limbs have been dug up after seventeen years. Such was the tremendous impetus of the falling rock, that prodigious masses were carried by the rebound many hundred feet up the opposite hill, i. e. perhaps three or four leagues from the summit whence they fell. Such a scene I never witnessed. Still, the love of their native spot is so deeply fixed in the Swiss, that two or three new houses are beginning to rise in the midst of the ruins. One of the churches has also been rebuilt; the grass is now hiding by degrees the frightful spectacle, and even some strips of meadows are forming here and there.

Righi, Ten o'clock.—The morning is actually clearing up.

Eleven o'clock.—No: all our hopes are disappointed; the valley is filled with clouds: fogs are rising and covering every thing with one mantle of deep and impenetrable obscurity. Thus we shall be compelled to leave

this queen of mountains without seeing all its magnificence of prospect. I may as well tell you, before I lay by my letter, that in coming up yesterday, we visited the convent of St. Mary in the Snow, four thousand two hundred feet above the sea, where a small convent of Capuchin friars, for receiving strangers, is supported. The little church adjoining is curiously adorned; and in the small village two inns have been built within three years.

In the strangers' book on Mount Righi, I find so many fictions, that I have now no difficulty in accounting for the insertion of the name of the King; but I have called in all the people of the house and examined them, and they stoutly affirm that our King was here, and wrote with his own hand his name and date, October, 1816, and that he came with three ladies and four gentlemen in his suite. Such is the vanity of these good people!

Perhaps I cannot employ myself better than by going on to say, that the keeping

of a stranger's book is one of those foreign customs which one cannot but approve of. It is, perhaps, a little galling at first to an Englishman, to be obliged to put down his name, age, country, family, time of arrival, place of destination, motives of journey, &c. as soon as he drives into a town. But the pleasure is so great to see what countrymen or friends are before you on the road, and to look back and read the names of travellers in past years, that you are soon delighted with the plan. In frontier towns the book is often under the regulation of the police; but in small towns in the interior, and places of fashionable resort, as The Fall of the Rhine, Mount Righi, &c., it partakes more of the nature of an album, in which travellers write down any sentiments they please, together with their names. Sometimes an opinion is given of the country they have passed through, or advice as to inns and roads; at other times a short poetical effusion is inserted, or a stroke of wit and drollery. You meet occasionally with very admirable

thoughts, and bursts of real genius. My friend transcribed a striking copy of verses. It is curious even to look over the handwriting of celebrated individuals. The strangers' book, further, enables you to compare the number of travellers from different countries. I counted once or twice, and found the English four or five times as numerous as those of any other nation. It is much to be regretted, that the unpardonable license of a few persons, I am afraid chiefly Englishmen, is rapidly tending to put an end to this innocent and gratifying custom, or at least to the confining of it to the dry record of the police towns.

Righi, Twelve o'clock.—We are in as miserable a plight as ever poor creatures were: a dreadful wet day—shut up in a close room, as in a prison—scarcely able to breathe—five or six leagues to reach Lucern—no prospect—nothing but rain and fog. Some of the party are endeavouring to throw a ring, suspended by a cord from the ceiling, upon a hook fixed

at a suitable distance in the wall of the room—a trait of genuine ennui.

For my own part, I have been amusing myself with talking with two Italian gentlemen—well informed—admirers of England—discontented with their existing government—ready for change—with no great attachment to Popery; really this is the case with all the foreigners we meet.—Tyranny, in a day of general information, galls the mind, and defeats, and must defeat, its own purpose. I endeavour to give the best advice I can; dwelling chiefly on the importance of the Scriptures, and the elevating nature of true Christianity. I have been deeply interested also, with two students from St. Petersburgh—amiable, scholar-like young men; they spent last winter in England. I shall not soon forget their surprise, when they happened to discover who I was. They had frequently heard me preach in London. The meeting thus with occasional auditors, on a sudden, in the heart of Switzer-

land, appals me. I feel, as it were, quite uncomfortable, lest I should have failed in giving them a faithful impression of the Gospel of Christ; and yet, if these young Russians have heard me, so may others from other lands. What a responsible office is that of the sacred ministry! What diligence, what solicitude, what uprightness, what simplicity in following the Holy Scriptures, what humility and fervour in imploring the grace of the Sacred Comforter, does it require!

Lucern, Friday Morning, Seven o'clock.— We arrived here last night; the weather a little cleared up after dinner yesterday at the Righi, and at two we mounted our beasts to descend; three hours brought us to Küssnacht, a town on the Lake of Lucern; and three hours more to this town. The weather was rainy, but still tolerable. The views of the surrounding country, as we came down, were lovely: we had the Lakes of Lucern and Zug full before us The road from Küssnacht was positively

through a garden, by the side of the Lake, with just those gentle rises which gave us the sweetest views imaginable.

We have now finished our Oberland tour of two hundred and forty-nine miles; only it happens, that we are landed at a town nearly seventy miles from Bern, and have thus two days' journey to reach my dear family. We visited yesterday a third chapel of William Tell, built by the government, on the spot where he slew Gesler the Austrian governor. So that there is a tower, as I have before mentioned, at Altorf, on the place where William Tell's child stood with the apple on his head; a fountain where the father stood; a chapel on the site of his house at Burglen; a second where he escaped from the boat conducting him to prison; a third where he slew the oppressor of his country; and another where the oath of Confederation was taken at Grutli—at this last place, an English wag has written on the wall, "Cato Street Conspirators!" Thus is

the love of liberty nourished in the breasts of this fine people: Catholics and Protestants seem the same in this respect. There is a public spirit, a hardy courage, a patriotism, an independence of mind, about the Swiss, connected with a ready subjection to lawful authority, and a sense of moral and religious obligation, which are the true foundations of national prosperity. Their adherence to all their ancient usages, even in their dress, is observable; each Canton has its costume. At Switz, the women have caps with two high white frills, plaited, and standing nearly erect on their heads, like two butterfly's wings; quite different from the Bernois, yet equally fantastical, and inconvenient.

This Oberland country has, on the whole, filled me with wonder, astonishment, and gratitude. "How glorious, O God, are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep." O that, in this glorious creation, man did but love and obey Thee as he ought!

Lucern, where we now are, is the capital of the Canton, and romantically situated on the north-west banks of the lake of four Cantons. It is just in the heart of Switzerland. It is one thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The fine river Reuss crosses it, over which there are three bridges. The name is probably derived from the Latin word, Lucerna, a lamp or light-house; as the most ancient building is the Great Tower where the light was formerly suspended; possibly in the time of the Romans. It contains six thousand souls. It is the great mart of commerce between Switzerland and northern Italy, the road over St. Gothard beginning at Altorf, the other side the lake. The Catholic religion is here prevalent; so that all up Mount Righi we found stations and crucifixes for pilgrims. Many of the priests are said to be men of piety and information, and to have been on the point of embracing Protestantism a few years back. Some political events unhappily interfered to delay the execution of this good design.

In these free States, a reformation may be effected with comparative ease, if once the minds of the leading magistrates and clergy are duly informed and impressed with divine truth. They depend on no foreign potentate. A majority of the senate determines all questions. What they once resolve on, they never want courage to perform. It was thus that the reformed doctrines were received at Zurich, Bern, &c. in the sixteenth century. The German language prevails through the Oberland; so that I have had no great means of gaining information on the general state of morals and religion. I can speak indeed of particular facts which fall under my own observation; but when I come to reflections on a whole Canton, I remember the diffidence which becomes a stranger on such subjects. Still, I cannot but avow, that the general appearance of these Catholic Cantons is strongly against them; whilst in Bern all is industry and cleanliness, and not a beggar to be seen.

Zofingen, 30 miles from Lucern, half-past Nine, Friday Night.—While supper is preparing, I will write something of the occurrences of a most delightful day. After breakfast this morning, we went to see a model of Lucern and the neighbouring country, on a scale of about thirteen inches to a league. It was most gratifying to trace out part of the tour we had just made. Our attendant pointed out the model of one Alp, the Titlis, on which the ice lies one hundred and seventy-five feet thick in summer. General Pfyffer spent his life in traversing the mountains, and executing this model. A portrait of him, in his travelling dress, adorns the room; and his camp-seat, of a most simple but admirable contrivance, was shown us. We next visited the Arsenal, and saw the sword of Zuingle, the Reformer (for he was compelled, by the law of the Republic, to bear arms, and he fell on the field of Capelle, in 1531);* and then the Jesuits'

* I cannot but just add here, that undoubtedly there was too much of secular politics mixed up with the

Church and the Cathedral, where the tawdry ornaments and superstitious images of the Virgin re-awakened that pain of mind which the Protestant Cantons had soothed. A noble monument just erected to the Swiss regiment, who perished at Paris, in defending Louis XVI., August 10, 1792, very much interested us; it is a lion, twenty-eight feet long, cut out

higher principles of the Swiss Reformers. An interference with the temporal governments proved one very lamentable impediment to the advance of the Reformation. The character of Luther stands pre-eminent, above all the Reformers, in this respect. His wisdom, spirituality of mind, subjection to "the powers that be, as ordained of God," and moderation on doubtful points (except in the Sacramentarian controversy), placed him on an elevation, to which I am not aware that any of his contemporaries can be raised. Religion was with him a matter of the heart; and the reformed doctrines the consolation of his aroused and most tender conscience; and all this in a very peculiar degree. Others may have had more learning, as Melancthon; or more acuteness, as Calvin or Zuingle; but for deep affecting views of religion, superiority to secular politics, and experience of inward temptations, united magnanimity of mind, and uncommon powers of eloquence, none can be compared, I think, with Martin Luther.

in the rock, and the names of the officers inscribed beneath.

The three covered bridges in the town are surprising structures; the first, that of the Court, is one thousand four hundred feet long; the second, one thousand one hundred; in the spaces between the beams of the first there are two hundred and thirty-eight paintings from the Old and New Testament; and of the second, one hundred and fifty-four from the Lives of the Heroes and Saints of Switzerland. A third bridge has thirty-six pictures from Holbein's Dance of Death. The river Ruess is here of a deep blue-green colour, very rapid, and so clear, that you may count the stones at the bottom. We ascended two hills which commanded magnificent views of the town, the lake, the adjoining hills, and distant Alps: perfectly enchanting.

Zofingen, Saturday Morning.—It was eleven o'clock before we were in bed last night; the fact is, we spent all the morning in seeing

Lucern, and had a journey of six hours and a half to take after three o'clock, in order to reach Bern by Saturday night. I have only further to say about Lucern, that the views from the bridges and the neighbouring hills are some of the very finest in Switzerland. Zurich and Lucern are the most enchanting towns we have seen. The road hither ran by the side of the Lake of Sempach; but by seven the evening came on, and we could see little of the prospect; a fine moon-light, however, aided us. At the town of Sursee, whilst we were taking some refreshment, I saw a portrait of Père Girard of Fribourg. The son of the aubergiste had been his scholar: I sent for the boy in. He had been five years at school—seemed a fine clever lad—spoke in the highest terms of M. Girard. He tells me, M. G. had five classes, and four or five hundred children, at Fribourg; and that he gave lectures on the Catechism, and taught the children the New Testament. He was, in truth, too good for the Papists;—they raised an opposition—the Jesuits aided—and Père

Girard's whole establishment is now broken up. This aubergiste had sent his son fifty-five miles to this good schoolmaster. These individual cases of piety and zeal continually occur. The intrepidity and faith of such men are of a character which we have little conception of in England, surrounded by Protestant connections and protected by Protestant laws. Surely charity should peculiarly rejoice in such triumphs of the grace of God, in the midst of the corruptions of Popery.

The town of Zofingen is in Argovie, and is Protestant; it contains about two thousand souls. A house was destroyed by lightning, in the storm of Wednesday night. The women in Lucern wear, not caps, but immense straw hats, with very small flat crowns, and four bows of ribbon, two green and two red, with sometimes a bunch of flowers. Our voiturier (for we were obliged to hire one at Lucern to take us back to Bern) feeds his horses with bread; when we stopt yesterday, we saw a boy with a loaf of bread (of the same sort as

we had ourselves), cutting it with a knife, and giving first one horse a slice, and then another; which they seemed to eat with much pleasure.

Herzogenbuchs, 17 miles from Zofingen, Twelve at Noon.—We have had a pleasing drive of four hours through a fruitful country. The village is neat and clean, and the whole place is crowded with men and women who have been attending a funeral, and are now going to dinner. We are in a Protestant canton, and within seven leagues of Bern. The village contains about five hundred inhabitants; two or three hundred of whom are dining, or about to dine, at this funeral.

Bern, Saturday Evening, half-past Seven.—Thank God, I find myself again with my dear Ann; and thank God also, she is remarkably well. The fortnight's entire quiet, though dull to her in some respects, has restored her to wonderful health and strength. She has also now become accustomed to the food and place, and knows better what she is about, and how

to manage the people and things in Switzerland. How great a blessing is this! We had a beautiful ride from Herzogenbuchs to Bern, twenty-one miles. Almost all the country from Lucern to Bern is well cultivated, the views beautifully mild, herds of cattle feeding in different spots, the meadows yielding four or five crops a year, the farming buildings large and convenient—the whole reminding us of beloved England—which could not, of course, be the case in the mountain regions which we have left. As we approached Bern, a noble range of Alps stretched themselves before us. We passed Hofwyl, the celebrated spot where M. Fellenberg has his school and his establishment for agriculturists; but it was too late to stop.

. . . . . .

We have been, in this Oberland tour, three hundred and fifteen miles in twelve days, and above two hundred of it on mules. Never did I derive so much benefit to my health, as by these mountain rides. We propose now to go on to Lausanne on Monday. We shall set off

for Paris (please God) by the 1st of October, at latest; stay there till the 23d. and be at home on Friday the 31st. I had the particular pleasure of finding a letter from you, dated August 6th, and received August 21st, on my return here. Your account of our dear relative grieves me to the heart. My prayers shall be united with yours, that these severe and repeated afflictions may become real blessings to him, by awakening him to more seriousness, determination, and earnestness, in seeking the salvation of his soul, which is the grand concern of man, and without which we are lost and miserable, though in the utmost outward prosperity.

Bern, Sunday Evening, August 24, 1823.—We have had to-day a delightful Sunday; twice have I not only attended public worship (which we always do), but heard "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," as St. Paul expresses it, from the lips of his ministers. The difference between a cold harangue on ethics, and the gracious message of peace and joy in

Christ Jesus, is immense. Duty must follow, not precede, much less exclude, salvation by faith. The morning subject was John, v. 44. "How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?"—the afternoon, Heb. x. The church was crowded in the morning, and the attention of the congregation most pleasing. Notice was given of a public fast for Sept. 11, "On account of the sins of the people, and in order to render thanks to God for his benefits." The language of the notice was very pious and appropriate. After recounting the various public blessings of Almighty God to the Republic of Bern, it proceeded to mention "the most excellent of all God's gifts, the holy religion of Jesus, which is an inexhaustible source of truth, virtue, and consolation, to so many thousands of souls." It then dwelt on the ingratitude and sins of the people, and exhorted them "to fly to the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and to seek from Him the pardon of their sins by unfeigned repentence, a lively

faith, and a true conversion." It ordered, lastly, that all the shops should be shut after three o'clock the preceding day.*

At half-past four we had our private service. Three English families joined us; so that we were eighteen in all. I was not in the least acquainted even with the names of my auditory; but an opportunity occurring, I had just mentioned to two families, at the table-d'hôte, that I was about to have English service; and, as we were beginning, a third family, a clergyman's, begged permission to come in. They all seemed intensely attentive. My subject was from 1 Thess. i. 5. "For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." I hope some good was done. One family was, at the least, better employed than on the preceding Sunday, when they were at a play, at Lausanne. This the father of it had told me with perfect sang froid; adding, that he had been properly punished;

* See the Notice at the end of this Letter, p. 268.

for they were late, and could obtain no good sittings. It was this conversation which led me to propose to them to join our English service. How lamentable is it, that British travellers have so slight a sense of the obligation of keeping holy the Sabbath!

So far as I can learn, there is much of true religion in this important Canton. It quite delights me to be able to say this. I have so often had to give you unfavourable accounts, that I have a double pleasure, when *truth* allows me to unite with *charity* in my reports. The education of the children is strictly attended to—indeed every parent is compelled to send his children to school and catechism. In this respect the Swiss Governments possess a real moral power. In the police of the towns; the suppression of vice; the prohibition of theatres; the banishing of bad persons at once, and without ceremony; the laws against luxury, &c.; it is amazing what a salutary influence some of these States exercise over their comparatively diminutive territories.

The town of Bern contains about a ninth part of the population of Liverpool or Manchester; and all the Canton not a fourth part of the population of London—indeed the twenty-two Swiss Cantons are not much more populous than that one immense city.* Every thing therefore falls immediately under the notice of the magistrates, and may be checked at its first appearance. And this sort of paternal, though perhaps somewhat arbitrary, restraint, being connected generally with the faithful preaching of the Gospel, all seems to be done, that any government can do, for the suppression of public immorality and the encouragement of piety and virtue.

Whereas in England things are on a very different footing. The overgrown population of the metropolis, the extent of the other commercial towns and cities, the jealousy of their civil rights which prevades all ranks, the mea-

* Switzerland contains 1,750,000 inhabitants; London, 1,274,800; Bern, 13,340; Liverpool, 118,972; the Canton of Bern, 215,000.

sure of political and religious liberty which they claim and enjoy, the influence of public opinion on Parliament and ministers of state, the tone of religious sentiment given by the bishops and clergy, all combine to prevent the interference of an arbitrary discipline, and to leave things at the disposal of law and the general feelings of the nation. Undoubtedly this has degenerated too often into negligence and disorder, especially in the permission of blasphemous and seditious publications, in the neglect of the education of our poor, and in the inadequate provision for the public worship of God. Nor has the faithful preaching of the Reformed doctrines in their simplicity and vigour, been always so general with us, as it seems to have been in the Swiss churches.

Still, in England there is a principle of renovation implanted, and concealed, as it were, in all our free Institutions, which revives whenever the mercy of God visits our country, and which was never, perhaps, more

powerfully at work than at present. The standard of religious sentiment is rapidly advancing, our clergy are rising from their torpor, and are preaching and living according to the Gospel; the influence of public sentiment is turned, in a considerable degree, to the side of piety and good morals; our Government favours the progress of this mighty change; Parliament itself begins to move; our Bible and Missionary institutions are in some proportion to our wealth and commercial greatness. Now, in the small governments of Switzerland, I suspect that much more must depend on the personal character of the members of the Government, and much less on public opinion. And if a spirit of negligence as to morals, or of persecution as to religion, should pervade the minds of the chief persons in a Canton, there would be far less hope of a recovery than in England.

But I am indulging too much in this sort of reflections, for a stranger; the state of things in the Canton of Bern is at present delightful;

and, after all, under every form of government, the extent of real spiritual religion in the heart and life, must ever depend on a higher cause—the pure preaching of the doctrine of Christ, and the grace of God's blessed Spirit. May that grace descend more and more on our own happy country and all Christian nations and churches, yea, on all mankind!

I am your affectionate brother,

D. W.

P. S. As I have been speaking on the subject of Strangers' Books, I cannot close my Letter without mentioning the two ingenious sentences which were written in the time of our James I. by the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton, whose advice to Milton I noticed in a former letter.

The first is a keen satire; and would have been more complete if the ambiguity of the

English word, lie, could have been expressed in the Latin:

"An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."—"Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus ad mentiendum republicæ causâ."

The other is more grave, but not without a touch of humour; for I suppress the long solemn list of Sir Henry's titles, and of his various embassies, which precedes it:

"Henricus Wottonius, &c. &c. &c. tandem hoc didicit, Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo."—"Henry Wotton, &c. &c. &c. at length learned this, That souls are made wiser by being quiet."

The first was written early in Sir Henry's life, and was printed from the Latin copy, eight years afterwards, and maliciously transcribed on several glass windows at Ve-

nice, where he then resided as English Ambassador. The other was the cool and weighty result of experience, after a long life spent in diplomatic services.

I wish all the sentences written now were as well worth remembering.

Notice

Of the Public Fast at Bern.*

This public religious service is annual in the Swiss churches, and is attended to with much solemnity by all classes. Surely other churches might do well to imitate so good an example. What cause, have we in England, at the time I am writing this (February, 1825), for thanksgiving as well as for humiliation—for *thanksgiving* on account of the unnumbered blessings which God has vouchsafed to us; blessings almost unparalleled in the history of nations—for *humiliation* on account of our, alas! too flagrant and aggravated national sins. Surely the growing sense of religious obligation which marks the general body of people in England, would support the Venerable Heads of our Church in so seasonable an appointment. The highest pitch of

* Referred to p. 260.

public prosperity always touches on the most fearful reverses, by leading to pride, luxury, vice, and forgetfulness of God. I insert the whole of the valuable document from which I have given a passage or two above. I never saw a copy of it in this country.

NOUS AVOYER ET CONSEIL DE LA VILLE ET REPUBLIQUE DE BERN, assurons Nos chers et fidèles ressortissans de notre gracieuse bienveillance, et leur faisons savoir :

Que, de concert avec les autres Etats réformés de la Confédération, Nous avons arrêté de faire célébrer, Jeudi 11 Septembre prochain, un jour solennel d'actions de grâces, de jeûne et de prière.

Et qui de nous, chers et fidèles ressortissans, ne se sentirait avec Nous porté à remercier Dieu publiquement, et du fond d'un cœur touché, en réfléchissant à tous les bienfaits qu'il a répandus sur nous pendant cette année si pleine d'événemens ? Une paix profonde régne au sein de notre patrie, et dans les contrées qui nous avoisinent ; tandis que dans d'autres pays plus éloignés le fléau de la guerre trouble la prospérité des peuples : et de cette tranquillité découlent pour la vie domestique et publique d'inombrables bénédictions qui s'étendent sur tous les états

et sur tous les âges. La terre a été fertile au-de là de toute espérance, et par ses riches productions a confondu les inquiétudes de ceux, auxquels la température variable et pluvieuse de l'été faisait craindre le retour de la disette. Et si par-ci par-là des orages ont occasionné quelque perte, que ce dommage est peu de chose en comparaison de tout le bien que nous avons reçue de la main du Seigneur! ce n'a été en quelque sorte qu'un avertissement pour nous rappeler qu'il est en sa puissance de nous donner ou de nous enlever ce qui nous est le plus nécessaire.

Et pourquoi ne ferions-nous pas mention du plus excellent de tous les dons de Dieu, de la sainte religion de Jésus, qui est enseignée purement dans les églises et dans les écoles, et qui est une source intarissable de vérité, de vertu, et de consolation pour tant de milliers d'ames?

Si l'expérience journalière de cette grâce du Seigneur qui se multiplie sur nous de tant de manières, doit à juste titre nous animer à la célébrer avec joie; Nous ne saurions cependant vous le cacher, un regard jeté sur l'état religieux et moral de Notre peuple, dévoile une grande corruption, qui en vérité nous rend indignes d'une telle grâce. Une légèreté sans bornes se manifeste dans les villes et à la campagne sous une multitude de formes; dans l'indifférence touchant la connaissance et l'adoration de Dieu, chez plusieurs dans un total abandon des temples du Seigneur, dans l'oisiveté, le goût du luxe, et une vie déréglée, qui entraînent la ruine de familles entières, comme aussi des individus en particulier. Et à côte de cette déplorable et criminelle légèreté, n'avons-nous pas la douleur de voir dans quelques contrées des hommes pervers

continuer à faire un horrible abus des choses divines, de tout ce qu'il y a de plus saint, pour tromper les simples, pour séduire les faibles, et se livrer à la plus grossière immoralité? Des iniquités aussi graves ayant lieu, ainsi que tant d'autres transgressions qui minent insensiblement la prospérité publique et domestique; le soin paternel que Nous devons prendre du salut de Nos resortissans Nous oblige à les exhorter sérieusement, de recourir à la grâce de Dieu en Jésus Christ, et de chercher auprès de Lui le pardon des péchés par une repentance non feinte, une foi vive, et une conversion véritable, se rappelant soigneusement qu'il ne faut pas s'en tenir à la simple promesse de s'amender, mais que le sacrifice agréable au Très-Haut, c'est une vie Chrétienne selon la vérité, la pureté, et la charité.

Nous attendons avec confiance, que quiconque desire le bien de la patrie, et son propre avantage, ne manquera pas au jour de jeûne prochain, d'implorer pour cet effet de l'amour éternel le secours d'enhaut, et la conservation des biens précieux dont nous jouissons.

Mais pour prévenir autant que possible tout ce qui pourrait troubler la dévotion pendant ce jour solennel de jeûne, Nous ordonnons enfin sérieusement, que durant tout ce saint jour, et la veille depuis les trois heures de l'après-dîner, toutes les auberges et pintes soient fermées pour chacun, excepté pour les voyageurs étrangers; Nous défendons en même temps les courses indécentes d'une paroisse dans une autre, et entendons que chacun fréquente l'église de sa paroisse.

Veuille l'Auteur de toute grâce lui-même faire servir cette institution à sa sainte gloire, à la prospérité de la patrie, et à l'avancement du bonheur de chacun en particulier.

Donné le 18 Août, 1823.

Chancellerie de Berne.

LETTER X.

Morat, August 25.—*Lausanne, August* 31, 1823.

Battle of Morat—Avenche—Payerne—Lausanne—Reformation—Translation of Scott—Lake of Geneva—Lodgings—Calvinism—Nyon—Coppet—M. Neckar—Madam de Staël—Geneva—Rhone—Steam Boat—Death of Missionaries Johnson and Palmer—The Pope—Ferney—Voltaire—Sunday at Lausanne—Preachers—Persecution—Calvin's Will—Arrêté at Lausanne.

Morat, Canton of Fribourg, 15 *Miles from Bern, Monday, August* 25, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

At length we have left Bern, eighteen days after our arrival. We have been driving to-day through a sweet country, though of ne-

cessity less striking than the Oberland, which still captivates my imagination. On reflection, I feel more and more gratified at having had health and strength to visit it. The Jungfrau, the Avalanches, the Giessbach, the Glacier of the Rhone, and the valley of the Reuss, seem quite to fill and overwhelm my mind. Even the Righi, bad as the weather was, has left a strong impression on my recollection. Next to a perfectly clear day, I conceive nothing could have been finer than the beholding the tremendous storm gathering in the horizon, hours before it burst upon us, contrasted with the sweet sunshine on the opposite side. I must tell you, that good old Mr. Wyttenbach called on us before we left Bern, and gave us his blessing: and that three young ladies out of our congregation yesterday, seemed a good deal affected with the discourse; they spoke to us this morning with evident interest and anxiety. It is impossible to reckon on the impressions made by a single sermon; but attention to truth is always a hopeful sign, and

may lead on to consideration, repentance, conversion;—" faith cometh by hearing."

It is, perhaps, scarcely worth adding to what I have said about Bern, that the founder of the town was a Duke of Zæhringen. He is represented over one of the gates, in a colossal form, twenty feet or more high. In all these towns and cantons, you should know, that the walks and varied beauties of nature are opened to the public, and you are sure to find shady paths and convenient seats for your repose; nothing is usurped as of private use. I forgot to say, that at Lucern, all the dogs in the town are secured with muzzles of brass or iron, placed loosely over the mouth; nothing could be more curious, than to meet ten or twelve of these poor animals in every street, thus deprived of liberty.

Morat, where we now are dining, is beautifully situated on the lake of that name; it is one thousand four hundred and sixty feet above the sea, and has a thousand inhabitants. It is

celebrated for one of those great battles, by which a small number of Swiss heroes overcame France and Austria, and established their independence. The battle of Morat was fought June 22, 1476, against Charles Duke of Burgundy. Two thousand heroes kept an army of seventy thousand French in check, at Morat, till the Swiss Confederates could arrive—Couriers were dispatched in all directions to hasten their march—In three weeks thirty-five thousand men were collected—They at once resolved to attack the enemy's camp; and they gained a complete victory. Three-and-twenty thousand of Charles's army perished on that day; and the Duke escaped with difficulty, with three thousand cavalry, to Morges. The Swiss loss was four hundred killed, and six hundred wounded.

The Lake of Morat, is only six miles long, and two broad; but abounds in a fish called sabet, said to be the largest of all the fresh water kinds. We have had a fearfully hot

ride of four hours and a half. This is the fourth fine day we have had in succession.

Payerne, Canton de Vaud, half-past Nine, Monday Night.—We left Morat at half-past six, and soon came to the spot where the battle of Morat was fought. A building formerly stood there, forty-four feet by fourteen, containing the bones of the Burgundians who fell, with this truly Swiss inscription: "The army of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, besieging Morat, was slain by the Swiss, and left behind them this monument, in 1476"—"hoc sui monumentum reliquit." The building was destroyed by the French, in 1798. A new and simple column was erected last year, with this inscription, "Victoriam, 22 Jun. 1476, patrum concordia partam, novo signat lapide Republica Fribourg, 1822." "The victory obtained by the union of their forefathers, 22d June, 1476, is marked with a new column by the Republic of Fribourg, 1822"—a simple and sublime record!

About half-past seven we passed through Avenche, the ancient Aventicum, founded 589 years before Christ, and a most flourishing city and a capital of Helvetia, under the Emperor Vespasian, from A. D. 69—77. It was destroyed by Attila in the fifth century. We saw the ruins of the Roman tower, walls, amphitheatre, altars, temples; and drove for a mile over what formerly constituted Aventicum. An inconsiderable village is all that now remains of what was once the metropolis of Switzerland. Thus the glory of cities passes away. The spot abounds with ancient inscriptions; one is too curious to be omitted. Tacitus relates, that Julius Alpinus, chief magistrate of Aventicum, was massacred by order of Aulus Cæcina, in the year 69; in spite of the prayers of his daughter. An inscription has been found in the antiquities of the town, which remarkably confirms this historical fact. It is an epitaph, most simple and touching, on this very daughter, and supposed to be written by herself. "I, Julia Alpinula, here lie, the

unhappy offspring of an unhappy father. I could not avert by my entreaties the death of my father; the fates had appointed him an evil death. I lived XXIII. years."* It is thus that incidental circumstances corroborate the truth of history. The Scripture annals have been confirmed a thousand times in a similar manner; and though they embrace a period of several thousand years, and touch on the history of all countries, and have lain open to the misrepresentations of unbelievers in every age, nothing has ever been established to weaken their authenticity.

Moudon, Tuesday Morning, August 26.—We set off this morning at half-past eight. Before breakfast, we went to see the church of Payerne, where there is a tomb of Queen Bertha, who built, in 962, the Cathedral, from the ruins of Avenche; the edifice is now used

* " Julia Alpinula hic jaceo, infelicis patris infelix proles. Exorare patris necem non potui; male mori in fatis illi erat. Vixi annos, XXIII."—Grut. Inscrip. Tac. Hist. L. 1 et 2.

as a barn. We saw also, the curious saddle which she used, made of wood cased with iron, and with a high framework, like a child's go-cart, so as to defend and fix the whole body. We are now at a small town called Moudon, twelve miles from Payerne—one thousand four hundred souls—built by the Romans, on the Broie river, which joins the lakes of Morat and Neufchâtel. The country here is much more tame than in the Oberland (indeed you must expect dull letters after the wonders of the Alps), but still fruitful, variegated, agreeable.

Now let me answer your inquiries about the beds in the Pays Bas and Germany (for my letters are miscellanies indeed): 1st. We were in danger of rolling out, from the inclined, shelving form of the high, thick, awkward, trebled mattresses; the beds inclined both from one side to the other, and from the head to the foot. 2d. If you kept in bed, then you were in danger of losing all the scanty clothes at once, by the slightest change of position. 3d.

If you laid hold of the clothes to prevent this, then you infallibly uncovered your feet; and in rising to adjust the clothes, the whole bed became deranged. 4th. When other things were settled, you had to search about with your hands in the straw of the mattresses, and push down some of the principal bumps as well as you could. 5th. The curtains being suspended on a ring or hoop, from the top of the room (the beds having no posts), you were in danger of pulling down the whole canopy upon you, if you drew the curtains round you. 6th. All these dangers being over, you were exposed every minute, till the house was quiet, to persons of all descriptions coming into your room; for the lock would sometimes not turn, and you had no bolts. Then, 7th. The servants knew not one word of French; and, lastly, the beds themselves were so small, and so beset with hard wooden sides and ends, that you were infallibly exposed to injuring your hands, or arms, or head, by violent blows. Now we are in Switzerland, the beds are generally better.

Lausanne, Capital of Pays de Vaud, Tuesday Night.—We arrived here at eight o'clock. The drive of twelve miles was fine and beautiful. We crossed Mount Jorat, two thousand seven hundred and seventy feet above the sea. The mountains on the other side of the Lake of Geneva were clearly visible; but Mount Blanc (the great popular curiosity of Switzerland, or Savoy, properly speaking) was obscured with clouds. As we approached Lausanne, the Lake and adjoining country opened beautifully before us. The peasants have here a new variety of bonnets—a straw one, rising above the head in turrets, and ending in a sort of handle at the top, something like a bell. Lausanne is a town of eleven thousand souls; Protestant; one thousand six hundred and eighty feet above the sea." It is situated on three hills with their intermediate vallies, so that many of the streets are steep. It is filled with voituriers and carriages of all sorts, and claims a kind of privilege of furnishing travellers, who commonly enter Switzerland by way of France, for their Swiss tour in the sum-

mer, and their Italian in the winter. The Lake of Leman, or Geneva, on which it stands, is the largest in Switzerland, after that of Constance. It is above forty miles long, and ten broad; forty small rivers, besides the Rhone, fall into it; Geneva is at the other end of it. A steam-boat has just begun to sail in it, for the first time in Switzerland.

We heard yesterday and to-day of the effects of the dreadful storm on Wednesday night, when we were on the Righi: seven houses and many heads of cattle were destroyed. What thanks do *we* owe to a good Providence for preservation! One stroke of lightning might have summoned the crowded guests of our inn, and us amongst them, to their eternal account! You have no idea, in England, of the storms in these warmer climates.

Lausanne, Wednesday, Three o'clock.—We have taken lodgings for a month, with liberty to quit at a fortnight. A kind, excellent Swiss

friend, whom we knew in London, has been indefatigable for our comfort. We have a suite of four rooms on the first floor, looking full on the fine Lake of Geneva; a sitting room about twenty-five feet square; three bed rooms, and a cabinet; all neat, and even elegant; with an approach through a gateway and yard, from the main street; so that we have the most exquisite view imaginable on the one side, and all the comforts of a town, on the other. We have a nice little garden, to which we descend from our parlour; from this we look down upon a sweet garden belonging to another house; from which the vineyards begin still lower down the hill, and these vineyards extend to the Lake itself. We pay two hundred and forty francs a month, about two pounds ten shillings a week. It is no recommendation to us, but we are informed, that Gibbon inhabited our lodgings for six weeks, before his own house was ready for his reception.*

* Gibbon thus describes the situation of his house; which is quite applicable to our charming lodgings: "I occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the

Thursday, Six o'clock Morning, August 28. —Lausanne is by no means a fine town in itself, but it is most beautifully situated. It stands above five hundred feet above the Lake, and is a fine object from a distance. There are charming walks just beyond it, on one of the hills, commanding a view of the Lake, and of the part of the town which stands upon a second and nearly parallel hill. The intermediate valley is filled with vines. Noble trees and seats increase the pleasure of the promenade. It was amongst the earliest towns to embrace the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The proverbial dissoluteness of manners of the Popish clergy of that era, is still talked of in Lausanne. The Church of St. Anne, and the houses of the priests, were, in fact, turned into places of the grossest and most abandoned profligacy. It was thus,

north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres has been laid out by the taste of M. Deyverdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and the prospect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy."

that the enormity of the evil, prepared men to receive the remedy.

Never was any point of history more clearly made out than the necessity of the Reformation. Christianity was almost forgotten, both in its doctrines and duties; and a frightful code of superstition, united with manners the most corrupt, was rapidly obliterating every trace of its genuine character. Even as the Roman Catholic religion exists now, a reformation would have been indispensable. But we are to judge of the importance of that great event, not by what Popery actually is, after the tacit influence on it of three centuries of evangelical truth, in the Reformed churches; but by what it was before Martin Luther separated from it, and by what it would have been, long before the present day, if that heroic Reformer and his noble associates had not acted as they did. And we are to recollect, that besides the gross errors, both in faith and practice, which disgraced it then, and which disgrace it still, it cherishes a spi-

rit of persecution, insists on all its absurdities as matters of faith, imposes its iron yoke on the conscience, and will hear of no remonstrance, no advice, no correction.*

The Panorama in London gives an accurate and pleasing view of the entrance to Lausanne from Geneva. In the evening, the dear children and I spent all the time in our sweet little garden, or rather terrace, for we have a

* This tyrannical dominion is one characteristic of the fallen Church of Rome. "We offer the Papists every thing we ought, and more than we ought," says Luther, "we only claim to ourselves the liberty of conscience, which we have in Christ Jesus. We will not be compelled or bound in conscience to any work, so that by doing it we should be righteous, by omitting it condemned. We will willingly use the same meats with them, and observe the same feasts and fasts, if they will only permit us to keep them of our free choice, and cease from those threatening words, by which they have hitherto terrified and subjected the whole world: 'We command, we insist, we excommunicate,' &c. Here we will, and ought to be rebels, and pertinacious; otherwise we should lose the truth of the Gospel, and our liberty, which we have, not in Cæsar, in kings, in princes, nor in the Pope, the world, and the flesh, but in Christ Jesus."—Comm. in Gal. p. 71. Wittenb. 1535.

wall and iron railing which supports the ground of which it is composed; and this railing prevents our falling down thirty or forty feet into the next terrace-garden, which is immediately below us towards the Lake. It is now six in the morning: the three windows of our saloon are open; the sun is mounting over the hills on the other side of the Lake, and shedding a lovely tint on every object. Our kind fellow-traveller and my eldest son are going with me, in a car, to Geneva (thirty miles), that I may not lose a moment in seeing after the translation of Scott.

You know that I have been some time engaged in assisting to have this admirable practical comment on the Scriptures translated into French. The whole body of French Protestant Theology affords no one plain, spiritual, solid exposition of the Holy Scriptures. With immense difficulty I have found a translator well skilled in English, accustomed to literary occupation, master of a good style, and of the same sentiments with my author.

He has nearly translated the Gospel of St. Matthew. The warm approbation of the design from all quarters exceedingly encourages me to go on; and the tendency to error and excess amongst some pious persons here, makes it more and more important. Still I feel a great doubt whether so large a work will succeed, in the present state of things, on the continent. At the utmost, I only expect it may conspire, with other more efficient and adequate measures, to aid the revival of religion. May God order, direct, and bless!

I approach Geneva (for which I am now setting off) with feelings of peculiar veneration. The name of Calvin stands high amongst the Reformers, Divines, and Scholars of the sixteenth century. There is no man to whom I owe so much as a commentator. The reproaches cast so liberally on what is called Calvinism in England, are, for the most part (as moderate men of all parties now agree in allowing), either the effect of pure ignorance, or of dislike to spiritual religion. The excesses

and daring spirit of too many modern religionists, have no warrant in the writings of Calvin. A more sober, practical, holy writer, generally speaking, does not exist. There was, undoubtedly, something harsh in his character; he carried his acuteness too far in his system of divinity, so as to overstep, in my judgment, the exact moderation of the Sacred Writings; and in his scheme of church government, he followed, not the Episcopalian, but the Presbyterian model. His virtues bordered on severity. But, after all these deductions, he was amongst the very first men of his own or any age; and the objections raised against his writings in modern times, have little or nothing to do with his failings, but might be almost as well raised against what the Scriptures state of the fall of man, of salvation by grace, of justification by faith, of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and of holy obedience as the fruit of love.* In fact, these are the things in

* I place the preamble of his will at the end of this Letter.

which true religion consists; and, therefore, they are distasteful to the pride and sensuality of fallen man. This dislike sometimes assumes one disguise and sometimes another; but it is only a disguise—the dislike is to vital godliness itself. What is now opposed in England as Calvinism, was opposed in the preceding age under other names; and will be opposed in the next age under names still varying with the fashion of the day.

Nyon, on the road to Geneva, 21 miles, One o'clock, Thursday.—We are sitting in a garden, at a most beautiful spot on the Lake, which, with its deep-blue waters is rippling before us. We set off in our car at seven this morning, my son driving, and my friend and I going inside. The day is hot, but beautiful. We have driven most of the way through vineyards, which have little or no fence to them. The grapes are now large, and in some few spots ripe; but the vintage will not take place for a month. We passed through Morges and Rolle, two lovely towns, situated each on a bay of the

Lake, and affording, as you approach them, a charming view.

We are now at Nyon, the spot where Cæsar, after defeating the Helvetii, founded the first Roman colony, fifty-six years before the birth of our Lord. All here is fertility, industry, and fruitfulness. This Lake of Geneva is diversified by perpetual bays, towns, chateaux, vineyards, orchards, country-houses. I observe, in the towns, that the shopkeepers, in their signs, give not merely a single figure, as in England; as of a man, a boot, a bottle, a hat, &c.; but a long board filled with all the figures of different sorts of boots, bottles, hats, which they happen to sell; so that you have quite an historical painting—in wretched style of course.

About six miles before we came to Geneva, we passed through the beautiful village of Coppet, celebrated as the residence of M. Neckar, and of his still more distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël. I much wished to have

called at the chateau, to which I had been invited by the kindness of the present possessor, the Baron de Staël; but I found it was impossible. You will be charmed to hear that the Baron with his noble and amiable sister, are blessings to the neighbourhood. Their benevolence and piety are such, that they acquaint themselves with the circumstances of all the poor families around them, and administer relief to their bodies and minds. It is quite delightful to think, that the descendants of one of the most able statesmen of France, and of perhaps the most brilliant writer of her age, should be devoting all their talents to the diffusion of the truest philosophy, the illumination and moral elevation of their fellow-creatures, by the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of the blessings of real Christianity as purchased by our Lord and Saviour. It was with extreme regret I found myself unable even to make a short stay in this attractive spot.

Geneva, Thursday Night, Nine o'clock.—We arrived here about six, after a very hot, dusty,

disagreeable journey in point of fatigue; our little low car placed us, as we approached the city, in the midst of the dust; and we met a continued succession of carriages. The country continued sweet and beautiful. The view of the Cathedral, and other buildings of the city, from the hill, is very fine, chiefly from the circumstance of its being placed at the extremity of the Lake, just where its waters flow out and form the Rhone. This noble river, which I saw springing from the glacier, between the Grimsel and the Furca, and which was then a stream of mere turbid snow-water, enters the Lake of Geneva at Boverat, nearly of the same muddy white colour; but when it flows out and enters France, it is of the clearest deep-blue colour, pure to the bottom. It seems to be nearly as wide here, as the Thames at London. As it rolls on to Lyon, it receives several rivers as large as itself, till at last, in its approach to the Mediterranean, it surpasses, in volume and rapidity, the Rhine. It is, altogether, one of the noblest rivers of Europe. It rushes through Geneva, in two or three

large streams from the lake; and convenient bridges are thrown over them.

Geneva is very ancient; it is mentioned by Cæsar as the last town of the Allobroges, and the nearest to the borders of Helvetia. It now contains twenty-five thousand souls, in about one thousand houses, which gives a much larger proportion for each house than any other place I am acquainted with. The houses are accordingly very high—five or six stories. Many of the streets have a peculiarly awkward appearance from the roofs, at this extreme height, jutting out over the streets ten or twelve feet, and being propped up by poles, or wooden pillars, fixed on the ground below, and then secured midway by cross-beams. Nothing can be so awkward; and what increases the awkwardness is, that small rows of shops run opposite the houses between the foot-way and the street itself.* It resembles somewhat our ancient city of Chester. The

* This obstruction is, I understand, about to be gradually removed.

town is famed for education, talent, industry, and commerce. Watch-making is particularly followed. Numbers of English are here, and in the neighbouring villages, and country-houses—and their opinions and example have the greatest weight. I wish I could report that the tendency of them was uniformly good.

At the table-d'hôte, at supper, we had the mortification to find that the new steam-vessel sailed from Lausanne to-day, and brought nearly one hundred passengers, without heat, dust, &c., in six hours, what took us nearly twelve; nay, that the air was so fresh on the Lake, that many persons put on their great coats. We were the more vexed, because we had inquired about the boat, and were misinformed. The fact is, this steam-boat is so violently opposed by voituriers and innkeepers' servants, that there is no learning the truth concerning it. It is a ten or twelve horse-power, built by a Scotch engineer, with a crew of Italians; burns wood; goes the tour of the towns on the Lake once a week; and answers

uncommonly well, having fifty or sixty passengers most days. I wrote a note to my translator last night, and am to see him this morning.

Friday Morning, Seven o'clock.—I am now writing in my room at my inn at Geneva, five stories high, with three windows overlooking the Rhone and the Lake, and a view of the town and rising hills on the opposite shore. By being at this height, I am lifted up out of the smells, closeness, and heat of the streets at this hot season; and therefore ascend my eighty weary stairs, and cross the eight landing-places, contentedly.

Friday, half-past Nine.—I have sent to the post, and received your welcome letter of July the twenty-ninth; many, many thanks for all your intelligence. I have written a note to Cologne to recover your first. Present my kindest love to our friends of the Church Missionary Society; tell them to be of "good cheer in the name of the Lord:" these sad

deaths amongst the Missionaries, of which your letter gave me the account, are the way to life. Johnson and Palmer are names dear to the churches of Africa. I knew them both. Johnson attended me for some time before he went to Africa, to receive such advice and instruction as I could give him. The surprising success of his labours has often filled my heart with gratitude.* His simplicity and devotedness were seldom equalled.

Palmer was also a man of peculiar faith and love. He had won my heart. In early life he had been in the army. In the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna he was quite a boy, and would have perished, if an officer had not rolled him in a blanket and thrown him on horseback behind him, and thus rescued him. He was at the battle of Waterloo: I remember the vivid description he gave me of

* He left a congregation of 1700 people at Regent, a town near Sierra Leone, and schools of above 1000 children. The communicants were 450, all converted Negroes, who had been liberated from slave vessels.

that dreadful field. He described to me the majestic figure of Lord Wellington as he hastened on his fine charger, with his telescope in his hand, and his loose Spanish cloak floating behind him, to different parts of the line. At the close of the war, he devoted himself to another and a higher service; on that service he had just entered, when it pleased God thus to call him to himself, with his wife and infant child. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence. Johnson was removed in the midst of his eminent success; Palmer in the dawn of future promise. Johnson from the four or five hundred converts, and the seventeen hundred hearers whom he had been the means of collecting around him;—Palmer from the crowded population of Free Town, where a wide field of probable usefulness was opening before him. The loss of two such men is a heavy stroke, and was meant to be felt; but may that God who has inflicted it, sanctify, support, overrule, comfort! The more my own health has failed, the more do I learn to feel for my friends in England under

sickness and sufferings. I am myself, indeed, wonderfully better: I eat, sleep, and bear fatigue well; still I am not without feelings of weakness at times—and as life flows on, I see eternity more vividly before me.

The news has just arrived here, that the Pope is dead, at the age of eighty-two or eighty-three. There is said to be a current prophecy at Rome, that whatever Pope shall reign twenty-four years, he will be the last. This Pope has reigned nearly twenty-four years: Would to God he may be the last!

One o'clock.—I have been three or four hours with my chief translator. He is evidently an amiable, pious, sensible, scholar-like young man; but dejected, feeble in health, and of a tender, and perhaps somewhat scrupulous, mind. St. Matthew is translated in the rough, and part of it is copied. I have been able to contradict a report which has been prevalent here, that I was actually dead. My friends were solemnly assured of the fact

the other day; I believe they are now convinced that the report was premature.

Lausanne, Saturday, August 30.—I spent the evening, yesterday, with my translator at Geneva; saw what he had done in the translation, and fixed a meeting with some friends on the same business for next week. I met in the course of the evening several persons of much piety and tenderness of spirit. Afterwards I walked about many parts of the city, which is surrounded with a beautiful country. A new wooden bridge, suspended by iron wires, twisted together like cords, and carried over three stone gates or arches, is very curious. It leads across the fortifications and fosse, to a lovely point for seeing Mont Blanc, which, however, the cloudy weather forbad us to behold.

In the evening my friend and companion, with my son, drove out to Ferney, where Voltaire lived. The portraits of Milton and Sir Isaac Newton are in his room; his tomb was

destroyed by the Austrians; but he ordered a bust to be erected at Ferney, fifty years after his death—1828. The mischief which he did to Switzerland, and especially to Geneva, is not to be described. A previous decline in spiritual religion, and in the great doctrines of their Reformers, had disposed the Genevese to receive the poison of his writings and example. He boasted that the magistrates and clergy dined commonly with him; that all honest men were Deists, though some few Calvinists, out of a city of twenty-four thousand free-thinkers, remained; and that he should soon gain over the whole place. Howard, our celebrated philanthropist, said, in 1770, that he then found that "the principles of one of the vilest of men (so he describes Voltaire) had greatly debased the ancient purity and splendour of Geneva." The fact is, that some even of the ministers of religion corresponded with Voltaire, and allowed him to jest with Christianity in his letters to them. They were not ashamed also to be present at his private theatre, with all its corruptions and pro-

faneness. The consequences need not be stated.

When speaking on this subject, it is impossible not to lament, that the Christianity which Voltaire beheld, whether in France or in Geneva, was not calculated to give him a right impression of its high and holy tendency. Gross superstition, and a careless Protestantism, almost equally concealed from him the commanding grace and blessedness which the doctrine of a divine Saviour, and the rule of Christian holiness, are designed to convey. The extreme profligacy of the French court, under the Regency, and throughout the reign of Louis XV. must have aided also in maturing his infidel and demoralizing principles.

This morning at six, my friend and I returned to Lausanne, in the steam-boat, leaving my son to drive home the car. Instead of eleven hours of sun, dust, and fatigue, we had six hours of cool, agreeable, tranquil passage over the Lake. We reached Lausanne at twelve

o'clock; and I found my dear family all well, and most happy in their nice lodgings. The heat is very great. The Swiss say, each such day is a ton of gold in ripening the vintage. In the evening I walked with my old Lausanne friend to a beautiful hill, called The Signal; it presents a panoramic view of the town, lake, and adjoining country. The ascent is by a lovely winding path in the midst of meadows and vineyards.

Sunday Morning, August 31st, Lausanne, Eleven o'clock.—I have been already twice to church: at half-past six, the parish church near us was filled with people; and I heard a pretty good discourse from that admirable text, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." John, iii. 14, 15. The fault of the sermon was, the being too superficial, too general, too declamatory. At nine, I went to the Cathedral, to hear the first preacher in the Canton. He is a Doctor of Divinity, of great respect-

ability, and of a venerable appearance, about sixty-five years of age. The service began, by a young student of the college ascending the pulpit, and reading, rather carelessly, three chapters of the Bible, whilst the congregation was assembling. He then read the Ten Commandments, and the summary of them given by our Saviour. Upon this he left the pulpit, and the preacher mounted it, who began by giving out two verses of a hymn. An organ led the immense congregation, whilst a chanteur, a sort of clerk, standing up in the middle of a pew (the congregation, I am sorry to say, sit in singing), sung with a very loud and distinct voice. Then the preacher read an excellent, but brief confession of sin, and some prayers. The whole of this part of the service was good; but, as I thought, vastly inferior to the simple and edifying Liturgy of our own church.

He next delivered a discourse of twenty-five minutes, from 1 Cor. xi. 26.—"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do

shew the Lord's death till he come." His divisions were clear and appropriate. First, Ye shew forth the merit and propitiation of the death of Christ; secondly, Ye shew forth the infinite love of Christ in that death, and the obligation we are under of loving each other; thirdly, Ye shew forth your belief in the future coming of your Lord, and the fulfilment of all his promises. The whole was admirably good; striking, solid, elevated, instructive, evangelical—perhaps it wanted something as to the application to the heart and conscience towards the close. After the sermon, the reverend preacher read a prayer for all states of men; the creed; and a concluding prayer. The clerk very much offended me by sitting with his hat on during the service. The Cathedral is a fine old large building.

Nine at Night.—I resume. The venerable Professor's sermon at the Cathedral this morning was so good, that I lament to hear his doctrine is not equally so at all times, and

above all, that he joins in a persecution of a few very pious, though possibly not altogether discreet, persons who have lately appeared in the Canton. What an inconsistent thing is human nature! Here, in this small republic, which boasts of its freedom, almost inquisitorial powers are assumed by the magistrates and clergy. This is exactly what I feared, when speaking of Bern. As soon as any person gives offence, the magistrates make no scruple of banishing him at once. They allow no dissidents from the establishment; not a soul. A minister who is suspended cannot preach at all. Now, at Geneva, non-conforming ministers, and meeting-houses are tolerated, at least for the present. And yet at Geneva, the church has openly denied the faith, whilst at Lausanne, the main features of orthodoxy are strongly insisted on: all these things furnish much matter for reflection.

Perhaps one may say, that indifference naturally leans towards toleration; and proud nominal orthodoxy towards persecution. In-

difference inclines towards toleration, because it undervalues the importance of all religious sentiments; and because it is aware it needs for itself the forbearance it claims for others. But orthodoxy, when separated from the true spirit of the Gospel, is often self-righteous, bigoted, proud—proud of talents, proud of what it thinks the correct form of truth, proud of holding others in subjection, proud of crushing opposition, proud of erecting itself as a Pope in its own circle; it therefore leans towards persecution. These incidental evils do not at all lessen the immense importance of truth; in fact, they are not evils belonging to truth, but to the want of a practical, affectionate, humble apprehension of it, in all its extent.*

At half-past eleven, this morning, we went to the English service, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman, who was passing through the town. At two, I heard a

* See second notice at the end of this letter, p. 314.

fourth sermon, pretty good, from a Professor of the Cathedral—But I am weary, and must again say, adieu.

Believe me your affectionate

D. W.

P. S. We think of taking a tour to Chamouny and the Great St. Bernard next week, after my meeting at Geneva; leaving Mrs. W. in this beautiful house, where we have one of the finest, softest views in Switzerland.

Preamble

To Calvin's last Will.*

I subjoin, as a specimen of Calvin's theological views, as well as of his spirit and character, the preamble to his last will, dictated just before his death in May, 1564.

"In the name of the Lord, Amen. I, John Calvin, minister of the word of God in the church of Geneva, being so oppressèd and afflicted with various diseases, that I am fully induced to think that the Lord God has determined shortly to take me out of this world, have ordered to be made and written my testament and my last will, in the form that follows:

"First of all I give thanks to God that he had mercy on me (whom he created and placed in this world), and not only delivered

* Referred to p. 290.

me from the profound darkness of idolatry in which I was sunk, and brought me into the light of his Gospel, and made me a partaker of the doctrine of salvation, of which I was most unworthy; and not only, with the same mercy and loving-kindness, bore with my many faults and sins, for which I deserved to be rejected and cast off by him; but also that he hath exercised such gentleness and kindness towards me, as to deign to make use of me in preaching and promulgating the truth of his Gospel. And I testify and profess that it is my wish and intention to spend what may remain of my life in that same faith and religion which he delivered to me by his Gospel, nor to have any other hope or refuge for salvation than his gracious adoption; on which only my salvation rests. And I embrace with my whole soul the mercy which he has vouchsafed me for the sake of Jesus Christ, by making propitiation for my sins by the merit of his death and passion; so that satisfaction might be made for all my sins and transgressions, and the memorial of them be blotted out. I

testify also and profess that I humbly beg of him that he will so wash and purify me by the blood of that supreme Redeemer, poured out for the sins of the human race (effuso pro humani generis peccatis), that I may be permitted to stand before his tribunal in the image of the Redeemer himself. Also I profess that I have diligently laboured, according to the measure of grace and loving-kindness which God has bestowed on me, purely and simply to preach his word both in my sermons and in my writings and commentaries, and faithfully interpret his Holy Scriptures. I testify also and profess that in all the contentions and debates which I have had with the enemies of the Gospel, I have made use of no tricks nor sophistical and bad methods, but have acted candidly and sincerely in defending the truth.

"But, woe is me! all my labour and zeal (if they deserve the name) have been so remiss and languid, that I confess that innumerable things have been wanting to the right discharge

of my office, and that unless the unbounded loving-kindness of God had aided me, all my labour would have been useless and vain. Yea, moreover I acknowledge that unless the same loving-kindness had helped me, the gifts and blessings of my mind which he vouchsafed to me would have more and more brought me in guilty, before his tribunal, of sin and negligence. On which account, I testify and profess that I have no other hope of salvation except this one, that God, as he is the Father of mercies, will show himself a Father to me who acknowledge myself a miserable sinner."

ARRETE

Of Lausanne.*

Since my return to England, I find an *Arrêté* has actually been published at Lausanne, in the precise language that persecutors have almost uniformly adopted since Louis the Fourteenth's revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It forbids all private religious meetings; and directs magistrates to dissolve such meetings by force. Every person found guilty of being present at these meetings is to be punished with fines, imprisonments, &c.

And is it in Switzerland—Switzerland, the nurse of the Reformation—Switzerland, the country of Zuingle and Ecolampadius, and Beza—Switzerland, the last favourite refuge of religious liberty in Europe, that this has taken place? Who can too strongly express his detestation of such intolerant and unchris-

* Referred to p. 308.

tian measures! For the calumniated persons, who are the objects of it, are acknowledged on all hands to be peaceable members of the Republic, unexceptionable in their moral conduct, and pious and devoted Christians. What trifling faults they may have committed, or what errors even they may have fallen into, I do not know, nor will I trouble myself to inquire;—it is enough for me to know that such infirmities and foibles, supposing them to exist, are no palliation whatever of the abominable guilt of persecution. But so it is. The clergy, when they refuse to accept of divine grace, have always been the worst of enemies to real spiritual religion. All experience declares this, and especially the history of the sufferings of Christ our Lord.

I subjoin a copy of the Arrêté, as a most curious document, and a sad specimen of what a Protestant government is capable of enacting:—

" *Le Conseil d'Etat du Canton de Vaud.*

" Vu les rapports parvenus depuis quelques années, sur les principes et la conduite d'une nouvelle secte en matière de réligion, vulgairement appelée des Momiers, qui s'est introduite dans le Canton; ainsi que sur les assemblées ou réunions de cette secte qui, dans certains lieux, se tiennent aux mêmes heures que le service du culte public ;

" Considérant que si l'autorité n'a pas à s'occuper de ce qui concerne les opinions réligieuses des individus, en tant qu'elles n'influent pas sur l'ordre publique, il est neanmoins de son devoir d'intervenir, lorsque ces opinions se manifestent par des actes extérieures qui tendent à troubler cet ordre public ;

" Considérant que la nouvelle secte dont il s'agit, a donné lieu sur divers points du Canton à des désordres plus ou moins grâves, qui, s'ils n'étaient arrêtés dans leur première cause, pourraient avoir par leur développement ultérieur de facheux resultats ;

" Considérant que ces sectaires ont declaré par l'intermédiaire de ceux qui s'annoncent comme leurs chefs ou directeurs, qu'ils se séparent de l'Eglise Nationale et se rendent independans des institutions et ordonnances qui la régissent, pour former une Eglise nouvelle ;

" Considérant que les actes qui se font dans leur assemblées constitueraient ainsi un véritable culte, étranger à la religion de l'état ;

" Considérant que les principes erronnés ou exagérés professés dans les dites assemblées et hautement avoués soit par les sectaires, soit par ceux qui se présentent comme leurs Chefs, sont absolument subversifs de l'ordre social, tant sous le point de vue de l'union dans les familles, que sous celui des rapports qui dérivent des institutions civiles et religieuses ;

" Considérant enfin que les dits sectaires se placent, par leurs discours, leurs démarches, et leurs actes de proselytisme, dans un état d'aggression ouverte contre l'Eglise Nationale ;

" Ouï le departement de l'Interieur——Arrêté.

" Article 1. Les Assemblées ci-dessus mentionnées sont expressément défendues, commes contraires à l'ordre public et à la paix religieuse.

" Art. 2. Les Juges de Paix et les Municipalités sont spécialement chargés de faire dissoudre immédiatement toute assemblée ou réunion de ce genre, et cela par les moyens que la loi met à leur disposition pour le maintien de l'ordre public.

" Les Juges de Paix et les Municipalités feront sans délai rapport au Conseil d'Etat des mésures qu'ils auront prises en execution du présent article, et des circonstances qui auront provoqué ces mésures.

" Art. 3. Toute personne réunie à une de ces assemblées prohibées, qui n'aura pas obéi de suite à l'ordre de se séparer et sera convaincue d'avoir, par sa résistance, mis

l'autorité dans le cas d'employer la force, sera poursuivie pour être punie conformément à l'Article 53 du Code Correctionel (trois jours de prisons) sans préjudice des peines plus grâves auxquelles les suites de cette résistance pourraient donner lieu.

" Art. 4. Seront poursuivis pour être punis conformément à l'Article 58 du Code Correctionel (600 livres d'amende, ou dix ans de prisons), suivant le prescrit de l'article 11 de la loi du 2 Juin, 1810, tous les individus dont les démarches tendraient a gagner des proselytes à une secte contraire à la paix religieuse et à l'ordre public. Tout individu qui fournirait un emplacement quelconque pour y tenir des assemblées prohibées, sera envisagé, comme complice et poursuivi comme tel.

" Art. 5. Seront également poursuivis, pour être punis des peines mentionnées à l'article précédent tous les individus reconnus pour avoir provoqué ou dirigé une assemblée prohibée, ou pour avoir fonctionné en qualité de Chefs, ou de Directeurs, ou de tout autre manière semblable.

" Art. 6. Le present arrêté sera imprimé, publié, et affiché. Il sera transmis aux Lieutenants du Conseil d'Etat, aux Juges de Paix, et aux Municipalités chargés de veiller et de tenir la main à son execution.

" Donné sous le sceau du Conseil d'Etat à Lausanne le 15 Janvier, 1824.

" *Suivent les signatures et le sceau.*"

Thus is the Inquisition of Spain transferred to Protestant Switzerland; and the noblest gift of the Reformation, LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, is openly violated.

As this part of the volume is again going through the press,* I take the opportunity of giving some further information on the above most distressing subject, partly taken from letters lately received from Switzerland, and partly from other authentic sources. It is quite lamentable to see to what a length some of the Swiss PROTESTANT governments have actually carried the spirit of persecution.

I first give a copy of the law passed at Lausanne last May, four months after the above Arrêté, and embodying the enactments of that decree:—

"*Le grand Conseil du Canton de Vaud, sur la proposition du Conseil d'Etat.*

"Considérant que quelques personnes exaltées cher-

* March, 1825.

chent à introduire et à propager une nouvelle secte religieuse ;

" Voulant réprimer les actes de cette secte, qui troublent l'ordre public, décrète :

" Article 1. Toute assemblée de partisans de cette secte, formée de personnes étrangères à la famille, pour y exercer le culte, ou y célébrer quelqu'une des cérémonies de l'Eglise, est défendue, et sera immédiatement dissoute.

" Art. 2. Les personnes qui auront présidé ou dirigé ces assemblées, y auront officié, ou auront fourni le local, seront responsables et punies de l'une des peines qui suivent.

" Art. 3. Toute acte de prosélytisme ou de séduction, tendant à gagner à cette secte, est interdit ; et celui ou ceux qui s'en seraient rendus coupables, seront punis de l'une des peines ci-après.

" Dans l'appréciation de la gravité du délit, et dans l'application de la peine, les tribunaux prendront en considération la séduction exercée envers les instituteurs des colléges ou écoles, envers les personnes du sexe, ou celles qui sont sous l'autorité de parens ou tuteurs.

" Art. 4. Les contraventions aux articles 2 et 3 ci-dessus seront punies, ou par une amende qui ne pourra excéder six cents francs, ou par la défense d'aller ou de séjourner dans telle commune, ou par la confination dans une commune pour un temps qui ne pourra excéder une année, ou par une prison de discipline qui ne pourra excéder une année, ou enfin par un bannissement hors du canton qui ne pourra excéder trois ans.

Art. 5. La défense d'aller ou de séjourner dans une commune sera convertie en confination du condamné dans sa commune, pour un temps qui ne pourra excéder une année, dans le cas où il aurait enfreint cette défense.

La confination dans une commune sera convertie en prison de discipline pour le reste du temps, si le condamné avait enfrient sa confination.

Le bannissement hors du canton sera converti en prison de discipline pour le reste du temps, si le condamné avait rompu son ban.

Art. 6. Toute cause qui aura pour object un des délits prévus par la présente loi, sera nécessairement soumise au tribunal d'appel.

Art. 7. Le Conseil d'état est chargé de la publication et de l'exécution de la présente loi.

Donné sous le grand sceau de l'état, à Lausanne, le 20 Mai 1824.

Such is the harsh and inconsistent law of a Protestant Swiss canton, in the enactments of which neither is the sect well defined, nor the crime clearly pointed out, nor the punishment invariably fixed—but all is left to the interpretation of tribunals and the eagerness of informers. It seems that if a single person, not of the family, should be present where the

Scriptures are read by a parent to his children and servants, the whole number would be considered as guilty. This is far more indefinite and oppressive than the French laws, bad as they confessedly are, which prohibit the periodical assembly of more than twenty persons without the authority of the government; and thus at least define precisely the act which is to be considered as criminal.

And above all, what is this prohibition of proselytism? Are not men to be allowed, by reasoning and persuasion, peaceably to propose their sentiments to others? May men talk of politics, literature, philosophy; and is religion alone—*the one thing needful*—to be banished from their conversation?

But I proceed to give some account of the actual execution of this unjust law.

M. Charles Rochat, minister of the Gospel, of the Canton de Vaud, of a respectable family, and whose brother is one of the

national Clergy of the Canton, is the first on whom the severity of the new law has fallen. Five persons were found seated around a table in his house, with the Bible open before them, the wife of M. Rochat, a common friend, with two of his sisters, and a young person, a stranger. This was the whole crime. M. Rochat was found guilty of reading in his own house, before his wife and four friends, a chapter of the New Testament! For this he was at first condemned to three years' banishment, which, however, the Tribunal of Appeal reduced to one year.

Next, M. Olivier was banished for two years by the sentence of the same law.

Like judgments have been pronounced against MM. Chavannes, Juvet, and Fivaz, of whom the two former were previously confined TEN WEEKS IN PRISON.

Two females also were banished by the Jugement de Première Instance of the tribu-

nals of Orbe and Yverdun, on the charge of similar meetings being held at their houses; one of whom, however, has been since acquitted at Lausanne, as it was proved that she lived with her mother; and, consequently, that it was at her mother's house, and not at her's, that some friends after dinner had read the Bible together.

But it is not merely in the Canton de Vaud that these enormous instances of injustice have occurred, at NEUFCHATEL an act of arbitrary power has just been committed, almost incredible from its severity. An old law, long obsolete, has been discovered, which it seems was passed two or three hundred years back. A simple agriculteur has been made the first victim of its revived powers. He received into his house M. Juvet, one of the condemned ministers of the Canton de Vaud, and allowed him to administer the sacrament. For this crime he was thrown into PRISON FOR THREE MONTHS, and was then brought up in chains and with a rope drawn tight round his

neck to receive sentence. TEN YEARS OF BANISHMENT was the punishment pronounced —and if he shall attempt to return before the expiration of this term, he is to be MARKED WITH A HOT IRON for the first offence, and for the second TO BE HUNG. No passport was given him; so that he is left to be hunted about from place to place like the most degraded criminal. This worthy man, whose name is Magnin, has a wife and three children, for whom he has now no means of procuring support."

Such is the account which has just been received. Possibly some slight circumstances may be inaccurately stated, from want of more complete information on the part of my correspondents; but of the main facts, no doubt whatever can be entertained. Grosser acts of unqualified persecution have seldom been perpetrated, since the glorious Reformation first burst the chains of Popish darkness and cruelty. Nor can any one thing, in my opinion, be so deeply criminal in the eye of that God

who is the sole judge of the consciences of his creatures, and who has committed to civil governments the duty of restraining and punishing open immorality and vice, and upholding piety and virtue; but not of erecting a tribunal over the feelings and various judgments of men in minor points of religious practice; much less of abusing the sword of justice to purposes of base and wanton cruelty, in matters purely indifferent.

Our Warburton has nobly shown, that for the magistrate to meddle with Christian doctrine and discipline, in the detail, must be the source of endless confusion. To maintain religion in its elementary principles, as the spring of public morals, and to protect the national profession of it from insult and outrage, whilst a full toleration is granted to those who peaceably differ from the majority with regard to the form of it, is the very utmost limit of the magistrate's power; all beyond is persecution.*

* Alliance of Church and State.

The low state of the Protestant Churches has long been lamented by every serious mind. But still the free toleration which for more than a century they have afforded to the true servants of God, has, at least, honourably distinguished them from the tyranny and ambition of the Church of Rome. LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is the badge of the Reformation, and has now been fully understood and generally acted upon for a series of years, in Protestant states; whilst persecution and cruelty have been left, as by general consent, to be one of the characteristics of the GREAT PAPAL APOSTACY.

Other evils have, it is true, too much infected the Protestant bodies—these we do not palliate or conceal—but the peculiar guilt of persecution has hitherto been abhorred amongst them. Indifference, scepticism, Socinianism, impiety, vice, must be confessed to have too widely prevailed. Some of the Reformed Churches have, alas! lamentably declined from evangelical truth and vital religion, and have been long verging further and further

from the strictness of the Gospel in every respect; except as this one blessing of RELIGIOUS FREEDOM has supplanted the monster persecution, and has left an opening for the "witnesses to prophecy," as the Apostle speaks, "in sackcloth."* So long as this was the case, a hope of a revival of religion might always be entertained; because true Christians were still allowed, by their public and private labours, to endeavour to persuade and convince mankind. Declines, in spiritual religion, are the fruits of our fallen nature generally, and are quickly remedied as often as the mercy of God returns to a people, and a continuance of religious freedom allows that mercy to operate.

Thus, in England, the generous spirit of toleration left open the way for the extensive revival of real Christianity which is now going on amongst us; and has attended, in every step of its progress, the diffusion of the evan-

* Rev. xi. 3.

gelical doctrines on which that revival rests. But if persecution be once permitted to resume its baneful influence—if the witnesses for Christ and his grace, in a corrupt world, be banished or imprisoned—if the peculiar doctrines of the redemption of the Gospel, which brought our forefathers out from the Church of Rome, are proscribed in the very churches which were formed by that separation—if we unite a lukewarmness about divine truth, or rather an indifference what errors are maintained, provided men are not living and preaching according to the true faith of Christ, with a spirit of intolerance and persecution—that is, if we join the worst INCIDENTAL evils of Protestantism, with the foulest DIRECT enormities of Popery—the consequence will be, that our "candlestick will be removed out of its place,"* and the fearful arm of the Saviour be soon aroused in the defence of his violated cause. Soon will "judgment overtake us"—soon will "the ambassadors of peace" be recalled

* Rev. ii. 5.

—soon will national calamities "avenge the quarrel of God's covenant"—soon will the ministers of grace be sent to other people "bringing forth the fruits thereof"—and the Protestant Churches be left "as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city—and then the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."*

I know it is alleged, in extenuation of severe enactments, that enthusiasm and disorder are the consequences of unlimited toleration—but I know how weak and futile are such allegations. Undoubtedly, most great revivals of religion are attended, through the infirmity of our nature, with some extravagancies and excesses—no wise man can expect it to be otherwise—but what is the true remedy of such evils? Not persecution, but the force of reason and right conduct—the influence of

* Isaiah i. 8. 31.

sound and holy doctrine—the persuasion of Scriptural warnings and admonitions—the calm and friendly treatment which experience and wisdom furnish to youth and indiscretion—and especially the preaching of the full truth of the Gospel, in all its sobriety and force, by the established ministers of the Church. Against such weapons enthusiasm has never been able to stand. It soon dies away. The minds of men are gradually informed. The Scriptures are seen to abound with the most suitable examples and instructions against it. The new teachers of religion acquire growth and solidity—a distinction is made between true and false zeal—the consequences of intemperate warmth are observed in the folly of those who are most heated with it—and, at last, a genuine and sound piety of principle and conduct is generally recognised and cultivated.*

" Ce qui nous occupe aujourd'hui n'est point une question de haute métaphysique religieuse, c'est une question de simple justice et de simple bon sens : c'est de savoir si des hommes vertueux dans leurs relations sociales, si des

Such is the natural course of things.—Whereas, if the sword of vengeance is raised against pious and unoffending citizens, on the ground of religious opinions and practices, all is thrown into confusion—the innocent and conscientious are punished—the sanctity of truth is outraged—the progress of reformation stopped—the Spirit of grace quenched and dishonoured—the chains of ignorance, indifference, and vice, forged and prepared—all inquiry into real religion checked—the timid part of the clergy, induced by fear, to conceal

citoyens irréprochables dans leurs actes, seront poursuivis pour les sentimens intimes de leur cœur; si les tribunaux civils d'un pays libre et protestant seront assimilés au Saint-Office de l'Espagne superstitiense et asservie, si des municipaux de village deviendront juges en matière de dogme et d'hérésie, et si la prédication de chaque ministre de l'Evangile sera soumise à cette inquisition subalterne: c'est de savoir si on sera persécuté, emprisonné, banni pour avoir prié Dieu et lu la Bible avec ses amis, et si, sous le vain prétexte d'une dissidence d'opinions dogmatiques, des citoyens paisibles pourront être impunément injuriés et maltraités par une populace brutale."

Such is the forcible and manly reasoning of an article in Les Archives du Christianisme, for March 1825, from which much of the above information is derived.

and abridge the truth of the Gospel—every thing reduced to a formal and stationary routine—a dead calm spread over the Church —and every thing lost as to vital piety. Thus the surest foundations of national prosperity are dug up—the spring of virtuous enterprise broken—morals left to mere natural motives—arts, science, commerce, discouraged and enervated—and, above all, the blessing of Almighty God withdrawn.

I trust that the remonstrances of Protestant Europe may prevail with the Swiss Governments to reconsider their proceedings; and that ere long this foul blot on the Reformed Churches may be wiped out, and the true spirit of religious liberty and toleration again distinguish and bless their communities. It is understood, that many of the clergy of the Canton de Vaud bitterly regret the steps which have been taken; but are at present borne down by the magistrates in the Council. Whether those clergy might have prevented the enactment of the Law, if they had boldly and fully

protested against it from the first, it is now impossible to say, and in vain to inquire. I can only hope, that the repeal of it will as speedily as possible obliterate the memory of the lamentable facts which have been just related.

Such a hope is not too sanguine. Already has a most forcible remonstrance been presented to the Government, signed by twenty-six ministers. This cannot but produce good. The document is valuable, both as it *explicitly avows* the adherence of so large a part of the clergy to the admirable Helvetic Confession (which, next to our own Thirty-nine Articles, is perhaps the best of all the Protestant Confessions), and also as *explicitly disavows* the principles of persecution. The following are extracts:

—" Nous déclarons donc ici solennellement que nous regardons la confession de foi Helvétique comme conforme aux paroles de l'Ecriture Sainte, et à la doctrine de notre Sauveur Jésus-Christ, règles invariables de

notre foi; et que, loin de prêcher ni d'enseigner rien qui lui soit contraire, nous l'adoptons sincèrement et en suivons fidèlement les directions, nous y tenant pour obligés, devant Dieu et devant les hommes, par notre conviction intime et par le serment que nous avons prêté en conséquence."

—" Nous pensons que le Christianisme ne doit s' étendre et régner que par les armes de la persuasion, rendues efficaces par la grâce de l'Eternel notre Dieu; que, de plus, les rigueurs pourraient aigrir et éloigner davantage ceux que la douceur eût peut-être ramenés; que les lois, pour peu qu'elles fussent sévères contre des séparatistes, pourraient prêter des armes trop redoutables aux hommes moins éclairés que les législateurs, et qui auraient à en faire l'application; qu'elles pourraient enfin influer d'une manière fâcheuse sur le jugement du peuple moins éclairé encore: opinion que nous ne pourrions que trop justifier par l'histoire des démêlés religieux de tous les temps et de tous les lieux. Ainsi, repoussant de toutes nos

forces le reproche de persécution dont le clergé est si souvent l'objet, nous demandons, du fond de notre cœur, à notre Dieu et à notre Sauveur, qu'il incline à la clémence le cœur de nos souverains magistrats; qu'ils se regardent comme les pères de tous ceux qui ont le bonheur de vivre sous leur gouvernement, et les protégent également; que s'ils croient devoir déployer la sévérité des lois, suivant leurs attributions, ce ne soit jamais pour gêner la conscience de leurs administrés, dont elle est le domaine sacré et inviolable; qu'ainsi, *abandonnant à Dieu le soin de punir les offenses qui ne regardent que lui*, ils laissent au temps, à la grâce et à la persuasion qui découle de la sainte parole, le développement de leurs salutaires effets."—

"

With a protest containing such sentiments, I do not despair of the Swiss Churches. Truth will revive and spread. The doctrines of the Reformation will flourish the more for this attempt to oppress them. The consciences of men will be awakened; and per-

secution will again fail, as it ever has done of crushing "THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD."

The immense importance of the case will, I am sure, plead my excuse for these observations and extracts. Protestant Switzerland stands on the edge of a most fearful precipice. The conduct of the church of Geneva will be considered in a future part of this work, and therefore is not here adverted to.*

* I leave the above pages unaltered in the present edition. The facts I believe, are correct, and the observations still too applicable to the existing state of things. The last accounts with which I am acquainted are those stated in the Christian Observer for November and December 1826—Three years of continued persecution, in the face of protestant Europe, after all the means employed in various ways for awakening a sense of shame in the minds of the Lausanne authorities, is a portentous event! But I have had an opportunity of conversing with one or two persons of influence in the Pays de Vaud, and the incurable prejudices against all spiritual religion which seemed to possess their minds, convinced me of the real cause of the persecution, and of the hopelessness of remedying the evil by mere argument. Divine grace, the influence of truth, remorse of conscience, conversion, the holy lives

and deaths of the sufferers, the rapid spread of the proscribed doctrines, the removal of the chief persecutors by sickness, or change of abode, or the hand of death—these are the means which a good Providence will employ, in its own time, for the relief of the injured and oppressed. In the mean while, may earnest prayers be poured out by all those who love the Saviour, in behalf of the sufferers, and of the sacred cause in which they are engaged.—March 1827.

LETTER XI.

Geneva, Sept. 2.—Martigny, Sept. 6, 1823.

Translation of Scott — Cathedral at Lausanne — Père Girard—Mont Blanc—Conversation with Genevese—Savoy — Bonneville — Valley of Cluse —Goitres — St. Martin's—Chède—Servoz—De Saussure—Chamouny Glacier of Bossons—Accident in Ascent of Mont Blanc —Italian Gentlemen—Montanvert—Couvercle—Mer de Glace — Alps — Infamous sentence in Strangers' Book—Tête Noire—Trient—French Emigrants.

Lausanne, Tuesday Morning,
Sept. 2d, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

YESTERDAY I was employed the whole morning in examining two chapters of the translation of Scott, which I had brought with

me from Geneva. I went over it, line by line, and word by word. It gave me satisfaction; it is, so far as I see, faithful, clear, simple; nothing is omitted, nothing changed. But I am no kind of judge. A good translation is a task of inconceivable difficulty. The value of the original work rises in my view every time I consult it — such solidity — honesty — strong sense — originality — theological knowledge — evangelical purity of doctrine — simple following of the mind of the sacred writers — freedom from party-spirit — discretion — sound and manly criticism — acute resolution of difficulties — practical and holy tendency throughout — I really know of no commentary, except perhaps Calvin's, which is equal to it.

What I most want, is more steady competent labourers; there is still very, very much to be done before St. Matthew will be ready for the press. I am going off to-day to meet our friends at Geneva, about the work; and then to proceed to Chamouny. It is possible we may go on to Martigny and even

Milan, and return by Lyon. The weather is most inviting.

In going to the Cathedral yesterday, I found it was built on an extremely high hill; you first ascend a street exceedingly steep, and then come to a singular covered staircase (in the open street) of one hundred and seventy steps; so that the church stands quite on a pinnacle; the view which it presents of the surrounding country is of almost unequalled extent and sublimity. The Academy is near the Cathedral. It was founded in 1537. Henry Stephens and Beza were formerly Professors in it. It has now about two hundred students. The Library is remarkable for the books left to it by Dom Jacynthe de Quiros, a Spanish gentleman who, in 1750, quitted the Church of Rome, embraced the Reformed religion, and became Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Lausanne.

At one o'clock yesterday I visited a pious family, two or three miles from Lausanne, at a

house beautifully situated in the midst of vineyards and commanding a fine view of the Lake. I had a most affecting conversation with them. The father, mother, sisters, all seem quite in earnest about their salvation. But, unhappily, they have few wise, enlightened guides. Too many of the ministers at Lausanne, with much orthodoxy and zeal, are said to want that humble, and practical knowledge of the Gospel, as a concern of the heart, without which they cannot direct others. On the other hand, a pious minister (who has lately been silenced) has fallen into the dangerous error of always dwelling on the mysterious doctrine of the divine election, &c.; so that the serious people are almost as sheep without a shepherd. What a delight is it on a journey to be able to advise, comfort, and strengthen, in any degree, the minds of distressed brethren in the faith! I could scarcely tear myself away from this family.

At Geneva, things I am told are much worse than here, as to the public doctrines

taught by the clergy. The decline in religion began in that city about eighty years back, when the subscription to the formulary of the Swiss Reformers—the noble and most scriptural Helvetic confession—was abolished; then came in Voltaire as a resident in the town; next, the Catechism of Calvin was done away with; lastly, a *règlement* was issued about six years since, drawn up with adroitness and caution, but plainly intended to prevent the ministers from preaching explicitly and fully on the Divinity of Christ, original sin, grace, and predestination—the three former of which articles contain the very sum and substance of the Gospel; and the latter of which is undoubtedly an important scriptural doctrine. Thus, from being the flower of the Reformed churches, Geneva has (for the time, and I trust it will be only for a short time) fallen into the gulph of Deism and Socinianism.

I have obtained a copy of the pamphlet published by the friends of M. Girard, the school-master at Fribourg, giving an account

of the whole of his proceedings. It is authorized by the Municipal Council. It seems that the charge alleged against him was, that his schools of mutual instruction were hostile to religion. The statement, however, of M. Girard proves that the principles of religion, and religion too of the Roman Catholic form, entered into all his arrangements. The Catholic Catechism of the diocese was the chief book, and his schools were warmly approved of by the Bishop. Still the Jesuits were dissatisfied, because some good sense and sincere piety were apparent in M. Girard's method. His crime was, that he made *faith working by love* the end and foundation of his instruction; that he was attached to the principles of Fénélon and Rollin, and avoided all mere mechanism in education; that he laboured, as he states, to place religion in the understanding and in the heart of the children.

The Municipal Council of Fribourg, notwithstanding the arts of the Jesuits, solemnly assure him of their approbation. They tell

him, "That their Master-instructor, the Divine Redeemer, neglected not, in his instructions, the forming of the heart; his manner of teaching was never a dry theory. You are, then, Reverend Father" (they continue), "misunderstood—the expression is too weak—but truth at last will resume her rights. Man proposes; God disposes. We think, that because God loves our school, he has pleased to visit it with chastisement.

"The Municipal Council, faithful to its oath, will fulfil its duties, of which it feels the honour and the importance; not one of its members would charge himself, as it respects the present and future generations, with the responsibility of being indifferent at such a solemn moment. Let us hope! God whom we invoke, will protect our children, and save them from the abyss."

Nothing can be more affecting, I think, than this touching appeal. An address from the heads of families in Fribourg closes the

pamphlet, testifying to the same facts. "Our conviction," say they, "ought to be of some weight in the scale; we have a right to express it. And who are the best judges? those who blame the school without knowing it; or the fathers of families, the earliest teachers of their children, who have constantly their eye fixed on their morals, their docility, their progress, and who can compare the present with the past?"

The pamphlet was published at Fribourg about four months since. It affords a further illustration of the good which is going on in Catholic countries, to an extent we have little idea of in England; but, at the same time, of the spirit of the Jesuits and chief rulers in the present councils of the Popedom.

Geneva, Wednesday Morning, Five o'clock. —We had a delightful sail yesterday in the steam-boat. The only drawback on our pleasure was, that my dear Mrs. W. was not with us; her health obliges her to remain tranquil

during this our second mountain tour. The view of the banks of the Lake, as we sailed by, was exquisite, especially as the evening drew on. We passed the château of Prangins, where Joseph Buonaparte resided after his Spanish dream of royalty. The Mont Blanc was visible above the mountains of Savoy, almost the whole way; and at sunset, it remained illuminated, or rather gilded by the sun, full twenty minutes after every other mountain was in the shade. Its height is not apparently greater than that of the Jungfrau Alp; but its extent, size, various ridges, enormous platforms, &c. make it infinitely more majestic; it appears literally a region of ice and snow.

During our passage, I had a long conversation with some respectable young Genevese, on various religious topics. It was grievous to see how the poison of the prevailing sentiments at Geneva had infected their minds. They seemed to have no fixed principles, except a loose general notion that the Bible was the the word of God. All the evangelical doc-

trines they thought harsh, doubtful, or unimportant—moral instruction was all that man required—every one had a right to put his own sentiments on the New Testament, as the Reformers had put theirs—all opinions were equally good, if men's conduct only was conformed to them. Such is the sophistry by which the stupendous revelation of a divine Redeemer, dying for our sins, and sanctifying us by his Spirit, is evaded, and the dregs of heathen ethics alone retained—that is, the whole Bible, as the standard of truth, is overthrown, and "the imaginations of man's own heart" substituted in its place.

At our landing, our kind friends were waiting for us on the shore, and I had a conference with them for two hours. They met me again for three hours, this morning at seven. We are gradually arranging the plan of the publication of St. Matthew. I agreed to provide a person to copy the MSS. fair for the printer; fixed January the first for the time when all should be ready for the press; and promised

to meet them again in about three weeks, on my return from Chamouny. These Genevese friends seem men of the deepest piety and sweetest spirit of love; I was delighted and edified. I forgot to say, that our lodging-house at Lausanne is Maison Miliquet St. Pierre, première étage; it is quite worth recording, in order to inform any friends who may be coming to Lausanne.

Bonneville, 18 miles from Geneva, half-past Two.—We are now in the Duchy of Savoy, attached to the kingdom of Sardinia. The capital is Turin, which we hope to see before we return. Our road has run through the valley of the Arve. The country has been singularly beautiful, something like the valley of the Reuss, only that the river Reuss incomparably surpasses the muddy, straggling, wandering Arve, whose shores are desolation itself. Savoy is Catholic; and negligent, indolent, and, in many parts, dirty. The vines, instead of being regularly planted and supported in rows, as in the neighbouring lands, are positively

allowed to grow at random, in the most scrambling manner, on the ground, with potatoes or willows rising among them. This small market town of Bonneville has six hundred inhabitants. Just before I left Geneva, your parcel arrived from London. I had time to send it on to Lausanne without a moment's delay.

St. Martin, near to Sallenche, 36 miles from Geneva, Eight o'clock.—We have had a most charming drive. The valley of Cluse opened upon us about two leagues from Bonneville. Cluse (the Roman Clausum, because, according to some, it appears to close up entirely the valley) is romantically situated on the Arve. The craggy mountains are in contrast with the sweet fertility of the valley, and vary so perpetually in their outline, site, and appearance, that it is impossible for words to convey any adequate idea of them. At one particular spot, three small cannon were drawn up by some peasants and fired, to give us the pleasure of hearing the repeated echo of the mountains.

Two things distressed us to-day, one a natural, the other a moral defect—almost every second person here has a swollen neck; sometimes so as to distort the whole figure; it almost amounts to a goitre; children often have it. Besides other inconveniences, I conceive it must materially impede the poor in their labours. The other defect is, the lamentable misery and superstition of these parts. We actually saw on a cross, by the road-side, this notice, "The Archbishop of Chamberry and Bishop of Geneva grants forty days' indulgence to all those who shall say before this cross, a pater, and an Ave-Maria, with an act of contrition, 1819." And yet this Bishop of Geneva ruled that fine Canton till the Reformation; and it was only in 1754, that the Duke of Savoy relinquished his claims upon it. O what a blessing is deliverance from the monstrous domination and errors of the Church of Rome! The Duke once made, as perhaps you know, a base attempt to seize the town, in 1604, in the dead of the night, and during a profound peace: the heroism of the Swiss, however, was

not to be overcome; and they repulsed the invaders. The river Arve, by which we have been travelling, is a torrent springing in Savoy, and pouring into the Rhone, near Geneva; it swells so suddenly at times, as to cover all the adjoining fields, and do great mischief.

Servoz, on the road to Chamouny, 11 o'clock, Thursday, Sept. 4.—We set off at eight this morning, after wretched beds, and a wretched breakfast; but all has been repaid by the magnificent view we had of Mont Blanc, in all its splendour. The mass, or rather chain of Alps, bearing the general name of Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow, rose over the intervening mountains. The contrast between the snowy terrors of the Alps, immediately above us, and the rich verdure of the valley, the profusion of trees on the hills, and the lovely meadows creeping up their sides, by which we were passing, was really incredibly striking. The outline of the fir-crowned mountains, in the near prospect, was surmounted with the snows of Mount Blanc, apparently quite close;

so that it seemed impossible that we should be melting with heat, so near to tremendous ice and cold. At one point, we had first the small lovely Lake of Chède at our feet; then its banks, gently rising and presenting themselves above; next the verdant mountains; and lastly, Mont Blanc, of which the vast snowy summits were beautifully reflected in the clear surface of the lake.

Before, however, we came within view of this astonishing Alp, we stopped to visit a fine cascade at Chède village. The torrent falls altogether above one hundred feet; but it is divided into five different branches or beds, which the stream has worked for itself. It was very curious to see a beautiful rainbow, as early as nine in the morning, formed by the spray, and which, from the point where we stood, was nearly an entire circle, beginning in the rain upon the grass on one side, continuing over the torrent, and then returning to the grass almost under our feet on the other. But I can

think of nothing but Mont Blanc; it so much surpasses all my expectations. When our good friend was here four years ago, the day was wet, and he saw nothing; the weather to-day is superb, and we see every thing. The very village where we now are is romantic beyond description. I am sitting at the door of the inn, writing on a rough wooden table, which shakes at every movement of my hand —the village church just in view—a few scattered houses around it—three noble mountains guarding it behind, on which some fine clouds are just resting—fruitfulness apparent all around—whilst company are driving up to the village, on the same errand with ourselves; and the sun from behind the mountains is casting the prospect into alternate light and shade.

Astonishing indeed are the works of the great God—impressed with the footsteps of his majesty, power, and grace. We only want a heart constantly raised up to him in grati-

tude, and seeing him in all the operations of his hands, to complete the duty, and enhance the pleasure of such a scene of wonders!

Chamouny, Seven o'clock, Thursday Evening, 24 miles from St. Martin's.—After leaving Servoz, we soon entered the valley of Chamouny, which, as late as 1741, was almost entirely unknown. Two Englishmen then explored it. In 1760, M. de Saussure undertook his first journey to it. The ascent of Mont Blanc by that enterprising traveller, in 1787, brought it at length into notice; and nearly one thousand strangers soon visited it annually. The reputation of the valley, and the conveniences prepared for travellers, have been increasing ever since; so that we have found here one of the very best inns in Switzerland. Chamouny is separated from all the great roads, and seems quite cut off from the rest of the world. It is about twelve miles long, and a mile broad. At the entrance of the valley is a monument erected to a naturalist, who fell

down a fissure a few years since, by neglecting his guide, and was lost. Such warnings perpetually occur. A lad with a trumpet astonished us, at a particular part of the road, with the echo which the Alps returned at every blast.

About a league from Chamouny, we came to the small village of Bossons, above which is a most noble glacier, so situated, that travellers are able to cross over it. We ascended the contiguous mountain, excessively steep, about two thousand five hundred feet. We then passed over the heap of loose stones, cast up by the last éboulement, which lay between us and the glacier, and thus came on the solid mass of ice and frozen snow. There was one great fissure in it, which it was terrible to look down; and at the bottom of which roared a torrent of water; all the surface of the glacier was slippery, from the heat of the sun upon it. Is was cold as December. The scene was very fine.

After making our way across, we had a much more difficult heap, or rather ruin of stones and loose rocks, first to ascend and then to descend, before we could find the path which led again to Bossons. Part of the road which we took was that by which De Saussure, with his eighteen guides, ascended, in 1787. Indeed we may be said to have been at the foot of Mont Blanc all the afternoon. I see one of its summits (fifteen thousand five hundred feet, the highest ridge in the old world) at this moment from my chamber-window. On a ridge of the Alp, perhaps two thousand feet above me, a fire is just now lighted, as a sign of rejoicing that no animal has been lost during the day in driving down the cattle for the winter.

Almost the first person I saw in the inn here was a gentleman from England, who three years ago ascended Mont Blanc, in a company of sixteen. They reached the grand plateau of the Alp (thirteen thousand five hundred feet), the fourth day, after incredible fatigues,

from rain, snow, cold, and the hard rocks, with only a covering of leather to protect them during the night. They were obliged to send down two guides, the second day, for food. On this vast plateau, or ledge, they found an immense quantity of fresh fallen snow, not frozen; it was extremely laborious to walk on, the snow was so deep; still none of the guides apprehended danger. But on a sudden the whole field of snow on which they were treading gave way, and overwhelmed the unfortunate travellers; their footing sunk; and they were covered, rolled along, borne away, by the enormous avalanche. The snow lodged in the next fissure, or crevasse, which it met in its descent. Three guides unhappily perished; the other thirteen persons extricated themselves with infinite difficulty—or rather were preserved by the mercy of God.

Still persons are frequently ascending; or attempting to ascend, for they seldom reach the real summit. Six guides went up with a single Englishman the day before yesterday;

and some friends have been all to-day watching them from the inn, with a telescope: they are expected down to-night. The first persons who ever reached the summit of Mont Blanc were James Balma and Dr. Paccard, in 1786. The following year M. De Saussure, with eighteen guides, attained the same eminence. He spent five hours there. The rarity of the air was such, that his pulse was above 100; he had no appetite, and suffered much from intolerable thirst. The winding path is between fifty and sixty miles altogether, of steep ascent.

We have met here an Italian gentleman, with whom we had made a slight acquaintance at Basle; a quick, ready, sensible man—talking French and English tolerably well—one who has for above twenty years spent his summers in travelling—neat in his person—about forty years of age—equipped with all the smaller conveniences which so long an experience could not fail to give him—he has read a good deal of history and politics, and is very com-

municative. He has one very good practice; he never sets out on a tour, till he has devoted six months to a thorough study of all the best writers on the country he is about to visit. A turn to satire gives a point to his remarks. His admiration of England is extreme; but I can observe, that he takes a pleasure in relating little anecdotes to the disadvantage of individual Englishmen. He has collected five stories in his present tour. I suppose he calls himself a Catholic; but he has clearly no just impression of the importance of religion. He speaks on the subject with levity, and even indecorum; mingling the tenets of his church with the essential truths of Christianity, and laughing at both. He was just now telling one of the guides, who he heard would not eat flesh on Fridays, that the Pope being dead (as I mentioned in my last), he was at liberty to eat meat whenever he liked; but that if he had any fears, he would give him a billet to Jesus Christ. I could not help remonstrating with him for the latter part of this sentence; observing, that though I was a Protestant, and of

course did not hold the Catholic Fasts, I still agreed with the Catholics in the great truths of our common Christianity, and especially in adoration and love to our divine Saviour. He received the hint with perfect politeness, and dropped the subject. I remember the Italian nobleman at the Grimsel, said something, in the same ironical way, of the Holy Ghost choosing a new Pope. Secret infidelity is widely spreading in Italy.

Friday Morning, half-past Six, chalet on Montanvert, 3,150 *feet above Chamouny.*—We were called this morning at half-past three, and started at half-past four, for the Jardin on the Mer de Glace, in a party of thirteen; a guide and mule for each, with boys, &c. We have been ascending two hours in fearful cold and wind, on a road steep beyond description, three leagues long, amidst the ruins of fallen trees and rocks.

Twelve o'clock, Couvercle, Mer de Glace.—I am now writing on a spot, where, perhaps,

never man wrote before, and whence I can scarcely look around me without terror. We have been walking and climbing, for five hours ten or fifteen miles up hills and mountains of ice, snow, and impenetrable rocks, amidst chasms and torrents hundreds of feet deep. I am now on the heights of the Mer de Glace, nine thousand two hundred feet above the sea, seated on the ground, with my letter and pocket ink-horn before me, a rock for my writing-table, and my small pocket-book placed under my paper, to keep it a little steady. We have been surmounting immense fatigue and danger, ever since we left the chalet at seven. All other difficulties are nothing compared with those which surround us; and we have a descent of seven hours, not a little dangerous, to make, before we reach our inn. Still the extraordinary magnificence of the scene above, below, around us, when one can calmly look at it, seems to recompense us for every thing. If we get back alive, however, one thing I can venture to assure you of,

that the fatigue and terror are such as to prevent our ever coming up again.

Chamouny, Eight in the Evening.—Thank God we have all returned safe. Let me now give you some notion of the day's journey. We were fourteen hours and a half on the road, and went forty miles; ten miles on mules, and thirty on foot; which thirty were in a perpetual course of ascents, descents, sliding and jumping. After leaving the chalet on Montanvert, in the morning at seven, we descended and crossed the éboulement or vast heap of granite and sand, which intervened between that and the glacier. The path was frequently on the surface of a shelving rock of slate, *three inches wide*, with a precipice at our feet. When we came to the glacier, or Mer de Glace itself, we had new difficulties of every kind to surmount; and in the course of our progress three vast éboulements to climb over. When we reached the summit of the mountain, which is called the Couvercle, about noon (nine thousand two hundred feet), we were so exhausted

with heat and fatigue, that we threw ourselves on the scanty grass growing on the rock, as if we were dead. After an hour and a half's rest, and a dinner on the provisions carried for us by the guides, we set off on our return. Nothing can describe the day's journey; the simple fact of walking thirty miles on ice and rock, with declivities, crevices, gulfs, ice-torrents, &c. seems sufficiently terrific, but can convey to you no adequate idea of the real scene.

Enough, however, of our fatigues. Now, to give you some account of the Mer de Glace. It is an enormous glacier, forty-five miles long, and two wide, and rising to an inaccessible height. We only ascended to the point commanding the finest view. It gave me the idea of a sea in a storm suddenly frozen, or choked with snow and ice. We saw nothing but congealed waves or rather mountains of frozen water. The ice is not clear and smooth, but mixed with sand and stones, and on the surface alternately melted and re-frozen every

twenty-four hours. In all this sea, changes are continually taking place, from the causes I assigned in a former letter:—a single day's rain or snow alters infallibly a variety of places. The most fearful things are the fentes, crevices, or fissures, some fifty feet wide, others just beginning to form themselves; others like a well, three or four hundred feet deep, with an impetuous torrent pouring down them, and working like a mill at the bottom; together with thousands of rivulets formed by the summer's sun on the surface. As the masses of ice descend, the superincumbent rocks and stones descend with them. These are gradually carried along; some travel five hundred feet down the immense glacier in a single year. The foot of the Mer de Glace is in the valley of Chamouny, whence the river Arveiron flows, which joins itself with the Arve, and pours into the Rhone, near Geneva.

To travel on this sea of wonders was in itself dangerous enough—a single inadvertent step might have been fatal—the extraordinary

skill and experience of the guides, however (for each person has his separate one), make accidents extremely rare. The views which we witnessed were enchanting. The deep azure of the sky in one of the finest days ever seen; the vast region of ice which the sun gilded with his rays, and the panorama of snow-clad Alps, rising stupendously all around, are really beyond my powers of description. They made us forget all our fatigues. The union and contrast of the scenes in nature apparently the most irreconcilable—and all beheld for the first time, and under the most favourable circumstances—produced an impression in which what was wonderful and pleasing had an equal share with the sublime and stupendous. In three spots I sat down, penetrated with admiration, and made my guide tell me the names of the Alps around me; I give the names as accurately as my ear could catch them; 1st, Characoux; 2d, Grapon; 3d, Mont Blanc; 4th, Le Géant; 5th, Tamla; 6th, Grand Jorasse; 7th, Petit Jorasse; 8th, Le Sehon; 9th, Les Courts; 10th, Aiguilles Rouges;

11th, Geminé Verd; 12th, Le Moine; 13th, Aiguille de Dru; 14th, La Flechière; 15th Le Brevent.

I just add, that the guides here are respectable, well-informed men; mine is called The Bird, L'Oiseau. He has been thirty-eight years a guide. The most respectable Swiss writers correspond with them. They speak very good French—the language of Chamouny is a patois. There are forty of them at Chamouny, and seventy mules. Every thing is regulated by the government, even to the order in which the guides go out. Chamouny contains near fifty hamlets, three churches, and three thousand souls. It is a Catholic priory; but our guides were intelligent, and seemingly in earnest, on the subject of religion. I talked with my own a good deal. He clearly distinguished between the essentials of religion and morals, and the ceremonies and usages of his own church. He spoke of judgment and eternity, and the sin of man, and the death of

our Saviour, with some feeling. There seemed also a conscientiousness governing his mind, which gratified me a good deal. I have not myself met with any Catholics so well informed.

Chamouny, I must say, deserves all its popularity: two thousand two hundred and fifty visitors came to it last year; out of whom, about forty only went to the end of the Mer de Glace; which is some commendation of our courage, but, perhaps, not of our prudence, at least so far as I am concerned. The day has been beautiful—not a cloud.

And now may it please God to fill my heart with praise for his works, adoration of his awful majesty, gratitude for preservation, and a humble desire to see his love, his wisdom, his providence, his power, his glory in all things! I am sure religious feelings are the appropriate consequences of such a day's excursion. It is most painful to me to say, that one English-

man* has for ever disgraced himself here by attaching to his name, in the Strangers' Book, an unblushing avowal of Atheism. He has not, however, escaped a suitable and most severe and striking retort from one of his countrymen. He had annexed to his name these horrid words, δημοκρατικὸς φιλάνθρωποτατος καὶ ἄθεος.† Immediately under them this thrilling reproof, in allusion to Psalm xiv. 1.‡ is now inserted, Εἰ μὲν τ' ἀληθες λέγει, μωρὸς· εἰ δὲ μὴ, ψεύστης.§

Trient, Canton of Valais, Switzerland, Three o'clock, Saturday Afternoon.—We set off this morning, twenty minutes before nine, and have been six hours and ten minutes coming eighteen miles. We have passed through the valleys of Chamouny, Val Valorsine, Chatelet, where Switzerland and Savoy

* Percy Bysche Shelley.

† —— Democrat, Philanthropist, and Atheist.

‡ "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

§ If he speaks truth, he is a fool, if not, a liar.—See Christian Observer, vol. for 1824.

divide; and Trient, where we now are. Often as I have expressed my astonishment at the variety of Swiss and Savoy scenery, I must repeat the same language. Certainly nothing can exceed the surprise we have felt all this morning. We have crossed a barrier called La Tête Noire; and all the way, especially in passing the mountains, there has been nothing but wonders. Valleys sowed, as it were, with the fragments of fallen rocks; villages of romantic beauty, and of architecture the most rude; noble firs crowning the mountain sides; several glaciers descending in the ravines from the common source of the Mer de Glace; the path now sinking into the deepest valley, now rising into a frightful precipice, sometimes leading by rude stairs of rocks, at other times by torrents and sand; the whole way diversified with the ruins of falling firs, the effects of the tremendous storms of the winters, so as at places to obstruct the path; lastly, the torrent of the Trient rolling along to disgorge itself into the Rhone, whilst the alternate succession

of barren scenery and cultivated meadows, like mosaic-work, in the valley and up the side of the mountains, completed the picture.

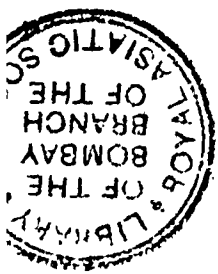
But words fail, when they are attempting to describe Switzerland. One applies nearly the same terms to the valley of the Reuss, the Hoellenthal, the valley of Moûtiers, the Chède and the valleys seen to-day; and yet they are all widely different from each other; and each utterly inconceivable, except to one who has visited them for himself.

It was by this almost impracticable road of the Tête Noire, that hundreds of French emigrants escaped into the Valais, when the French invaded Savoy, in 1792. Countesses—marchionesses—carrying themselves their infants—officers—priests—in the midst of them the Bishop of Nismes, a venerable old man, eighty years of age—formed this long and pitiable caravan. It rends the heart to reflect on the miseries of that period. The rule of the French on the Rhine, was followed, as I have

told you, with a mixture of great good amidst the horrors unavoidable on revolutions; but their rule in Switzerland, seems to have been one unmixed calamity. Liberty, literature, morals, religion, private and public happiness, withered at their approach; and have only begun to revive since the restoration of the old state of things in that fine country. Bonaparte is, generally speaking, detested here, as much as he is in other places, adored.

Saturday Evening, half-past Six.—We are just arrived at Martigny, in the Valais, twenty-seven miles from Chamouny.

D. W.



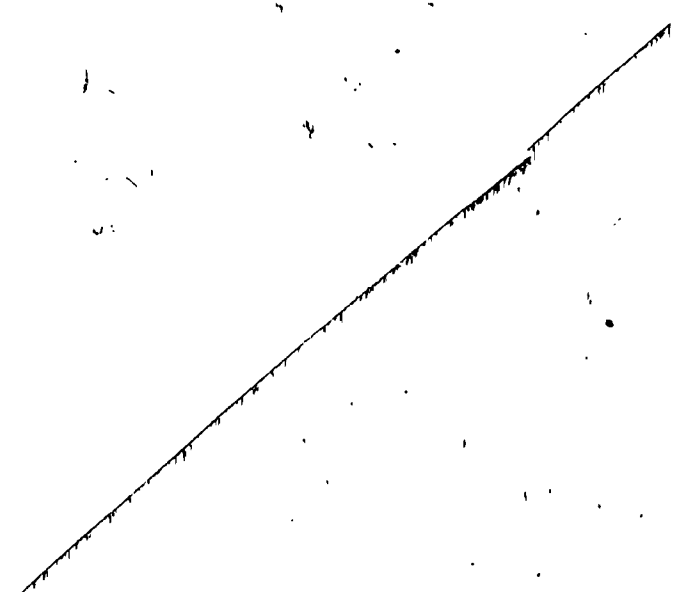
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